General
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VOL. XXIII

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXIII

MAY, 1904—OCTOBER, 1904

FRONTISPIECES

PAGE
Two Canadians .... Painted by Paul Wickson 2
Sunset on The Bay of Fundy .... From a Photograph 98
Trout Fishing .... From a Photograph 194
Bic, The Beautiful .... From a Photograph 292
Atlantic Surf, near Halifax .... From a Photograph 390
Gathering Ferns, P.E I. .... From a Photograph 488

ARTICLES

Agricultural vs. Manufacturing Profits .... *Archibald Blue.* 523
Ames, Herbert Brown .... With Portrait .... *Albert R. Carman.* 308
Amusement in Statistics .... *Stambury R. Tarr.* 167
Annapolis Royal .... Illustrated .... *Judge A. W. Savary.* 333
Art of Paul Wickson .... Illustrated .... *T. G. Marquis.* 3
Automobiles of 1904 .... Illustrated .... *T. A. Russell.* 141
Automobile Races, First .... Illustrated .... *Fergus Kyle.* 429

Bay of Fundy, Outing on .... Illustrated .... *F. C. Sears.* 200
Bella Coola .... Illustrated .... *Iver Fougner.* 525
Blowitz (de), Memoirs of .... *Knox Magee.* 55
Building of a Railway .... Illustrated .... *Hopkins J. Moorhouse.* 97
By Canoe .... *Walter S. Johnson.* 125

Canadian Celebrities:
    51.—Hon. J. I. Tarte, with Portrait .... *H. Franklin Gadsby.* 32
    52.—Hon. Richard McBride, with Portrait .... *T. A. Gregg.* 209
    53.—Herbert Brown Ames, with Portrait .... *Albert R. Carman.* 308
    54.—Rt. Rev. Bishop Cridge, with Portrait .... *John Nelson.* 422
    55.—Hon. William Pugsley, with Portrait .... *James Hannay.* 537
Canadian Progress .... Illustrated 507
Canoeing .... *Walter S. Johnson.* 125
Cridge, Rt. Rev. Bishop .... With Portrait .... *John Nelson.* 422

Doyle, Conan .... With Portrait .... *Haldane MacFall.* 305

Education, Progress of Higher, for Women .... Illustrated .... *Hilda D. Oakeley.* 500
Empire Club of London, Ladies' .... Illustrated .... *Lally Bernard.* 195

Farmer and Fisherman Compared .... *Austin L. McCredie.* 520
Fight for North America .... Illustrated .... *A. G. Bradley.* 42, 148, 234, 341, 439 539
Fire, Incidents at a Great .... Illustrated .... *Fergus Kyle.* 136
Fire, Toronto's .... Illustrated .... *Norman Patterson.* 128
First European Settlement in North America .... *The Editor.* 338
Flowers, the Photography of .... Illustrated .... *Harry L. Shepherd.* 400
Founding of Bella Coola .... Illustrated .... *Iver Fougner.* 529

Grandfathers, How They Lived .... Illustrated .... *Frank Yeigh.* 226

Hardy, Thomas .... With Portrait .... *Haldane MacFall.* 105
Heart of South America, Paraguay .... Illustrated .... *John D. Leckie.* 391

PAGE
Historical Greetings ... *Reuben G. Thwaites.* 330
Hydraulic Lift Lock ... Illustrated ... *F. H. Dobbin.* 425

Independence and the Treaty-making Power ... *Professor de Sumichrast.* 26

Japan and Russia, The Struggle ... Illustrated ... *The Editor.* 108
Japan—See "Current Events Abroad."
Japan in Time of War ... Illustrated ... *E. A. Wicher.* 293
Japan's Leaders ... Illustrated ... *Norman Patterson.* 299
Japan, Through Ikuta to Nanko Temple ... Illustrated ... *E. A. Wicher.* 489

Kipling, Rudyard ... With Portrait ... *Haldane MacFall.* 305

Lift Lock, Hydraulic ... Illustrated ... *F. H. Dobbin.* 425
Literary Portraits:
  1.—George Meredith, with Portrait ... *Haldane MacFall.* 35
  2.—Thomas Hardy, with Portrait ... *Haldane MacFall.* 105
  3.—Richard Whiteing, with Portrait ... *Haldane MacFall.* 206
  4.—Conan Doyle, with Portrait ... *Haldane MacFall.* 305
  5.—Rudyard Kipling, with Portrait ... *Haldane MacFall.* 404
  6.—Mrs. Humphry Ward, with Portrait ... *Haldane MacFall.* 497

Maritime Provinces, see "People and Affairs" ... 376
Matthison, Edith Wynne ... Illustrated ... *Marjorie R. Johnson.* 39
Meredith, George ... With Portrait ... *Haldane MacFall.* 35
McBride, Hon. Richard ... With Portrait ... *T. A. Gregg.* 209
Mormons, My Misconceptions Regarding ... Illustrated ... *James L. Hughes.* 9

Nanko Temple ... Illustrated ... *E. A. Wicher.* 489
Nova Scotia, Progress of ... 514
Nova Scotia, Settlement of ... *James Hannay.* 323

Outing on the Bay of Fundy ... Illustrated ... *F. C. Sears.* 200

Paraguay ... Illustrated ... *John D. Leckie.* 391
Parker's "Old Quebec" ... Review ... *William Wood.* 263
Photography of Flowers ... Illustrated ... *Harry L. Shepherd.* 400
Prince Edward Island's Progress ... *F. J. Nash.* 517
Pugsley, Hon. William ... With Portrait ... *James Hannay.* 537

Railway, The Building of a ... Illustrated ... *Hopkins J. Moorhouse.* 97
Reciprocity with the United States ... *Symposium.* 407
Reciprocity, United States Ideas of ... *Charles H. McIntyre.* 416
Russia and Japan ... Illustrated ... *The Editor.* 108
Royal Victoria College ... Illustrated ... *Hilda D. Oakeley.* 500

Settlement, First in North America ... *The Editor.* 338
Settlement of Nova Scotia ... Illustrated ... *James Hannay.* 323
Statistics, Amusement in ... *Stambury R. Tarr.* 167

Tarte, Hon. J. Israel ... With Portrait ... *H. Franklin Gadsby.* 32
Treaty-making Power ... *Professor de Sumichrast.* 26
Testimony of the Post Office ... *Norman Patterson* 525
Toronto Fire ... Illustrated ... *Norman Patterson.* 128

United States, Reciprocity With ... *Symposium.* 407
United States Ideas of Reciprocity ... *Charles H. McIntyre.* 416
United States Elections—See "Current Events Abroad." ... 574

Ward, Mrs. Humphry ... With Portrait ... *Haldane MacFall.* 497
Whiteing, Richard ... With Portrait ... *Haldane MacFall.* 206
Wickson, Art of Paul ... Illustrated ... *T. G. Marquis.* 3

FICTION

PAGE
Ballygunge Cup . . . . . . *W. A. Fraser.* 451
Diplomat's Sacrifice . . . . . . *W. A. Fraser.* 118
Driver Dick's Last Run . . . . . . *Robert J. C. Stead.* 359
Furnishing of Pat McGuire . . . . . . *Winnifred Boggs.* 57
Happiness . . . . . . *Guy de Maupassant.* 459
Health of Euphemia . . . . . . *Amy Walsh.* 462
Her Burglar . . . . . . *Eloise Day.* 567
Jacko's Jeopardy . . . . . . Illustrated . . . . . . *Erie Waters.* 433
La Mere Sauvage . . . . . . *Guy de Maupassant.* 222
Land of Long Days . . . . . . *Edward F. Strange.* 169
On The Journey . . . . . . *Guy de Maupassant.* 311
Our Mysterious Passenger . . . . . . *Robert Dawson Rudolf.* 355
Piece of String . . . . . . *Guy de Maupassant.* 557
Rechristening of Diablo . . . . . . *W. A. Fraser.* 315
Scoring of The Raja . . . . . . *W. A. Fraser.* 214
Shaw's Comedy . . . . . . *Albert R. Carman.* 258
Something New in Golf Balls . . . . . . Illustrated . . . . . . *Theodore Roberts.* 64
Star-Blanket . . . . . . *Duncan Campbell Scott.* 251
The Last Shot . . . . . . *Marguerite Evans.* 163
The Necklace . . . . . . *Guy de Maupassant.* 113
The Peddler's Lift . . . . . . *J. W. Fuller.* 68
The Tenant Who Rented a Heart . . . . . . *Florence Hamilton Randal.* 364
The Wreck . . . . . . *Guy de Maupassant.* 17
Woman-Hater's Stratagem . . . . . . *William Holloway.* 561

DEPARTMENTS

About New Books 87, 184, 279, 379, 477, 583
Canada for The Canadians 95, 191, 289, 387, 485, 591
Current Events Abroad 75, 172, 267, 367, 465, 574
Idle Moments 91, 187, 285, 383, 481, 587
Oddities and Curiosities 93, 189, 287, 385, 483, 589
People and Affairs 83, 180, 275, 376, 473, 579
Woman's Sphere 79, 176, 271, 371, 469, 570

POETRY

A Reflection . . . . . . *Robert Ellis Cringan.* 358
From Kobe to Canada . . . . . . *E. A. Wicher.* 171
Graves of the English Dead . . . . . . *Vernon Nott.* 257
Her Laughter . . . . . . *Vernon Nott.* 74
Japan . . . . . . *Vernon Nott.* 458
Midsummer . . . . . . *B. J. Thompson.* 424
Queen's Pawn . . . . . . *Vernon Nott.* 363
Song of Toil . . . . . . *William J. Fischer.* 147
Spring in Canada . . . . . . *William Wilfred Campbell.* 24
The Alien's Return . . . . . . *John Stuart Thomson* 8
The Forlorn Hope . . . . . . *Isabel E. Mackay.* 23
The Greater Life . . . . . . *Ida Hanson.* 538
The Heart of the Woods . . . . . . *William J. Fischer.* 221
To Isaac Walton . . . . . . *John Henderson.* 322
The Lost Key . . . . . . *Isabel E. Mackay.* 366
The Unknowing . . . . . . *Virna Sheard.* 354
Transformation . . . . . . *William J. Fischer.* 438
Veil of the Soul . . . . . . *Inglis Morse.* 536
With Life . . . . . . *Theodore Roberts.* 38

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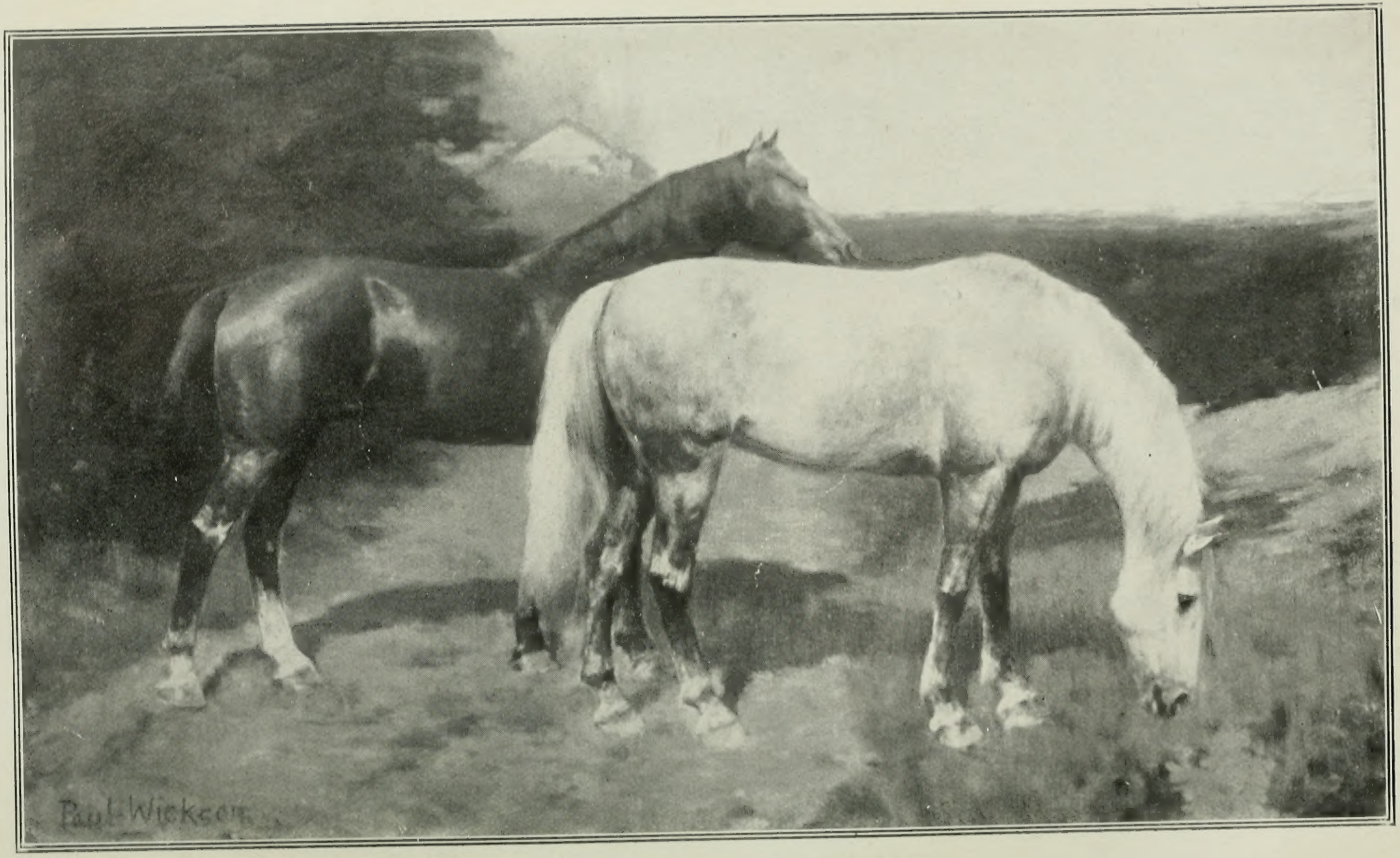


TWO CANADIANS

FROM THE PAINTING BY PAUL WICKSON

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIII TORONTO, MAY, 1904 No. 1

THE ART OF PAUL WICKSON

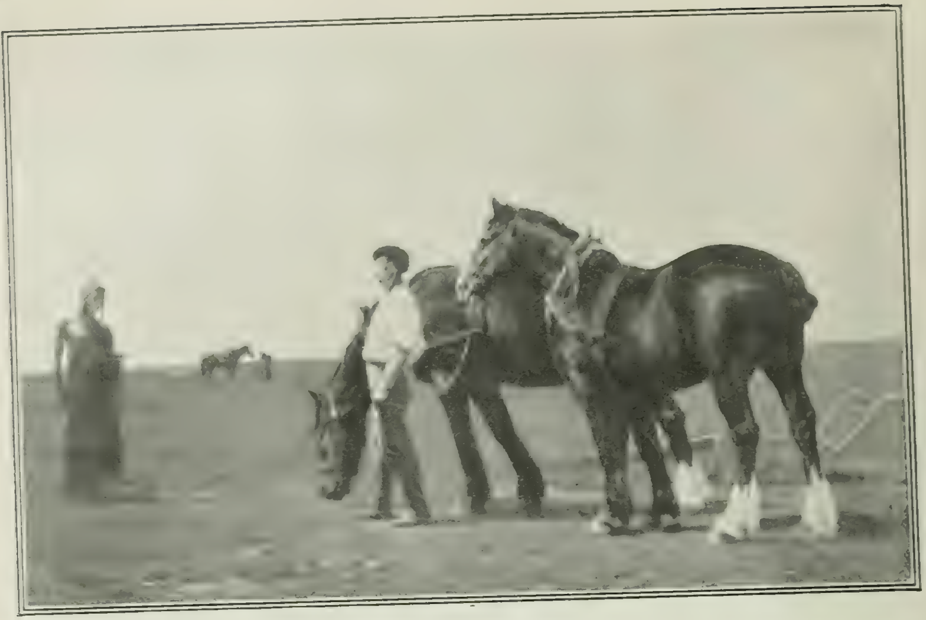
By T. G. MARQUIS

IT is a brave Canadian who will determine to devote his life to art and remain in the Dominion. Our poets have realized this, and, one by one, have drifted like Parker to London or like Roberts, Carman and Stringer to New York. Pictorial art receives even less encouragement. The Government has given aid, but the money has not been wisely spent. Buyers are few, and these for the most part have an inadequate appreciation of the value of paintings. Despite these facts several Canadians have seen fit, after industriously studying abroad, to return to Canada to try to live their art life in their native land. One of these enthusiastic young Canadians with real genius is Mr. Paul Wickson, of Paris, Ontario. As Mr. Wickson has lately been chosen, above all others of our artists, on account of his ability as a landscapist, a figure painter and a painter of all kinds of domestic animals, to paint a series of pictures representing every phase of Canadian farm life for the Canadian building at the St. Louis Exhibition, it will doubtless be of interest to the general public to know something of the man and his art.

Mr. Wickson is a native of Toronto, his father having been a graduate of the University of Toronto, and a well-known educationalist. Like many men of real power he seems, however, to have inherited his artistic temperament from his mother. Fortunately for young Wickson his family removed to England when he was a child. He early began to use the pencil with skill and his parents, seeing the bent of his mind, sent him to South Kensington School of Art; and that his pictures all show power and accuracy in draw-

PAUL WICKSON

PHOTO BY COCKBURN, PARIS



THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION
Mr. Wickson's best known production

ing is due largely to the long years of study spent in this institution. While there he carried off prizes in different branches of study and the school medal for oil painting of still life. During his student days the Director for Art at different times gave him commissions. He was a diligent student in many directions, and painted portraits, landscape and marine, in oil, pastel and water-colour. While in England he exhibited pictures in the Royal Academy and other public galleries. Though his pictures were good, they were not strikingly original. He had no pronounced specialty and in his early work he was, as it were, striving to find out what he could do best.

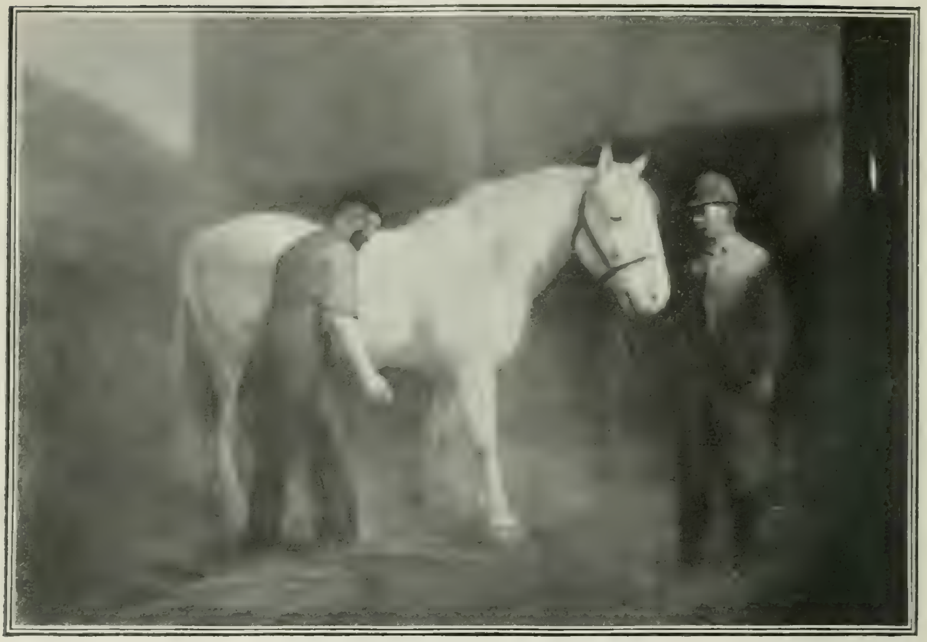
In 1885, Mr. Wickson returned to his native land to marry Miss Hamilton, of Paris. He continued to paint, but in a half-hearted, undecided kind of way. He believed, however, that there was room in this country for a painter of Canadian subjects, and the feeling grew upon him that he could paint pictures, if not as great, as truly representative of Canadian scenery and life, as were the pictures of the Highlands by Landseer, or those of the French peasant by Millet. There was a difficulty in the way. Canada is essentially an agricultural country, and any pictures distinctively Canadian in subject must include the painting of animals. He had now a fresh art impetus. Here was a new field for his endeavour. He had always lived a city life, and had never been a close student of natural history, or comparative anatomy, but he industriously applied himself and very soon had an intimate knowledge of the horse. For several years he devoted himself almost exclusively to the painting of race horses and, in order to see the noblest of animals at his best, spent much time visiting stock farms and stables with the definite purpose of getting an insight into every detail of Canadian farm life. He had found his *métier.* A painter of Canadian subjects he would be, and the horse, which has carried the pioneers through the broad Dominion, that is breaking up the fertile West and so nobly serves the mounted plainsmen of the Territories, would play the chief role in his pic-

CANADIAN SHORTHORN CATTLE
A "Commission" Picture by Paul Wickson

tures. With this aim in life he returned to England and spent a winter in studying the great masters of the past and in meeting the more prominent of the present day artists. On his return to Canada he began in earnest the Canadian subject pictures which he has since continued to paint with success.

To the larger art world Mr. Wickson's fame rests mainly on his *The March of Civilization.* Sir William Van Horne, who is himself an artist of no mean ability, once said that he would like to see a Canadian paint a Canadian historical picture. These words inspired Mr. Wickson's brush, and he set to work on this splendid canvas. It was first exhibited by Mr. Wilson, the art dealer of Ottawa. It attracted the attention of the Canadian Commissioner, and was purchased by him as an attraction for the Canadian building at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. It may to some seem a strange whim on the part of the artist to call this a historical picture. But how truly it is one! The opening of the West, and the passing of the Indian, the most important of our historical events, are both depicted in this noble study vividly and fully. There is in it "no striving to make the subject tell by overloading it with accessories." There are no unnecessary details, and the repose of technical method, the subdued atmosphere, the quietness of the setting, the figures well drawn and easy in pose, all make it a great picture.

No Complaints is a companion picture to *The March of Civilization.* Like the former it is an oil painting. By the end of the year it will probably be better known than *The March of Civilization*, as it was painted for the Dominion Government, and will be in the Canadian building at the St. Louis Exhibition. The unlimited prairie, the contrast between the sturdy settler in his rough working garb and the brilliantly attired mounted policeman, between the patient plow horse and the well-groomed charger, make a very striking picture. In these studies Mr. Wickson tells a story and relates an incident, but he realizes that these things are essentially the work of the



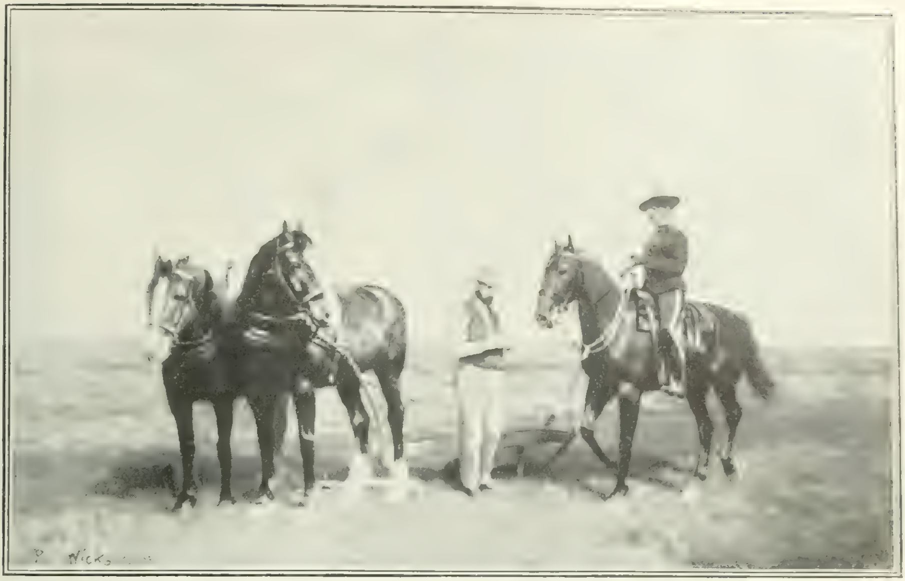
THE VETERINARY— BY PAUL WICKSON

writer, and while doing so does not strive to make a literary impression, but devotes his energy to his horses, which are the objects that rivet the observer's attention. In both paintings there is a masculine directness of brush work, a technical vigour that are acquired only after years of careful study and practice.

His *Two Canadians* has not yet been exhibited. The writer saw it when it was in the last stages of completion, and, though not an art critic, could not but feel that he was in the presence of a really great work of art. Mr. Wickson himself considers it his best painting. It proves him a master of composition. It is an arrangement of masses contrasted,—the light horse and the golden-bay horse, the blue sky and the dark masses of trees, the light green grass and the warm grey of the road. Over it all there is a sunny atmosphere that gives it a remarkable charm. In this picture Mr. Wickson will be found to be a reserved and striking colourist, and, as in all his other paintings, a sure and masterly draughtsman. The shadows are well managed. There is a subtlety of colour gradation, a variation in the flowing lines, a freedom from artificiality, a fine sympathy with nature that is probably without a rival in Canadian art. This is the largest canvas Mr. Wickson has painted, and should receive an enthusiastic welcome from those who profess a desire to foster Canadian art.

Of a different nature is the pastel *The Veterinary*. Its central figure is the commonest type of a Canadian farm horse. The scene is early morning, and the light of the lamp is over the figures. This study is a small but highly finished piece of work.

Canadian Short-Horn Cattle is another large oil painting. In this picture there is portrayed a group of the highest type of short-horn cattle. The animals are standing in a June meadow. The soft green grass in the foreground, the more delicate green of the willows in the background, and the dark red, roan and white of the animals make a fine colour scheme. This



"NO COMPLAINTS"
A Settler signing the Patrol Report of the Northwest Mounted Police

picture was a commission, and the artist had chiefly in mind to show the shape of the animals to the best possible advantage. They are splendidly drawn; as a colourist Mr. Wickson once more excels, and the dreamy June sunshine which pervades the scene adds much to the general effect. There is, however, something lacking in it. The animals look as if they were placed for a photograph and the group is wanting in animation and variety.

For his work Mr. Wickson finds his best inspiration in the country. This has ever been the case with landscapists and nature painters,—Corot, Frederick Walker, George Mason found their strength in the fields and the villages; Landseer's fame rests largely on such pictures as *The Shepherd's Chief Mourner* and *The Monarch of the Glen*, and his lengthy sojourns in the Highlands enabled him to produce them; Millet had to flee from Paris and return to his native soil and his peasants—of whom he was one—before he could produce *The Sower* or *The Angelus*, and Mr. Wickson has wisely decided to live in the midst of the life he would portray. In his painting, too, there is no guess work. All is from life. The sturdy farmer in *The March of Civilization* is Mr. Crozier, a farmer living in the vicinity of Paris; the veterinary is Mr. Fasken of the same town; the mounted policeman in *No Complaints* is Sergeant Wilson of the Northwest Mounted Police; and his Indians are natives of Canada. While he is at work he has everything he depicts before him. Added to this, he is a keen observer and a close student of nature, and is conscious that the details of his pictures require as much attention as the main figures.

Mr. Wickson will in a very short time doubtless be recognized as one of the greatest of horse painters. John Charlton, Rosa Bonheur, Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson Butler, Caton Woodville have all treated the horse with vigour and insight, but it has almost invariably been the horse in action—in the excitement of the horse fair, in the maddening charge of the Scots Grays or in such pictures as *Saving the Guns*. Mr. Wickson has seen fit to study the horse in repose, the horse as he is generally seen in Canada. He recognizes a poetry in common things, and does not select the unusual in nature for his brush.

As his pictures are studied, the observer will note that the artist is in the background. He never obtrudes himself. The subject is everything. This, according to no less an authority than Ruskin, is a mark of true genius. He pleases by no tricks that cause one to exclaim, "What a clever artist!" The imitation of surfaces and textures play a very secondary part in his work, although his colour sense, especially in his latest pictures, is exceedingly delicate.

Mr. Wickson has an ideal abode for an artist in the beautiful town of Paris. The view from his home is one of the finest in Canada. Here he spends his time studying country life, cultivating his flowers and industriously painting his pictures. He has always a welcome for visitors, and literary men and artists in particular find him a most genial host.

THE ALIEN'S RETURN

BY JOHN STUART THOMSON

SO quietly the alien night
   Stirs in the cinnamon and musk,
   And at the borders of the dusk
The Orient day fails, light by light.

It is the heathens' altar fire,
   Their unknown god, my unloved home;
   But ever as I farther roam
I worship thee in their desire.

And to the calling of the sea
   I give thy name, that it may speak
   Along all shores, the love I seek,
And somewhere bring my faith to thee.

It could not be I should forget;
   My love is only part of thine;
   And each long night there seems to shine
A new star, o'er thy vigil set.

All ways are thus love's Bethlehem;
   And I shall find thee, for thy truth,
   All beauteous in unfading youth,
As passing days pale not the gem.

And in thy trial, thou shalt add
   New glories to thy wide sweet eyes:
   A holiness born of the skies
And given for prayer to Galahad.

From winter stress to springtide heat;
   From pain to promise; frost to flower;
   All sorrows fruited in that hour:
Thus shall I know thee when we meet.

Ceylon, February, 1904.

A VIEW IN SALT LAKE CITY

MY MISCONCEPTIONS REGARDING THE MORMONS

By JAMES L. HUGHES

A WEEK in Salt Lake City revealed many things to me. I learned much that I did not know before, but my learning consisted chiefly in finding that so many things which I thought were true were not.

I had a hazy opinion that the Mormons were an ignorant, unprogressive, rather fanatical people until 1900, when Mrs. Susa Young Gates, one of Brigham Young's daughters, startled and charmed the people of Toronto by her eloquence, her advanced ideas regarding education and sociology, her comprehensive enlightenment, and her strong yet gentle womanliness. Those who heard her at the meeting of the National Household Economic Association, promptly asked each other at the close of her first address—"How can that combination of simplicity of manner, practical commonsense, broad general culture, originality and power, be a product of Mormonism?"

I was still further astonished when I had the privilege of meeting the individual members of the Utah delegation at the National Suffrage Convention in Washington in 1902. In personal appearance and in intelligence that delegation of about a dozen women stood in the front rank, and would not need to take a second place in any gathering of women in any part of the world. They seemed to have an added dignity from the consciousness that they represented a state whose men were so liberal and so progressive as

BRIGHAM YOUNG

to grant to womanhood the right of complete suffrage.

The interest aroused by meeting these types of Mormon women led me to accept very promptly an invitation to deliver a course of five lectures before the Teachers' Association of Utah in Salt Lake City in 1902. I was so fortunate as to reach Salt Lake City an hour before the close of the Annual Conference of the Mormon Church, and I soon made my way to Tabernacle Square.

Brigham Young laid out Salt Lake City in squares of ten acres, and on Tabernacle Square he erected three great buildings—the Temple, a magnificent granite building; the Tabernacle, which is a vast arched roof supported by massive stone piers along the sides with immense doors between the piers, and the Assembly Hall. The Temple is devoted exclusively to two kinds of religious exercises—marriage and the ceremonies for the dead. No Gentile is permitted to enter the Temple at any time, and no Mormon may enter for any purpose but the two named, and then only by special permission of the President. The Tabernacle is the place of meeting for religious exercises, sacred concerts, conference meetings, and other church gatherings. The Assembly Hall is used for lectures and business meetings. The Tabernacle seats about ten thousand, and the Assembly Hall four thousand.

On arriving at the great square I found a crowd of several thousand men and women busily engaged in friendly intercourse preparatory to separating after a meeting in which they had been engaged for several days. I hurried through the throng to the Tabernacle, anxious to be present at the closing exercises of the conference. I entered by one of the great side doors, and found a vast audience of ten thousand listening intently to the last words of President Smith. He stood in the centre of a great gallery which surrounds the fine organ of the Tabernacle, and on which were seated in tiers rising almost to the roof the large choir, which took first place among American choirs at the musical competition at the Chicago Exhibition in 1893, and several hundred of the leading officers of the church throughout the world. Immediately under him sat the three Counsellors, who take rank next to him and are his advisors. Under the Counsellors sat the twelve Apostles of the church, and radiating upwards and outwards from this central group sat the Bishops, the Heads of Seventies, the Elders, and other leading officials.

I looked; I could not listen. I studied the vast concourse for a few minutes as a whole, and then began a careful character study of the faces within my range. I looked first at the men, expecting, I confess, to find evidences of selfishness if not of coarseness. I saw nothing of what I had been led to expect. Those faces revealed intelligence, enthusiasm, practical sense and intense earnestness. I next searched for the unhappy faces of dissatisfied, repressed women. Again I searched in vain. I saw contented, high-minded women, calm and dignified, conscious of a freedom still refused to most women, but winsome and womanly. The Mormon type as I saw it in the Tabernacle and around it may be described as a composite type which might be formed by a union of the strong distinctive elements of Methodists and Quakers.

The President spoke briefly, and after the closing hymn he prayed fervently and gave the closing benediction. Then through the thirty-four doors between the supporting piers the great audience swept out in a few moments. The officials of the church in the end gallery remained for more extended farewells. I scanned the faces of the women on the gallery searching for my one friend in Utah, Mrs. Gates. Not seeing her, I walked across the Tabernacle to an old lady, the only one who had remained seated after the audience dispersed. I told her I was looking for Mrs. Susa Young Gates, and asked if she knew her.

"I think so," she replied merrily, "I am her mother." So I had the satisfaction of meeting one of the widows of the great leader himself, and of being introduced by her to Apostle Reed Smoot, now United States senator from Utah.

Then began a series of revelations which removed some of my misconceptions. Apostle Smoot kindly took me to the President's office and answered my many questions for an hour till the President of the Teachers' Association came for me. Apostle Smoot was himself a revelation. I had thought that Apostles must necessarily be ministers. I found him to be a millionaire, a business gentleman of ability and high standing. I learned from him that the Bishops are generally business men, and that the leading church officers are chosen from the wisest and most successful men of their districts. He told me that the Mormon Church at that time had over eighteen hundred young men and women doing missionary work in different parts of the world; but I found that mission work does not necessarily mean trying to make converts for the church. In most cases it means performing some work of a business character for the church. One noteworthy feature of the mission work is that the young men who go to Europe or to the Sandwich Islands, or to Canada, or to any other country to work for the church, pay their own expenses. It is a mission of self-sacrifice for the common weal, and such an experience must tend to the development of a strong, true type of character.

I asked Apostle Smoot about the education of the girls, and found that the Mormons are more keenly alive to the importance of highly cultured, well developed, properly trained motherhood, than any other people I have met. This need is not a matter of opinion merely—it is a vital element in their system. I found in the schools,

SALT LAKE CITY—THE CITY HALL

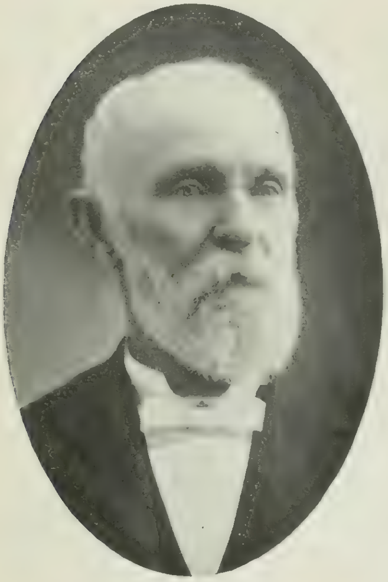
JOSEPH F. SMITH
President of the Mormon People

the academies, and the university that the girls and young women are receiving just as thorough an education as the young men. Apostle Smoot's sister is at the head of the Kindergarten Training College for Utah. She was trained in Boston. President Smith, the present head of the Mormon people, told me that he had sent his daughters to New York, one to study Kindergarten principles, and the other to study Domestic Science. The second State Superintendent of Schools in Utah was a woman—Mrs. McVicker. The daughter of Susa Young Gates, after courses under leading musicians in America and three years' training in Berlin, is, at the age of twenty-two, the most promising singer of American birth. Major Pond tried to atone for some of the wrong he did her grandfather by arranging her concerts in the great music halls of Boston, New York and the other great cities of the east.

The interest taken in musical education was one of my surprises. Many of the young men and women who show special talent for music are sent abroad for a thorough musical education. Brigham Young was a man of comprehensive insight and masterful executive ability. In the midst of his ceaseless work in transforming a desert into a most fruitful country, in designing and erecting the most remarkable places of worship in America, in laying out a beautiful city, and in planning one of the most perfectly organized religious and social systems in the world, he still found time to study educational systems, and he gave his people a system that aims to cultivate the whole nature of the child, physically, intellectually, practically, esthetically, and spiritually.

One of the established customs in Salt Lake City is to give an organ recital once a week during the noon hour on the great organ in the Tabernacle. Thousands attend these recitals to hear the talented young organist, Mr. McLellan, perform the best music of the great composers.

I found, too, that the Mormon people have very advanced educational institutions. The State schools and the Mormon schools provide an excellent education for the people. I have not seen anywhere in the United States



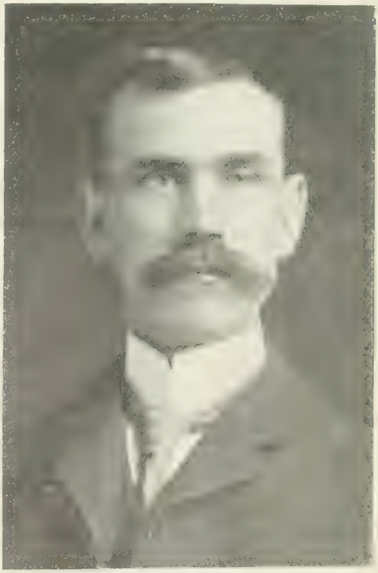
ARTHUR H. LUND
Counsellor

JOHN R. WINDER
Counsellor

a more advanced Normal School than the State Normal School in Salt Lake City.

I had believed that the Mormon leaders tried to keep their people shut in from the world in order that they might more easily be kept in the faith. I found it to be a cardinal principle of the church to send the leading young men and women abroad for study and work in order that they may bring back to Utah the most advanced ideals of the highest civilization in all lands. They usually have about two thousand young people in other lands, and in nearly all cases they have been guided by the church into the courses of study or work they are pursuing. Most of these young people have been educated at the church academies or the university.

I was surprised when Apostle Smoot pointed across the street to a building which he told me was the Historical Building of the church, in which are kept the records of all the individual members of the Mormon faith in the world. I was still more surprised to find that these records include the children as soon as they begin to perform some of the simpler practical duties of the church. The boys are organized as deacons for certain duties under the direction of an elder. The organization of the church is absolutely complete, and each division and subdivision is a perfect organization within itself. In each of the smallest districts into which Mormon territories are divided there is a house in which the offerings of the people for charitable purposes are kept, and from which they are distributed by the Elder in charge of that department of work. The boys of the district under his direction collect and distribute the charitable offerings. In case a widow has no son and is poor, the boys of the district who are organized for church work cut her wood and do other necessary work for her. They are thus trained in the only sure way to understand and practise the fundamental principles of community life and of loving service for the needy. As these young people develop special powers or talents, the record is made of their development in the historical building in Salt Lake City, so that the church authorities always know where they



REED SMOOT
Apostle and United States Senator

can find well-trained young men and women for special service. Mr. Roberts, who was elected to Congress and refused admission because he has more than one wife, is the Assistant Historian of the church.

My greatest lack of real knowledge I found to be in regard to polygamy. I shared the common belief that any Mormon man who chose to do so might marry more than one wife. Apostle Smoot removed this misconception at once by informing me that at no time were more than four per cent. of the Mormon men permitted to marry more than one wife. Those who secured such permission had to enter a special church order, and admission to this order was granted only to those men who had the highest standing morally, intellectually and physically. In addition to these qualifications, they had to prove their financial ability to justify the assumption of the increased responsibilities of polygamy.

Mrs. Young, Mrs. Gates' mother, told me that many times Mr. Young, when refusing applications for admission to the polygamous order would say "No," firmly, but kindly, and add: "I am sorry you are allowed to have one wife," when the applicant was a man lacking in important essentials of high character. Since 1891 new polygamous marriages have been prohibited, but the leaders, both men and women, believe in polygamy still under clearly defined conditions. The men, like Mr. Roberts, have chivalrously refused to desert their wives even for situations of honour in Congress, or for other public positions, and the women have been equally faithful to their former relationships. When the United States Government ordered that every Mormon should give up all his wives but the one to whom he was first married, it was naturally supposed that a great many women would be left without support, and the Government generously erected a large institution to provide a home for them; but no Mormon women took advantage of the provisions thus made for them. The Mormon women whom I met believe polygamy to be right quite as firmly as the men.

It may help to remove erroneous views regarding the Mormon attitude towards polygamy to state that the book of Mormon explicitly condemns polygamy, but gives the church the right to authorize it in case the Lord reveals the need of raising a people of special power.

I do not wish to be understood as advocating polygamy, but it is a fact that the leaders, the Governor, Senator Smoot, the State Superintendent of Education, the President of the University, the Principal of the Normal School, and most of the leading men in Salt Lake City, were brought up in polygamous families, and those with whom I conversed on the subject spoke kindly and affectionately of their father's wives, other than their own mothers.

One of the most prominent Mormons of Salt Lake City visited Toronto a few months ago, and I asked a few friends to meet him at lunch, and introduced him to a number of people, ladies and gentlemen, during his visit. After he left I asked them as I met them how they liked my Mormon friend. They all said: "Oh! He is a fine man, but he is not a polygamist." The fact is that he had three wives before he went to Harvard to study for his degree. This illustration shows that polygamy did not leave marks on him that were recognizable by my friends.

I did not expect to find the Mormon people great students of the Bible, but I found it to be one of the chief textbooks in the academies and universities. I know no other people who study the Bible so persistently. The Life of Christ is the history studied most carefully in the university.

A friend in Salt Lake City requested me to take a message on my way home to her seventeen-year-old daughter, who was attending the Conservatory of Music in Detroit. She was living in Detroit with a lady whose uncle was one of the most prominent Methodist ministers in Canada in his time, and who was educated herself in a leading Methodist college in Canada. She told me that she asked the mother of the little Mormon girl how she wished her to spend her Sundays. "Oh!" replied the mother, "take her to church with you, and I shall be specially obliged if you can spend some time in studying the Bible with her." The lady assured me that the girl knew the Bible more thoroughly than she herself, or anyone else whom she had ever known.

I had not thought of the Mormons as a people who appreciated amusements. I found that Brigham Young built a fine theatre for his people, which is still owned and managed by the church. It was for many years the custom to have amateur companies, and prominent young men went annually to New York to see the best plays in the theatres in order to select the most suitable for Salt Lake City audiences. The present Governor of Utah was one of the leading amateur actors of the city. Concerts, lectures, and other forms of rational entertainment are attended by large audiences in Salt Lake City. In my own experience I have never had such large or enthusiastic audiences anywhere. For five nights the Assembly Hall was crowded, and more than three thousand came out at half-past nine to a lecture delivered by special request the morning I left the city.

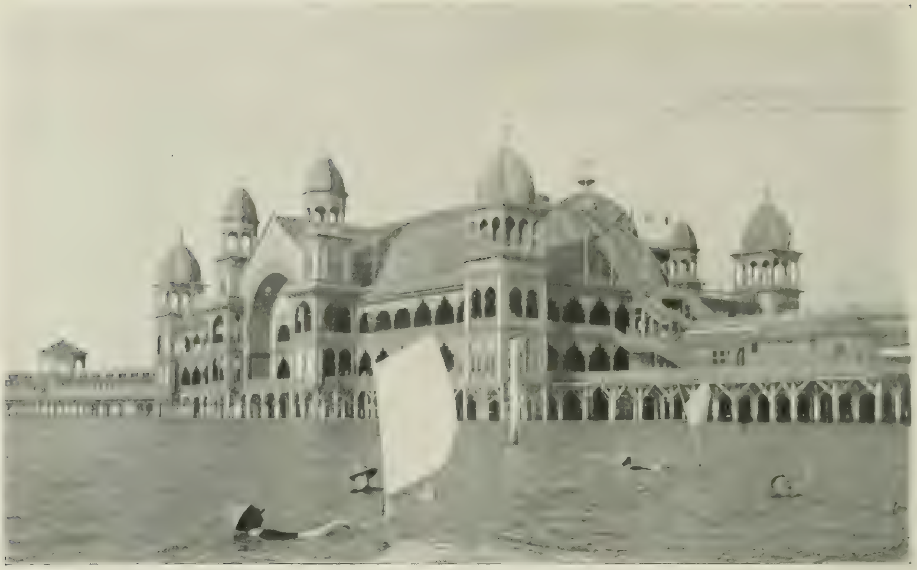
I had supposed that Utah was the easiest place in the world in which to get married. The fact is that it is the most difficult place in which to take a life partner, if one is a Mormon. No Mormon can be married except in a Temple, so that it may be necessary to travel very long distances to have the ceremony performed.

The sacraments and ceremonies for the dead were a revelation to me. These may be continued for years after a man's death by his widow and his friends. When a man dies his brother or some intimate friend represents him and performs certain rites on his behalf. These ceremonies are performed in the Temples only.

A very intelligent and cultured gentleman told me that the writings of Froebel, which I was trying to expound, had affected him when he read them as no other books ever had; and he said that about twelve years ago Froebel appeared to him in a vision, and asked him to have the sacraments for the dead performed for him. He went to the Temple and personated Froebel and received the sacraments of the church in Froebel's name.

My geographical knowledge was defective. I expected to find Salt Lake City on the shore of Salt Lake. Again I was wrong. The lake is fifteen miles from the city. A railroad owned by the Mormon authorities runs from the city to the lake during the long summer season, and a magnificent amusement pavilion, and splendid bathing accommodation, afford ample opportunity for enjoyment at the beautiful lake. As the season was over when I was there, the President very kindly provided a special train so that I might enjoy a swim in the buoyant water; at any rate, I expected to swim. Again I was surprised. I could not sink low enough in the water to be able to swim properly. Lying on my back, I tried in vain to get my feet in the water. One of the most amusing sights to be seen anywhere in the world is a common experience at Salt Lake. A man who wishes to enjoy himself perfectly lights his cigar, sits down on the water, attaches a sail to his feet, and holding the rope in his hand, and reclining in an easy position on the cushioned bosom of the lake, sails where he chooses.

The view of the beautiful mountains surrounding Salt Lake is one of the finest I have ever seen. When I saw them the lower third of the mountains was green, the middle third looked like a vast garden filled with brilliantly coloured flowers, while a crown of crystal whiteness covered their heads. Time never passed more pleasantly for me than when I reclined in an easy posture with nearly half my body out of the water, on Salt Lake, and looked at the grandeur of the surrounding mountains as they were toned



SALTAIR BEACH, NEAR SALT LAKE CITY

This resort is thirty minutes' ride from Salt Lake City. This Pavilion is built upon pilings, is 1,115 feet by 365 feet, and contains 620 bath-rooms, besides a huge dancing pavilion. A swimmer may float on the buoyant water, or move about with a sail attached to his feet.

to richest beauty by the evening sun.

Salt Lake City itself was a surprise to me. Its broad streets, its fine business houses, its splendid homes, its excellent public buildings, its magnificent mountain background, and the crystal streams running on both sides of the streets, are distinctive features of this unique and beautiful city.

I had no adequate conception of the wealth of Utah. Agriculturally the great valley has been made a vast and rich garden, by turning the mountain streams into a great system of irrigation.

Salt Lake itself is a source of incalculable wealth. The Mormon Church has immense salt works at the lake which yield a large revenue.

Utah is one of the richest parts of the United States in mineral wealth. In 1902 it mined more iron than any other State.

Taken as a whole, there is probably no other city where an unprejudiced man may find better opportunities for studying economic, social, and educational questions than in Salt Lake City.

THE IDEAL

BY INGLIS MORSE

BEHIND each great desire
There lies the dream that dares to be,
Idealizing all
Of Life's unchanging mystery.

THE WRECK*

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT

IT was yesterday, the 31st of December. I had just finished breakfast with my old friend Georges Garin when the servant brought him a letter covered with seals and foreign stamps. Georges said:

"Will you excuse me?"

"Certainly."

And so he began to read eight pages in a large English handwriting, crossed in every direction. He read them slowly, with serious attention and the interest which we only pay to things which touch our hearts.

Then he put the letter on a corner of the mantelpiece, and he said:

"That was a curious story! I've never told you about it, I think. And yet it was a sentimental adventure, and it happened to me. Aha! that was a strange New Year's Day indeed! It must be twenty years ago, since I was then thirty, and am now fifty years old.

"I was then an inspector in the Maritime Insurance Company, of which I am now director. I had arranged to pass the fête of New Year's in Paris—since it is a convention to make that day a fête—when I received a letter from the manager, directing me to proceed at once to the Island of Ré, where a three-masted vessel from Saint-Nazaire, insured by us, had just gone ashore. It was then eight o'clock in the morning. I arrived at the office at ten to get my instructions, and the same evening I took the express, which put me down in La Rochelle the next day, December 31st.

"I had two hours to spare before going aboard the boat for Ré. So I made a tour in the town. It is certainly a fantastic city, La Rochelle, with a strong character of its own—streets tangled like a labyrinth, sidewalks running beside endless arcaded galleries like those of the Rue de Rivoli, but low, mysterious, built as if to form a fit scene for conspirators, and making an ancient and striking background for those old-time wars, the savage, heroic wars of religion. It is, indeed, the typical old Huguenot city, grave, discreet, with no fine art to show, with no wonderful monuments, such as make Rouen so grand, but it is remarkable for its severe, somewhat cunning look; it is a city of obstinate fighters, a city where fanaticisms might well blossom, where the faith of the Calvinists became exalted, and where the plot of 'Four Sergeants' was born.

"After I had wandered for some time about these curious streets, I went aboard the black, fat-bellied little steamboat which was to take me to the Island of Ré. It was called the *Jean Guiton*. It started with angry puffings, passed between the two old towers which guard the harbour, crossed the roadstead and issued from the mole built by Richelieu, the great stones of which are visible at the water's edge, enclosing the town like an immense necklace. Then the steamboat turned off to the right.

"It was one of those sad days which oppress and crush the thoughts, tighten the heart and extinguish in us all energy and force—a gray, icy day, salted by a heavy mist which was as wet as rain, as cold as frost, as bad to breathe as the lye of a washtub.

"Under this low ceiling of sinister fog, this shallow, yellow, sandy sea of all gradually receding coasts lay without a wrinkle, without a movement, without life, a sea of turbid water, of greasy water, of stagnant water. The *Jean Guiton* passed over it, rolling a little from habit, dividing the smooth, opaque sheet, and leaving behind a few waves, a little chopping sea, a few undulations, which were soon calm.

"I began to talk to the captain, a

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little man almost without feet, as round as his boat and balancing himself like it. I wanted some details about the disaster on which I was to deliver a report. A great square-rigged three-master, the *Marie Joseph*, of Saint-Nazaire, had gone ashore one night in a hurricane on the sands of the Island of Ré.

"The owner wrote us that the storm had thrown the ship so far ashore that it was impossible to float her, and they had had to remove everything which could be detached with the utmost possible haste. Nevertheless, I was to examine the situation of the wreck, estimate what must have been her condition before the disaster, and decide whether all efforts had been used to get her afloat. I came as an agent of the company in order to hear contradictory testimony, if necessary, at the trial.

"On receipt of my report the manager would take what measures he judged necessary to protect our interests.

"The captain of the *Jean Guiton* knew all about the affair, having been summoned with his boat to assist in the attempts at salvage.

"He told me the story of the disaster, and very simply too. The *Marie Joseph*, driven by a furious gale, lost her bearings completely in the night, and steering by chance over a heavy foaming sea—'a milk-soup sea,' said the captain—had gone ashore on those immense banks of sand which make the coasts of this region seem like limitless Saharas at hours when the tide is low.

"While talking I looked around and ahead. Between the ocean and the lowering sky lay a free space where the eye could see far. We were following a coast. I asked: 'Is that the island of Ré?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"And suddenly the captain stretched his right hand out before us, pointed to something almost invisible in the middle of the sea and said: 'There's your ship.'

"'The *Marie Joseph*?'

"'Yes.'

"I was stupefied. This black, almost imperceptible speck, which I should have taken for a rock, seemed, at least, three miles from land.

"I continued: 'But, captain, there must be a hundred fathoms of water in that place?'

"He began to laugh.

"'A hundred fathoms, my boy! Well, I should say about two!'

"He was from Bordeaux. He continued: 'It's now 9.40, just high tide. Go down along the beach with your hands in your pockets after you've had lunch at the Hotel du Dauphin, and I'll engage that at ten minutes to three, or three o'clock, you'll reach the wreck without wetting your feet, and have from an hour and three-quarters to two hours aboard of her; but not more, or you'll be caught. The farther the sea goes out the faster it comes back. This coast is as flat as a bed bug! But start away at ten minutes to five, as I tell you, and at half-past seven you will be aboard of the *Jean Guiton* again, which will put you down this same evening on the quay at La Rochelle.'

"I thanked the captain, and I went and sat down in the bow of the steamer to get a good look at the little city of Saint-Martin, which we were now rapidly approaching.

"It was just like all the miniature seaports which serve as the capitals of the barren islands scattered along the coast—a large fishing village, one foot on sea and one on shore, living on fish and wild-fowl, vegetables and shellfish, radishes and mussels. The island is very low, and little cultivated, yet seems to be filled with people. However, I did not penetrate into the interior.

"After having breakfasted, I climbed across a little promontory, and, then, as the tide was rapidly falling, I started out across the sands towards a kind of black rock which I could just perceive above the surface of the water, far out, far down.

"I walked quickly over the yellow plain; it was elastic, like flesh, and seemed to sweat beneath my foot. The sea had been there very lately; now I perceive it at a distance, escaping out of sight, and I no longer distinguished the line which separated the sands from ocean. I felt as though I were assisting at a gigantic supernatural work of enchantment. The Atlantic had just now been before me, then it had disappeared into the strand, just as does scenery through a trap; and now I walked in the midst of a desert. Only the feeling, the breath of the salt-water, remained in me. I perceived the smell of the wrack, the smell of the wide sea, the rough, good smell of sea-coasts. I walked fast; I was no longer cold; I looked at the stranded wreck, which grew in size as I approached, and came now to resemble an enormous shipwrecked whale.

"It seemed fairly to rise out of the ground, and on that great, flat, yellow stretch of sand assumed surprising proportions. After an hour's walk I reached it at last. Bulging out and crushed, it lay upon its side, which, like the flanks of an animal, displayed its broken bones, its bones of tarry wood pierced with enormous bolts. The sand had already invaded it, entered it by all the crannies, and held it, possessed it, refused to let it go. It seemed to have taken root in it. The bow had entered deep into this soft, treacherous beach; while the stern, high in air, seemed to cast at heaven, like a cry of despairing appeal, the two white words on the black planking, *Marie Joseph*.

"I scaled this carcass of a ship by the lowest side; then, having reached the deck, I went below. The daylight which entered by the stove-in hatches and the cracks in the sides, showed sadly enough a species of long, sombre cellar full of demolished woodwork. There was nothing here but the sand, which served as a foot-soil in this cavern of planks.

"I began to take some notes about the condition of the ship. I was seated on a broken empty cask, writing by the light of a great crack, through which I could perceive the boundless stretch of the strand. A strange shivering of cold and loneliness ran over my skin from time to time; and I would often stop writing for a moment to listen to the vague, mysterious noises in the wreck; the noise of the crabs scratching the planking with their hooked claws; the noise of a thousand little creatures of the sea already installed on this dead body; the noise, so gentle and regular, of the worms, who with their gimlet-like, grinding sound, gnaw ceaselessly at the old timber, which they hollow out and devour.

"And suddenly, very near me, I heard human voices; I started as though I had seen a ghost. For a second I really thought I was about to see two drowned men rise from the sinister depths of the hold, who would tell me about their death. At any rate, it did not take me long to swing myself on deck with all the strength I had in my wrists. There, below the bow, I found standing a tall gentleman with three young girls, or rather, a tall Englishman with three young misses. Certainly, they were a good deal more frightened at seeing this sudden apparition on the abandoned three-master than I had been at seeing them. The youngest girl turned round and ran; the two others caught their father by the arms; as for him, he opened his mouth—that was sole sign of his emotion which he showed.

"Then after several seconds, he spoke: 'Aw, môsieu, are you the owner of this ship?'

"'I am.'

"'May I go over it?'

"'You may.'

"'Then he uttered a long sentence in English, in which I only distinguished the word 'gracious,' repeated several times.

"As he was looking for a place to climb up, I showed him the best, and lent him a hand. He ascended. Then we helped up the three little girls, who were now quite reassured. They were charming, especially the oldest, a blonde of eighteen, fresh as a flower, and so dainty, so pretty! Ah, yes, the pretty Englishwomen have indeed the look of tender fruits of the sea! One would have said of this one that she had just risen from the sands and that her hair had kept their tint. They all, with their exquisite freshness, make you think of the delicate colours of pink sea-shells, and of shining pearls, rare and mysterious, hidden in the unknown deeps of ocean.

"She spoke French a little better than her father, and she acted as interpreter. I must tell all about the shipwreck to the very least details, and I romanced as though I had been present at the catastrophe. Then the whole family descended into the interior of the wreck. As soon as they had penetrated into this sombre, dim-lit gallery, they uttered cries of astonishment and admiration. And suddenly the father and his three daughters were holding sketch-books in their hands, which they had doubtless carried hidden somewhere in their heavy weather-proof clothes, and were all beginning at once to make pencil sketches of this melancholy and fantastic place.

"They had seated themselves side by side on a projecting beam, and the four sketch-books on the eight knees were being rapidly covered with little black lines, which were intended to represent the half-opened stomach of the *Marie Joseph*.

"I continued to inspect the skeleton of the ship, and the oldest girl talked to me while she worked.

"I learned that they were spending the winter at Biarritz, and that they had come to the island of Ré expressly to see the stranded three-master. They had none of the usual English arrogance; they were simple, honest hearts of that class of constant wanderers with which England covers the globe. The father was long and thin, with a red face framed in white whiskers, and looking like a living sandwich, a slice of ham cut in the shape of a head, placed between two wedges of hair. The daughters, like little wading birds in embryo, had long legs and were also thin—except the oldest. All three were pretty, especially the tallest.

"She had such a droll way of speaking, of talking, of laughing, of understanding and of not understanding, of raising her eyes to ask a question (eyes blue as deep water), of stopping her drawing a moment to make a guess at what you meant, of returning once more to work, of saying 'yes' or 'no'—that I could have listened and looked indefinitely.

"Suddenly she murmured:

"'I hear a little movement on this boat!'

"I lent an ear; and I immediately distinguished a low, steady, curious sound. What was it? I rose and looked out of the crack, and I uttered a violent cry. The sea had come back; it was about to surround us!

"We were on deck in an instant. It was too late. The water circles us about and was running towards the coast with prodigious swiftness. No, it did not run, it slipped, it crawled, it grew longer, like a kind of great limitless blot. The water on the sands was barely a few centimetres deep; but the rising flood had gone so far that we no longer saw the flying line of its edge.

"The Englishman wanted to jump. I held him back. Flight was impossible because of the deep places which we had been obliged to go round on our way out, and into which we should certainly fall on our return.

"There was a minute of horrible anguish in our hearts. Then the little English girl began to smile, and murmured:

"'So we, too, are shipwrecked.'

"I tried to laugh; but fear caught me tight, a fear which was cowardly and horrid and base and mean, like the tide. All the dangers which we ran appeared to me at once. I wanted to shriek 'Help!' but to whom?

"The two younger girls were cowering against their father, who regarded, with a look of consternation, the measureless sea which hedged us round about.

"And the night fell as swiftly as the

ocean rose—a lowering, wet, icy night.

"I said: 'There's nothing to do but to stay on the ship.'

"The Englishman answered: 'Oh yes!'

"And we waited there a quarter of an hour, half an hour; indeed, I don't know how long, watching that yellow water which grew deep about us, whirled round and round, and seemed to bubble, and seemed to sport over the reconquest of the vast sea-strand.

"One of the little girls was cold, and we suddenly thought of going below to shelter ourselves from the light but freezing wind which blew upon us and pricked our skins.

"I leaned over the hatchway. The ship was full of water. So we must cower against the stern planking, which shielded us a little.

"The shades were now enwrapping us, and we remained pressed close to one another, surrounded by the darkness and by the sea. I felt trembling against my shoulder the shoulder of the little English girl, whose teeth chattered from time to time. But I also felt the gentle warmth of her body through her ulster from time to time, and that warmth was as delicious to me as a kiss. We no longer spoke; we sat motionless, mute, cowering down like animals in a ditch when the hurricane is raging. And, nevertheless, despite the night, the terrible and increasing danger, I began to feel happy that I was there, to be glad of the cold and the peril, to rejoice in the long hours of darkness and anguish which I must pass on this plank so near this dainty and pretty little girl.

"I asked myself: 'Why this strange sensation of well-being and of joy?

"Why? Does one know? Because she was there? Who? She, a little unknown English girl? I did not even know her. And for all that I was touched and conquered. I should have liked to save her, to sacrifice myself for her, to commit a thousand follies! Strange thing! How does it happen that the presence of a woman overwhelms us so? Is it the power of her grace which enfolds us? Is it the seduction in her beauty and youth which intoxicates us like wine?

"Is it not rather, as it were, the touch of Love, of Love the Mysterious, who seeks constantly to unite two beings, who tries his strength the instant he has put a man and a woman face to face, and who suffuses them with a confused secret, profound emotion, just as you water the earth to make the flowers spring?

"But the silence of the shades and of the sky became dreadful, because we could thus hear vaguely about us an infinite low roar, the dull rumour of the rising sea, and the monotonous dashing of the current against the ship.

"Suddenly I heard the sound of sobs. The youngest of the little girls was crying. Then her father tried to console her, and they began to talk in their own tongue, which I did not understand. I guessed that he was reassuring her, and that she was still afraid.

"I asked my neighbour: 'You are not too cold, are you, miss?'

"Oh yes! I am very cold."

"I wanted to give her my cloak; she refused it. But I had taken it off and I covered her with it against her will. In the short struggle her hand touched mine. It made a charming shiver run over my body.

"For some minutes the air had been growing brisker, the dashing of the water stronger against the flanks of the ship. I raised myself; a great gust blew in my face. The wind was rising!

"The Englishman perceived this at the same time that I did, and said simply: 'That is bad for us, this—'

"Of course it was bad, it was certain death if any breakers, however feeble, should attack and shake the wreck, which was already so loose and broken that the first big sea would carry it off in a jelly.

"So our anguish increased from second to second as the squalls grew stronger and stronger. Now the sea broke a little, and I saw in the darkness white lines appearing and disappearing, which were lines of foam;

while each wave struck the *Marie Joseph*, and shook her with a short quiver which rose to our hearts.

"The English girl was trembling; I felt her shiver against me. And I had a wild desire to take her in my arms.

"Down there before and behind us, to left and right, light-houses were shining along the shore—light-houses white and yellow and red, revolving like the enormous eyes of giants who were staring at us, watching us, waiting eagerly for us to disappear. One of them in special irritated me. It went out every thirty seconds and it lit up again as soon. It was indeed an eye, that one, with its lid carelessly lowered over its fiery look.

"From time to time the Englishman struck a match to see the hour; then he put his watch back in his pocket. Suddenly he said to me, over the heads of his daughters, with a gravity which was supreme, 'I wish you a Happy New Year, Môsieu.'

"It was midnight. I held out my hand which he pressed. Then he said something in English, and suddenly he and his daughter began to sing 'God Save the Queen,' which rose through the black and silent air and vanished into space.

"At first I felt a desire to laugh; then I was seized by a strong, fantastic emotion.

"It was something sinister and superb, this chant of the shipwrecked, the condemned, something like a prayer and also like something grander, something comparable to the ancient sublime 'Ave Caesar morituri te salutamus.'

"When they had finished I asked my neighbour to sing a ballad alone, a legend, anything she liked, to make us forget our terrors. She consented, and immediately her clear young voice flew off into the night. She sang something which was doubtless sad, because the notes were long drawn out, issued slowly from her mouth and hovered, like wounded birds, above the waves.

"The sea was rising now and beating upon our wreck. As for me, I thought only of that voice. And I thought also of the sirens. If a ship had passed near by us what would the sailors have said? My troubled spirit lost itself in the dream. A siren! Was she not really a siren, this daughter of the sea, who had kept me on this worm-eaten ship, and who was soon about to go down with me deep into the waters?

"But suddenly we were all five rolling on the deck, because the *Marie Joseph* had sunk on her right side. The English girl had fallen across me, and before I knew what I was doing, thinking that my last moment had come, I had caught her in my arms and kissed her cheek, her temple and her hair.

"The ship did not move again, and we, we also, remained motionless.

"The father said 'Kate!' The one whom I was holding answered 'Yes,' and made a movement to free herself. And at that moment I should have wished the ship to split in two and let me fall with her into the sea.

"The Englishman continued: 'A little rocking; it's nothing. I have my three daughters safe.'

"Not having seen the oldest, he had thought she was lost overboard.

"I rose slowly, and suddenly I made out a light on the sea quite near us. I shouted; they answered. It was a boat sent out in search of us by the hotel-keeper, who had guessed at our imprudence.

"We were saved. I was in despair. They picked us off our raft, and they brought us back to Saint-Martin.

"The Englishman was now rubbing his hands and murmuring: 'A good supper! A good supper!'

"We did sup. I was not gay. I regretted the *Marie Joseph*.

"We had to separate the next day, after much handshaking and many promises to write. They departed for Biarritz. I was not far from following them.

"I was hard hit; I wanted to ask this little girl in marriage. If we had passed eight days together I should have done so. How weak and incomprehensible a man sometimes is!

"Two years passed without my hearing a word from them. Then I received a letter from New York. She was married and wrote to tell me. And since then we write to each other every year on New Year's Day. She tells me about her life, talks of her children, her sisters, never her husband. Why? Ah! Why?....And as for me, I only talk of the *Marie Joseph.* That was, perhaps, the only woman I have ever loved. No—that I ever should have loved....Ah, well! Who can tell? Facts master you.... And then—and then—all passes.... She must be old now; I should not know her...Ah! she of the by-gone time, she of the wreck! What a creature!....Divine! She writes me her hair is white....That caused me terrible pain....Ah! her yellow hair.... No, my English girl exists no longer. ...They are sad, such things as that!"

ANOTHER DE MAUPASSANT STORY WILL APPEAR NEXT MONTH

THE FORLORN HOPE

BY ISABEL E. MACKAY

ONE saw the coming doom and was afraid,
And said, "My friends, the cause for which you dare
Is just and worthy, and it has my prayer—
My time and money are engaged elsewhere."

Another said, "'Twas a good cause and true,
Not until men condemned it did I doubt,
'Vox populi, vox Dei' and all that—
I think 'twere wise and prudent to step out!"

And still another mused, "All hope is lost,
It was a righteous cause, but then, you see
I'm older than I was, in fact I feel -
Too much excitement is not good for me."

Another saw the cloud against the sky,
Gave health and wealth and all his manhood's might
To fight for the lost cause and prove it true,
His battle-cry "Let God defend the right!"

Alone, against a serried world he stood,
His few companions melted from his side,
Yet all his life he ceased not in the strife—
Nor had he won the battle when he died.

When he was dead some said, "Was not this man
A little higher than the common run?
This cause he fought for, surely it was good!"
And so, above his grave, the fight was won.

SPRING IN CANADA

BY WILLIAM WILFRID CAMPBELL

SEASON of life's renewal, love's rebirth,
And all hope's young espousals; in your dream,
I feel once more the ancient stirrings of Earth.

Now in your moods benign of sun and wind,
The worn and agéd, winter-wrinkled Earth,
Forgetting sorrow, sleep and icéd snows,
Turns joyful to the glad sun bland and kind,
And in his kiss forgets her ancient woes.

Men scorn thy name in song in these late days
When life is sordid, crude, material, grim,
And love a laughter unto brutish minds,
Song a weariness or an idle whim,
The scoff of herds of this world's soulless hinds,
Deaf to the melody of your brooks and winds,
Blind to the beauty of your splendid dream.

Because earth's hounds and jackals bay the moon,
Must then poor Philomel forbear to sing,
Or that life's barn fowl croak in dismal tune,
Love's lark in heaven fail to lift her wing.

And even I, who feel thine ancient dreams,
Do hail thee, wondrous Spring,
Love's rare magician of this waking world,
Who turnest to melody all Earth's harshest themes,
And buildest beauty out of each bleak thing
In being, where thy roseate dreams are furled.

In thee, old age once more renews his youth,
And turns him kindling to his memoried past,
Reviving golden moments now no more,
By blossoming wood and wide sun-winnowed shore;
While youth by some supreme, divine intent,
Some spirit beneath all moods that breathe and move,
Builds o'er all earth a luminous, tremulous tent
In which to dream and love.

All elements and spirits stir and wake
From haunts of dream and death.
Loosened the waters from their icéd chains
Go roaring by loud ways from fen and lake,
While all the world is filled with voice of rains,

And tender droppings toward the unborn flowers,
And rosy shoots in sunward blossoming bowers.

Loosened, the snows of Winter, cerements
From off the corpse of Autumn, waste and flee;
Loosened the gyves of slumber, plain and stream,
And all the spirits of life who build and dream
Enfranchised, glad and free.

Far out around the world by woods and meres,
Rises, like morn from night, a magic haze,
Filled with dim pearly hints of unborn days,
Of April's smiles and tears.

Far in the misty woodlands, myriad buds,
Shut leaves and petals, peeping one by one,
As in a night, leafy infinitudes,
By some kind inward magic of the sun,
Where yestereve the sad-voiced lonesome wind
Wailed a wild melody of mad Winter's mind,
Now clothed with tremulous glories of the Spring.

Or in low meadow lands some chattering brook
But last eve silent, or in slumbrous tune
Whispering hushed melodies to the wan-faced moon,
Like life slow ebbing; now with all life's dowers,
Goes loudly shouting down the joyous hours.

Wan weeds and clovers, tiny spires of green,
Rising from myriad meadows and far fields,
Drinking within the warm rains sweet and clear;
Put on the infinite glory of the year.

After long months of waiting, months of woe,
Months of withered age and sleep and death,
Months of bleak cerements of icéd snow,
After dim shrunken days and long-drawn nights
Of pallid storm and haunted northern lights,
Wakens the song, the bud, the brook, the thrill,
The glory of being and the petalled breath,—
The newer wakening of a magic will,
Of life re-stirring to its infinite deeps,
By wave and shore and hooded mere and hill;—
And I, too, blind and dumb, and filled with fear,
Life-gyved and frozen, like a prisoned thing,
Feel all this glory of the waking year,
And my heart fluttering like a young bird's wing,
Doth tune itself in joyful guise to sing
The splendour and hope of all the splendid year,
The magic dream of Spring!

INDEPENDENCE AND THE TREATY-MAKING POWER

By PROFESSOR DE SUMICHRAST, of Harvard

SIR WILFRID LAURIER has recently stated that Canada will shortly demand the power to arrange "the preliminaries of all treaties affecting her trade and territory," leaving to the sovereign the responsibility of vetoing the arrangements if, in the opinion of his constitutional advisers, they conflict with the interests of the Empire. At the first glance nothing can be more reasonable or less fraught with possibilities of danger. Yet, on reflection, it will be seen that the demand is much broader than would appear; all treaties affecting the trade or territory of Canada are to be practically negotiated by the Dominion Government. If the negotiations appear to threaten the interests of the Empire the Home Government may veto them. Is there not here as great a source of danger to the amicable relations between the Empire at large and Canada as in any method hitherto pursued? What has been the cry of late? The cry shouted forth in meetings, in the press, in letters to the papers, not in the Dominion only, but in the United States, letters written by Canadians? That the British Foreign Office and the British Colonial Office have bartered, have gambled away the interests of Canada for the sake of cultivating the friendship of the United States. This has been repeated *ad nauseam*, and with a strength of conviction that might almost be alarming, were it not that there are still cool heads in charge of the direction of affairs on both sides of the controversy.

Now, let a treaty affecting Canadian trade be proposed and the preliminaries—that is to say, the fundamental and indispensable conditions of the bargain—be negotiated by Canadians exclusively. It is within the bounds of easy possibility, but not within the bounds of comparative probability, that the negotiators would not lose sight of Imperial interests. They would be, however, much more likely to think solely of Canadian interests and to safeguard them and them only. Then let the Imperial Government, forced thereto not alone by the recognition of the fact that Imperial interests were neglected or imperilled, but also by the protests from other parts of the Empire concerned in the outcome of the treaty, let the Imperial Government veto the preliminaries, and straightway there would again be heard the cry that Canadian interests were being sacrificed, not, perhaps, to maintain pleasant relations with the United States, but to conserve the dignity or soothe the susceptibilities of a distant colony.

The truth is that it is impossible to conceive of any treaty affecting the trade of Canada which will not, in a measure, affect the interests of the Mother Land or of some one of the great self-governing colonies. The relations between the various parts of the Empire are so close, so intimate, the means of intercommunication so numerous and so rapid, the interests of the one so inextricably linked with the interests of the other—for trade is universal—that it may be affirmed that any treaty bearing upon the trade of one part must affect, more or less strongly, the trade of another.

The very growth of the Canadian national spirit tends and must tend to increase that danger. But that is not a reason for desiring to check the growth of that spirit. It should and ought to grow, and it is for the welfare of the Empire that in every one of the great self-governing colonies a similar spirit should be fostered and developed; for the stronger the national life, the deeper the pride in the country's success, the more stable will be the Government, the greater the care bestowed upon the preservation of free institutions. But so long as these great colonies remain a part of the mighty British Empire there rests upon each of them a responsibility which must be faced, which must be discharged, and one part of that responsibility is to consider questions from an Imperial and not simply from a colonial point of view. The annoyance felt with the British Foreign Office, with the Colonial Office, springs mainly from forgetfulness of this responsibility or from deliberate renunciation of it.

It is easy to affirm that the Imperial Government sacrifices the interests of any one particular part of the Empire for the advantage to be gained by courting a foreign power, but it is not so easy to prove that this is the case. With so vast an Empire, composed of lands and nationalities so different, with trade demands so conflicting, with political interests so diverse, the task of the Central Administration becomes one of surpassing difficulty, and as it is plainly impossible to satisfy every one, the best course is to seek the greatest good of the greatest number. In the execution of this policy, the wisdom of which will scarcely be questioned, it is inevitable that susceptibilities should be hurt, and that legitimate ambitions should be frustrated. The irritation thus awakened is natural, and no sensible statesman will find fault with it, but every statesman worthy the name will also expect, and be justified in expecting, that the great colony, or indeed the small colony, for the matter of that, shall take into consideration the larger interests which have made the course pursued the only one proper under the circumstances.

But to confine the question to Canada alone, as is natural at this time, when Canada has asked and readily obtained considerable and important modifications of the conditions governing its connection with Great Britain, it may be well to notice a few points which the advocates of separation—who exist and make themselves heard—have apparently lost sight of, if ever indeed they perceived them. The examination of these points is not inappropriate even in view of the modifications or explanation of the full treaty-making power declaration of the Premier, since as has been said above, that modified declaration still contains the seeds of possible difficulties between the Mother Country and the Dominion. It can readily be understood that at no distant date some problem may present itself requiring settlement by a treaty between Great Britain and a foreign power, in which settlement Canada would be mainly interested, though it can never be solely interested so long as it remains a part of the Empire. Let that treaty fail through a veto of the Home authorities, and it is quite on the cards that the cry would go up from Halifax to Vancouver for fuller powers and absolute and final control of all the matters pertaining to the making of treaties involving the trade or territory of Canada.

Now, the granting of these powers —and it has been said, and is here repeated, that if Canada ever asks for them they will be granted—means separation and nothing less; independence; the setting-up of Canada as a nation by itself, content to rely on its own powers and to conduct its own affairs with the various parts of the Empire to which it had once belonged and with the foreign powers with which it must of necessity have relations.

Has the time come, is the time appreciably near, when Canada would be well advised to demand separation? Surely a moment's consideration will suffice to bring home the conviction to every reasonable man's mind that separation now or within a few years would mean annexation to the republic of the United States, and the utter destruction of the Canadian nation as such. Doubtless many well-informed and patriotic Canadians will deny the mere possibility of such an eventuality, and will assert that the national spirit is so strong in the country that nothing could overcome it. And there is considerable force in this assertion, but there is greater force in the power of attraction of a vast and energetic country like the United States, and in the resolute policy of aggrandisement, of territorial aggrandisement, upon which it has entered of late years, and in which it has made such astounding progress. If the people of the United States can resist all arguments against the annexation of lands peopled by races wholly alien to themselves, if they still seek to add to their domains territories inhabited by races absolutely incapable of being, for many long years to come, assimilated with the population of the Republic, is it at all likely that this land lust would not exercise itself in the direction of the fertile plains and the rich mineral lands to the north, inhabited by a people kindred in race, alike in most respects, and endowed with a similar spirit of energy and progress? The desire has manifested itself already, as is well known to the most cursory reader of the American press. A Boston newspaper has long had as a standing heading, "Our immediate duty is the annexation of Canada." And while men may smile at this and think it a foolish bid for popularity, the fact remains that by dinning an idea sufficiently long into the heads of readers, you at last succeed in fixing it firmly in their minds and making them believe in its essential soundness. The attitude of the United States Government towards Canada has not, it is true, been a very kindly or even a very courteous one. The advances made by the Ottawa Cabinet have time and again been met with contempt or indifference, but this is one way of driving a high-spirited people to acts that eventually will lead to fusion. The more the United States market is denied to Canadians the more will the need of it make itself felt, and when that sense of need has become overpowering, men will hesitate less at the method by which it may be satisfied.

An independent Canada, unbacked by the power of the whole British Empire, will assuredly not obtain concessions which are refused to it under existing circumstances. The continuous and subtle Americanising of large portions of the country will go on apace and bear its natural fruit; the influx of American capital and the growth of American interests will contribute to the changing of opinion. The severance of the link with Great Britain will involve gradually the adoption of other ideals of government, those ideals being more and more those of the country alongside, even though every Canadian worthy of the name recognises at the present moment the superiority of his own system of government. Then the attraction which a vast body exercises upon a considerably smaller one will have to be taken into account. Just now, as part of the British Empire, Canada is part of a power infinitely greater than the United States; as an independent nationality, it will be infinitely smaller.

Treaty-making involves necessarily the ability, that is the power, to enforce observance of treaties. Canada will not be for some considerable time in a position to enforce treaties it may make, if independent. And it could not reasonably appeal to the Empire from which it had parted to aid it in compelling such observance. With its great and increasing maritime trade, the Dominion would speedily find itself in difficulties with foreign powers, contemptuous of her strength and deliberately neglectful of their solemn obligations. It will gradually build up a navy of its own, no doubt, just as it is engaged at present in building up an army from the excellent and abundant material it possesses, but a navy large enough to protect its commerce in every part of the many seas will take a long time to build and equip, just as an army cannot be manufactured in a day. Until Canada is in a position to fully defend herself and to protect the interests of her people in every part of the globe, independence would mean helplessness and weakness, and the growth of a strong desire to be under the protection of a power capable of making itself respected. But having broken away from Great Britain, Canada would not return under the Union Jack; her destiny would lead her under the Stars and Stripes, and she would lose all trace of her once proud nationality, and become merely a number of States of the Union; not by any means an unpleasant or unhappy fate, but one which would be far from realizing the dreams of a powerful young nation to the North capable of holding her own in competition with the mighty Republic to the South.

It may be urged that the national spirit, developing rapidly and strongly as it has done and will do, would prove a bar to any annexation or fusion. But national spirit does not alone suffice, and material circumstances influence the fate of nations. What is there to keep Canada safe within her borders as an independent power? A mere imaginary line of demarcation between herself and the United States. And greater obstacles than this have not prevented the spreading of United States rule over desired territories. The real danger, however, to Canada's independence would arise from the contiguity of the two peoples, from the absorbing power of the Republic, from the infiltration of American habits and modes of thought, from the gradual adoption of American principles and practices of government; the proselytising would go on incessantly and the results would rapidly become manifest.

An independent Canada would desire to round out her domains. There is not much room to do so, certainly; yet there are still territories which seem naturally destined to be included within the political rule of the Dominion. Newfoundland assuredly will come into the Dominion at no distant day, yet there is constant flirting with the United States on the part of that island province, and there are many reasons which would make it advantageous for the United States to include it within its possessions. Near Newfoundland lie the French islands, of no considerable value to France, it is true, since the heavy blow struck at foreign fisheries on the Banks by the passage of the Bait Act. But any proposal to acquire these islands, to acquire Greenland, would meet with opposition not in France and Denmark alone, but in the United States. It is but a short time since one of the leading papers in Boston, discussing this point, declared that any attempt to add these territories to the Dominion would evoke the application of the Monroe doctrine. The argument used to justify this position was unquestionably unsound, but sound arguments are not always necessary when force will answer the purpose equally well. Here, then, would be a new danger to a young and independent Canada, and a failure to accomplish its purpose would be galling in the extreme to that proud country.

So far the question has been considered from the point of view of the advantage and disadvantage to Canada only, but there is also the question of the advantage and disadvantage to the Empire. Here it is plain that whatever benefit the Empire might derive from satisfying the legitimate aspirations of the Dominion, the loss to itself, by the separation of Canada, would be considerable, though not irretrievable. Canada, Australia, New Zealand are the three great self-governing colonies that constitute the strongest portions of the vast Empire. For one of them to break away would be to strike a blow at the real power and at the prestige of the Empire. It would precipitate a general sundering of the parts, and set an example that probably would be followed by other colonies more safely situated, for the development of their national aspirations, than is the Dominion. This result could not but injuriously affect the interests of civilisation, and from a purely business point of view, it would be an unprofitable transaction. The united force of the Empire, as at present constituted, could never be possessed by any of the separate portions, and there is not now the opportunity for colonisation under suitable climes and in favourable circumstances which existed when the three great colonies were first founded. Each of them, with the reservations already made concerning Canada, could grow into strong nations, but it is not conceivable that they would exert the same influence on the world which the Empire now exercises. And in this loss the whole human race would share.

What then? Shall the growth, shall the progress of the great colonies be stayed, or even merely hindered, by such considerations? Shall the legitimate aspirations of Canada, in the first place, of Australia and New Zealand in the next, be denied realisation because it seems advisable to the lovers of empire that the British Dominions shall be maintained intact? No, there is no reason why these great countries, why these energetic peoples should not enjoy all the benefits to which they are naturally entitled. The question they have to consider is simply whether they cannot obtain all they really need without breaking away from the mother land. There must be give and take in every partnership, and the relation between the great colonies and the mother land is now the relation of partners among themselves, and not in any wise that of superior and inferior, of suzerain and dependent. The interests of the whole concern are those which must ever be kept in view, and with judicious and calm examination of local interests, to use the word local in a broader sense than ordinarily, means of conciliating them with the greater, because more general interests, can surely be found. Mr. Balfour's speech at Manchester, in which he spoke of the introduction of the Canadian Minister of Militia and Defence into the membership of the Imperial Committee of Defence, has shown how a solution of the difficulty has been found in one department, and if it can be found in one it can be found in all.

Putting aside the loss to the country which would be involved in the withdrawal of the armed forces of the Empire, both land and sea, a loss which would eventually be made up by the creation and development of a Canadian army and navy, there would be material and sentimental losses which have also much importance. The enormous increase of expenditure which would be necessitated by the proper defence of the land, an increase which, however, should already be sanctioned to a certain large extent, would be added to by the expenditure required by the creation of a diplomatic and a consular corps. For the commercial interests of the Dominion could not well be left to take care of themselves, especially in the face of the keen competition which is every day growing more strenuous. Under the present régime Canada benefits, without spending a single penny, by the whole admirable diplomatic and consular work done by the Imperial authorities, the cost of which is borne solely by the British taxpayer. Under the régime of independence Canada would have to bear unaided the whole of that expenditure. And no doubt it would be able to do so after a time, after it had developed the vast and yet unexploited resources known to be at her disposal. But successive governments would have to undergo very bitter criticism at the hands of merchants and others whose interests would necessarily suffer during a period of years. And whether there would not in the meantime arise a strong movement for annexation to the United States, so as to diminish the burden and to gain advantages to be reaped only by association with a powerful and enormously wealthy nation, is a question which many would unhesitatingly answer in the affirmative.

Canada is in the position of the son of a wealthy family who has had no care in regard to providing for himself, and who suddenly desires to launch out for himself. The easy life hitherto led changes into one of striving and self-denial, and the temptation to return to a position of comfort is apt to be overpowering. Here again one sees the danger of the sinking of Canada's individuality in the United States, and as this is a consummation undesired by any one in the Dominion at the present time, it may be termed a danger. In other respects it is not. For to belong to so great, so powerful, so rich, so progressive a country as the United States can by no stretch of imagination be considered an evil. It is true that all those forms of government of which Canadians are so justly proud would be greatly modified; that the special and extraordinary privileges enjoyed by one province at least would be swept away, never again to be restored; but there would be plainly compensations of a nature to satisfy many of the discontented. Yet the main thing, the feeling of nationality, would vanish; that feeling which means so much to those who now inhabit Canada, and which they have developed at such cost and with such success.

Then, again, Canada would lose her connection with the glorious historical past of the Empire which she has helped to build up and so lately helped to extend. Her traditions would have to be made up of the War of Independence, and Bunker Hill day take the place of Dominion Day and Paardeberg anniversary. The feeling of connection with the mother land would remain in the breasts of the older men, but in the hearts of the younger generation, untrained to think of England as home, might grow up the feeling of hostility and mistrust which has so long swayed the speech and actions of Americans in all matters in which Great Britain is concerned. Whether this is worth the obtaining full treaty-making powers under the conditions enunciated by Sir Wilfrid Laurier may seem somewhat doubtful.

A change must come; it is impossible, every thinking person recognises that fact, for Canada to remain in a purely dependent position and hemmed in by restrictions that, however wise and sound when first imposed, she has now outgrown, and the necessity for which consequently no longer exists. But in the discussion of the proposal, which Parliament will be invited to enter upon, in the discussion of the measure, which will have to take place before the constituencies, the point which all true lovers of Canada, all real patriots, all desirous of the best solution of a difficulty palpable to all men, must steadily keep in mind, is that by the side of the purely Canadian interests are the interests of the Empire—that is, in a sense, of the human race, since the British Empire stands for civilisation, justice and progress and liberty throughout the world. The need is for Canadians to take not merely a sectional view of the problem, but to rise to the height of Imperial consideration of it, and to understand that no department of the British Government is so hide-bound as to refuse to consider the just claims of the great Dominion and to do them the fullest justice. But there is also the right, on the part of the Empire, to ask that Canadians shall endeavour to realise the extent and complexity of the problems which confront the Imperial administration, and that Canadians, through their authorised representatives, and likewise in their individual capacity, shall strive to conciliate their own legitimate demands with the needs of the Empire at large. If there be any advantage, if there be any pride, if there be any strength derivable from the fact of belonging to the mightiest and the best governed Empire the world has ever beheld, then it is right to make some sacrifices for the common weal, and to so adjust matters that while it may be impossible to obtain all that naturally and legitimately the country is entitled to, the greatest good of the greatest number shall be attained. Solidarity is equally as necessary in the relations between the various parts of a great empire as it is between the inhabitants of any country, between the members of any association. Moderation, breadth of view, thought for other parts of the Empire, foresight and prudence, these be the qualities which, in the discussion of this question, men of sense should bring to bear upon it.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

NO. 51—HON. J. I. TARTE

JOSEPH ISRAEL TARTE received a college education in Quebec, where the old idea prevails that culture resides chiefly in the humanities. This training gave him imagination. His professional course in law gave him practical aims. Under the circumstances it was almost inevitable that he should become a journalist after the Parisian manner, that is a poet well ballasted. Sir Wilfrid Laurier began in nearly the same way, only his studies took the shape of public speaking, while Mr. Tarte's inclined toward giving politics a literary favour. The direction their talents assumed and perhaps the comparative success of their careers lies in their temperaments. Sir Wilfrid Laurier abandoned journalism for the law; Mr. Tarte abandoned law for journalism. In other words, Sir Wilfrid felt that the metes and bounds of the law were just the corrective his imagination needed, while Mr. Tarte felt that they were a constraint. Sir Wilfrid is a great orator with a cool head. In his most glowing periods he will not lose sight of caution. Without seeming so, his eloquence is wary and deliberate and he is never more convincing than when he skirts the danger point. He is conceivably an indifferent editor because the oratorical style is too diffuse for leading articles. Mr. Tarte, on the other hand, is a great journalist with a hot head and an eager tongue. When he speaks he is apt to be carried away by a metaphor. Thoughtful enough when he has his pen in hand, his language as careful as it is picturesque, his argument as studied as it is warm, he will chase butterflies on a public platform. He behaves like a boy out of school, so pleased is he to get away for a while from the ordered business by which he makes a living. Other men have felt the same way. If politics is a play hour it cannot be treated as a duty. That would rob it of all its delight. If the serious view of statesmanship does not prevail, then it is an intellectual pastime, and a man must not be censured for adjusting himself to all the quirks of the game. With Mr. Tarte politics is a game. His success as an organizer in Quebec shows that he learned all the moves. His active mind takes pleasure in applying them. This is the charitable, perhaps the true construction to put on those vagaries of opinion which at times have labelled him as a renegade to both the political parties. If politics is a mere mental recreation like chess or whist there can be no fidelity to any line of action beyond the immediate circumstance which is to be negotiated. The responsibility is not continuous.

Of course Mr. Tarte can make out a good case by saying that the most enlightened consistency is to be true to one's self. And sometimes he goes even farther, declaring that he has cherished the same views all his life—he has always been a protectionist. Admitting the force of both his arguments, the chief contention that Mr. Tarte makes a game of politics will remain undisturbed. It is a game that Frenchmen will relish so long as the name France stands for glory, excitement and the applause of the footlights. It is a game that ambitious men in Quebec will come to as easily as a cat laps milk. Mr. Tarte would never have been satisfied with the judicious compliment that filters through to a clever writer. What he wanted was the thunderous approval of the hustings and the Parliament, the hand clapping and seat thumping, visible, audible, tremendous, which puts praise beyond a doubt. It is a healthy trait in any man's character. 'Tis an instinct of human nature, which with some others not as worthy, has given Canada many a great publicist from Quebec.

HON. J. ISRAEL TARTE
PHOTO BY TOPLEY

As faith can scale greater heights than reason, so the man who makes politics a game cannot compass the same pinnacles as the serious statesman. Without enlarging on this question, think again of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Tarte—the one earnest, purposeful, straightforward, hewing to the line; the other volatile, nimble, a truant, always looking for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow; the one Premier, firmly fixed in the esteem and confidence of the people; the other, having scrambled part way up the steeps of fame, now fallen and suspected, although unfairly. The public has simply valued Mr. Tarte by the levity of his own conduct and the rashness of his own utterances. For instance, when he went abroad for his health he puzzled all except his intimates by the contradictory remarks that were cabled to Canada. In London he was an Imperialist, all-red, British to the core; in Paris he was for the tricolour, Gaulois in every fibre. To those outside the Cabinet it appeared that Mr. Tarte never opened his mouth except to put his foot in it. But his best friends knew that it was one and the same Mr. Tarte under different circumstances, Mr. Tarte who believes in plucking the day, Mr. Tarte acting up to the lights, the music, the rare viands, the dulcet wines and the atmosphere of mutual compliment at those public banquets. If Mr. Tarte had taken his politics seriously he would have been more guarded. In part, too, it was the fault of his practice as a writer. The method of the writer is to weigh, polish, condense, be pithy and sententious, and when Mr. Tarte is engaged that way he is calm and reflective. The method of the speaker is to glow, to soar—prudently, of course—to trick out with pretty purple patches and to expand. Tarte the Journalist could never think wisely on his feet. Attempting to expand he invariably bursts and his excitable English will usually make a bad mistake a little worse.

Allowing something for exaggeration, Dr. Johnson's verdict on Oliver Goldsmith applies to Mr. Tarte. He writes like an angel and talks like poor Poll, so far as party policy is concerned. It seems strange that a man who displays craft and finesse as an organizer should be so disappointing in his public performances.

Mr. Tarte has been compared to that other Joseph over seas, Mr. Chamberlain, and indeed there is some resemblance in the incidents of their careers. Both Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Tarte have left their party twice and both times their party was in power. This seems to prove that their change of opinion was in each case sincere, for an ambitious man gains nothing except moral comfort by going into opposition. In this regard Mr. Tarte has the advantage of Mr. Chamberlain, for, though Mr. Chamberlain might have had reason to believe that Home Rule would defeat the Gladstone Government, Mr. Tarte could not have felt so sure that the McGreevy scandal would upset Sir John Macdonald. It has even been hinted that a friendship for Chapleau, who was being squeezed out of the Cabinet, led Mr. Tarte to make these revelations and to undertake all the obloquy and reproach. In which case Mr. Tarte takes rank with Damon and Pythias. To pursue the analogy further. When Mr. Chamberlain separated from the Unionist party it may have been as much his ineligibility to be Premier as a passion for preferential trade that inspired him. But when Mr. Tarte left the Liberal party, not so long ago, at a time when it was in its very plenilune of strength, he could not have imagined that his defection would diminish by one jot the towering affection felt by Quebec toward Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his Government. Those who call him Judas Iscariot Tarte do him a great injustice. His personal honesty has not been assailed. His department was cleanly administered. His sincerity cannot be impeached. The one charge against him as a politician is that he is unstable, capricious, easily distracted by honeyed words. Although Mr. Tarte is again a candidate for sanctification from the Conservative party, he and Sir Wilfrid Laurier entertain a high regard for each other, a mutual friendship which could not subsist if there was a smirch of treachery anywhere. He is a doughty fighter, although not perhaps so dauntless and rugged as that one man who has undertaken, single-handed, to switch a world-girdling Empire to his views.

Mr. Tarte has never lacked courage. His health is delicate, but his enemies, of whom he has many, have always acted on him like a tonic. Did his energy flag? A taunt would bring him to his feet. Be he never so sick he is always ready for a skirmish. This chipper little man, a bundle of nerves, would jump off the surgeon's table any day to take a hand in a fight. He has had more than his share of illness. His is one of those rebellious livers that will have to be killed with a stick. But he is no hypochondriac. He is as blithe as the flowers of May. When Mr. Tarte dropped out of the Cabinet and left not a ripple behind him, he must have been mortified to discover that the Minister bulked so much larger than the man. That is, he would have felt that way if politics had been to him anything more than a hobby, with a few perquisites like power and favour tied on to it. As a matter of fact, the statesman relapsed quite gracefully into the journalist, and the editorials in *La Patrie*, which had been his putatively while he was a Cabinet Minister, now became his authoritatively. Mr. Tarte takes an abiding pride in his profession, which the profession returns with interest, for he is a trenchant writer. In the House of Commons the Minister of Public Works was a frequent visitor to the Press Gallery, and he seemed to take as much satisfaction from a casual seat in the humble little eyry over the Speaker's chair as he did in his more conspicuous place on the Ministerial benches. His nose for news, rare in the French journalist who plumes himself more on his views, provided *La Patrie* with many scoops when its proprietor was "in the know," and provides it now with many happy guesses based on what he learned of currents of opinion when he was a cabinet minister. As the possessor of a vivacious French prose style quite equal to his Paris models, charged with wit and brightened with personal touches after the best boulevard manner, Mr. Tarte is the premier journalist of Quebec. The animation and colour which betray him into verbal indiscretions, lend piquancy to his penned articles, where they can be bestowed in phrases judiciously weighed and distributed. Perhaps Mr. Tarte's misfortunes are due to the fact that as a newspaper man he can see two sides to every question. Perhaps, as we said before, it is because he is by nature a poet with a ballast of common sense. When the poet is uppermost the common sense suffers, and when common sense is forgotten or slighted political parties get bumped. Mr. Tarte has such a fine literary taste that he might be tempted to sacrifice a policy to it. In Canada it is not customary for editorial writers to sign their articles, but Mr. Tarte's leaders need no signature. The style is the man.

H. Franklin Gadsby

LITERARY PORTRAITS

By HALDANE MacFALL, Author of "The Masterfolk," "The Wooing of Jezebel Pettyfer," Etc.

I.—GEORGE MEREDITH

GEORGE MEREDITH faces life a mighty laugher, glad to be alive, glad to walk the fresh sweet earth, glad to breathe the southwest winds that blow health into the lungs of the race of which he is so proud a being, glad of this splendid wayfaring amid the adventures that make up the journey of life. And what a mighty laugh it is! Right from the deep chest—setting one chuckling at the very merriment of it. The finely-chiselled nose, with the sharp pugnacious tilt at end, betrays eagerness for the duel of wit, eagerness to know all, eagerness to be at the very front of life. The leaping energy that lurks behind the dreamy eyelids finds interest in everything. Meredith sees life too exquisitely to be afraid of being accused of regarding small things. His pointed grey beard gives the suggestion to the strong, clean-shaped head of an admiral of our day. He is of the type of the man of action. To hear Meredith talk of the coming youngsters of the day, asking his keen questions about their personal attainments, their appearance, their promise, his nervous face all alert to know, is to be in the feverish company of an eager youth.

His feet no longer pace the long walk up the grassy slope of the majestic hill that sweeps from his doors upwards into the clouds, but the keen brain is as passionately inquisitive of the world as in the years when his youth took him blithely walking along its ways. There is in the bearing of the man a distinction, a splendour of manners, a perfection of the carriage of the body, as of a great man saying and doing the simple thing with an air that realizes the word aristocrat in human shape more vividly than in any living man. He gives a more profound sense of greatness than any one I have ever met.

The suggestion of a delicacy almost feminine, in the pictures of him, is obliterated in the presence of the real man, whose every accent is virile in its refinement. Yet in him must be some great share of the woman's insight. His women are in the front rank of artistic creation.

The art of George Meredith is given to the optimistic conception of life. Life is a good thing—a thing to be lived handsomely and fearlessly, not a thing to be denied and evaded and sneaked through. It is God's good gift, to be breathed into the body, to be tasted, to be essayed. It is a wondrous romance; and, says Meredith, "The young who avoid the region of Romance escape the title of Fool at the cost of a celestial crown."

He understands human nature, weighs it in the balance wittily and with a profound humour. He laughs at its weaknesses. He twits its follies, always with affection, always making allowances for it. He takes no side bitterly—he remembers always that every human soul is his cousin.

The artistic use of his splendid prose is as though some great master made great music. When the stage is held by the thunder of the warring elements, Meredith's prose swells and resounds to the din. When he would make Dame Gossip yield into our attentive ears some quaint secret, the prose drops to a suggestive whisper, with wink of eye and with critical under-lip protruded.

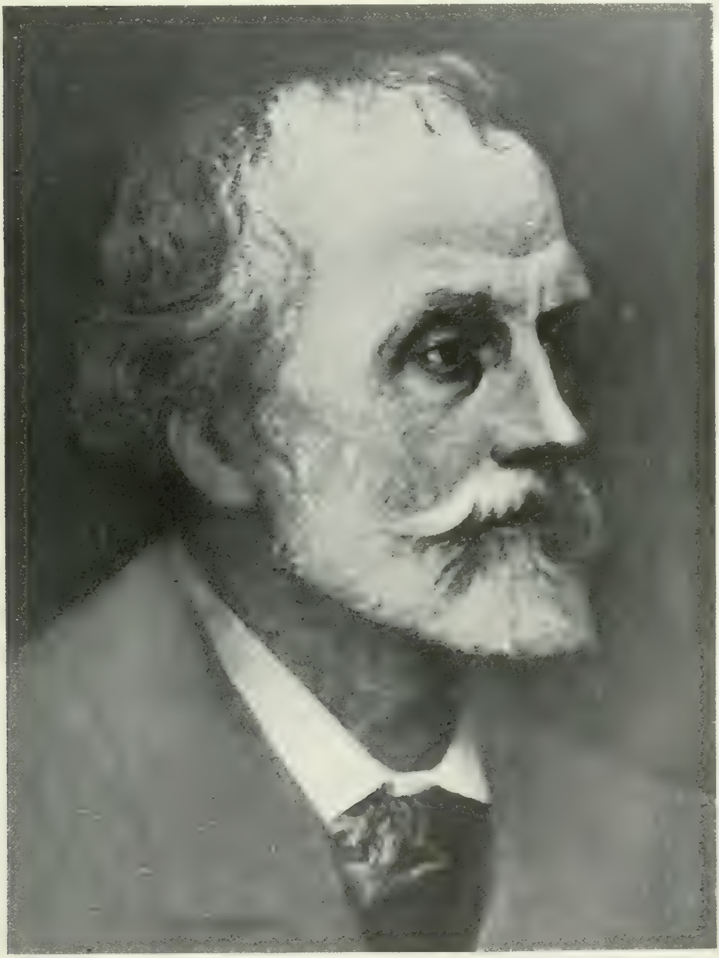
Someone has spoken disparagingly of Meredith's "bedizened phrase." It is rather a neat stab. Indeed, the critic generally represents Meredith as the Man Difficult to Understand. He is held up as the juggler of words—the puzzle to be given up with a shrug of the shoulders.

As a matter of fact, the whole of life, every incident, every act, every object is a real thing, a significant thing, freshly seen and interesting from its very essence—and Meredith records the picture of it, the emotion it causes within his senses, in the whimsical fashion in which his eyes see it. There is a certain ruggedness in his phrasing, born of his virile love of life. There is often enough an obscurity of statement due to the quick, witty way he records his impression. His original eyesight bewilders the dullard who can see no romance in anything not dead a hundred years. He sets down the subtleties of womanhood with subtlety, as he needs must if the subtlety is to be retained. His fancy runs riot in pithy wit and brilliant dialogue, for he sees life very large and very profoundly.

His defect is bred from his very greatness, from his brilliant parts. His love of elaborate subtleties of phrasing, and the avoidance of the simple statement from its lack of colour, lead him into perplexities. His most serious defect is a tendency to suggest only the broader aspects of things, so that he *seems* to polish life into a dandified existence that flinches from passion and the tender emotions that are very life. But the report of his defects is exaggerated out of all proportion by the ordinary critic. The big pulsing life is there under the subtle suggestion that goes round it, and wittily and gracefully plays with it. He lashes at vice, but he kills it as a cat kills a snake, exulting in his certainty.

There is no man in English letters who has been so misunderstood as George Meredith—there is no man more thoroughly misunderstood today. I know of one brilliant literary woman of Irish birth—and the literary Irish are not given to diffidence—who in Meredith's presence was in a state of stammering dread, fearing the irony and satire of his tongue. Meredith ! a man with the heart of a boy, the comradeship of a subaltern, the breezy, large sympathy of a sailor, the keen, universal inquisitiveness of a diplomat, the wide interest of a man of affairs—a man to whom nothing is too small but pettiness, nothing too insignificant but baseness—a man to whom the subtle brain and the quick instinct of womanhood have been laid open as to no writer who has written in our tongue. A man with a heart as large as a cathedral. This is he who is labelled for the man in the street as the excruciating distorter of words—the man in the street who has never even tried to understand him, but has been content to take for granted the hee-hawing estimate of little groundling writers.

For him who reads a novel simply as pleasant idleness, and is content to float along the stream of a mere story, Meredith is wholly impossible. He is too big—too full of the mighty comedy of the earth—too witty. You might as well try to judge of a mountain's significance by running up and down a sand hill. It is as though a roysterer broke into a cellar of subtle wines, and complained bitterly of the lack of wholesome taste, kicking the bottles about because they do not hold throat-clutching gin.



GEORGE MEREDITH
FROM THE PAINTING BY WATTS

And what a wealth of good things is his! Meredith puts more of life into a phrase than many a man into a book. In his chapter that tells of the elopement of the Countess (I think Dame Gossip utters the splendid scandal somewhere about the third chapter in "The Amazing Marriage") there is a story that would make the whole of an ordinary novel, told with a beauty of phrasing that is a very casket of gems, uttered in English that is like the utterance of violins and deep-sounding 'cellos set to music under the genius of a Handel. It is a chapter that for sheer vivid art is a very masterpiece. The revelation of the moods of the dandified gentleman in silk and satin and wig and patches, with jewelled sword on hip, who accompany the carriage along the snow-carpeted roads, having money on this business of the Countess coming home from the ball in her coach, or her not so coming, yet strutting it with emotions hidden under light jest and quip, is a work of pure genius. It is a chapter that for downright romance puts the whole accomplishment of a Stevenson into the second place. There is nothing quite like it in English prose.

Yet it is a pity, as with that other mighty master of English prose, Thomas Carlyle, that a too subtle statement, even of subtle ideas, should bar the splendid wisdom and the prodigal wealth of this great soul from the eyes of the ordinary man. The appeal of all great art must be to a wide public. Meredith's subtlety of phrase stands, a fantastic fellow, rapier in hand, barring the way, at first sight, for all but the wits; yet the man who will beard the whimsical sentry will find him a laughing fellow who will let him pass on giving the countersign of intelligence, who will let him enter into a garden that will make glad the healthy heart of any clean-souled human being.

Young manhood and young womanhood—the splendid imperial age of healthy inquisitiveness, the age of the strong heart and the forward-looking eyes, the age that seeks passionately, eagerly, at the threshold of life, for the meaning of life—these stretch out eager hands to know what to hold, what to let go. Give to such the large soul of George Meredith to feed upon. His books are the gift for the Coming of Age. He will hold up no ruffling, vulgar music-hall hero for a youth to build himself upon, nor a dandified academic prig for idol, but a Man—a fellow with eyes that guard a woman, and with feet that do not fear to walk among the adventures of life.

Tender as a woman, strong as a soldier, lofty as God's aristocracy, keen-eyed as a man who calmly steps amongst long odds and fights for his life, clear in hope and ambition for his race, loving the very bunglers whom he whips, the soul of this man is a lamp to youth. The deeps of philosophy are under his laughing comedy. From the habits of chivalrous men of war to the tattle of the ladies' maids, you may see his deep insight into the human drama. And in the prose of George Meredith you may read of life in the words of a well-bred scholar, and hear of it in the accents of a clean-souled English gentleman.

WITH LIFE

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

DEAR, we must up and out. Life will not wait
Like village beau beside a garden gate.

Dear, the world calls; and Love, who knows the way,
Bids us join hands before the fuller day.

Together, Dear, from morning on to noon
How bravely Life will pipe his gladdest tune!

Together, Dear, from noon till creeping night
How kindly Life will lift his surest light!

Dear, we must up and out; and hand in hand
Try the glad vintage of the farthest land.

The world is wide, Dear Heart. The seas are wide,
And rare, new things go by from tide to tide;

And Life calls to us—morning-crowned, elate;
He'll bide no longer at your garden gate.

EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON

By
Marjorie R. Johnson

ON seeing "Everyman" in Chickering Hall last season, the writer was conscious of two distinct sensations which wound themselves in and out and round about the deep, serious lesson taught by the play—an undeniably admirable lesson, if somewhat morbid and mediæval: the one, sadness that so much beauty, youth, life, vigour, should be so rudely nipped almost in the bud; the other, a conviction that never was a play so admirably adapted for revealing perfection of form, beauty and expressiveness of face and melodiousness of voice. All these Edith Wynne Matthison possesses in a marked degree, and her portrayal of "Everyman" from the time when he first appears on the stage in all the beauty and joy of young life, through the ensuing stages of horror, appeal, submission to the inevitable confession, penance and the final "*in manus tuas*" at the tomb, is a master-

MR. AND MRS. KENNEDY AS ADRIANA AND DROMIO IN "A COMEDY OF ERRORS"
PHOTOGRAPH BY MISS HARRIET WHITTIER

MR. AND MRS. KENNEDY ON THE VERANDAH AT MISS WHITTIER'S HOME

piece of art, so realistic as to seem an intense, absorbing reality.

It was my happy lot to have a personal interview with Mrs. Kennedy, and I found her the attractive, dignified, true English gentlewoman she appears on the stage. There is a naturalness about her, an unaffectedness, an absence of self-consciousness which reveal a genuine soul, one that would be true in whatever life-work she might undertake.

She is a great favourite with her associates in the dramatic profession. She and Miss Dorothy Mahomed, the lady who is called "Dyscrecion" in the play, are fast friends, the latter an ardent admirer of Mrs. Kennedy.

We spoke of Canada, where the gifted actress has many friends in Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa, her memories of all the friends she had made being very pleasant.

"How splendid it is that you and Mr. Kennedy can be together," was remarked.

"Yes," was the reply; "it is a great comfort. We have been together now for five years; we have been married six years and a half. For the first year and a half we were obliged to go different ways, but since that we have been together always."

She then gave the following pretty account of the manner of their first meeting.

"We have known each other since we were children. Oddly enough, we first met over a little play that he and my brother wrote, and in which I was one of the actors. The boys were the villains in the play. They not only wrote it, but painted the scenery, put up the stage, the curtain, and everything. I remember they painted the scenery in the cellar, and when they tried to bring it upstairs it wouldn't go—it was too large, and they had to take it back and put hinges in it. I do not think the audience saw the play through; it was so long that I think their patience gave out before the end."

In answer to questions Mrs. Kennedy spoke of her father's brother, Arthur Matthison, who in his day was a well-known actor on both sides of the Atlantic. He had acted with Booth and Irving. His death took place about twenty years ago.

"On my mother's side," continued she, "I belong to a family of singers.

AN AMATEUR PHOTO OF MRS. KENNEDY TAKEN BY MISS DOROTHY MAHOMED, WHO PLAYED DYSCRECION IN "EVERYMAN"

Edith Wynne was my mother's sister; it is for her I am named. If I had been choosing myself I should not have taken such a long stage name, but, being named for my aunt who was so well known, of course I like to keep the Edith Wynne, and my dear father would not like it if I dropped the Matthison."

Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy occupied a pretty apartment in "Hemenway Chambers," while in Boston. The windows give on the Fenway, and the view is very pretty. Mrs. Kennedy had preserved her peep from the windows in a photograph which would, no doubt, be full of interest to the parents in Birmingham, who are both living, and who follow the career of their gifted daughter with just pride and delight. She is the only daughter, though there are three sons whose photographs occupied conspicuous positions on the piano—all fine-looking, wholesome young Englishmen.

There was also a portrait of Mr. Kennedy's sister, a beautiful woman in sumptuous fancy costume. In reply to the remark that she and her sister-in-law did not look unlike, Mrs. Kennedy said smilingly:

"Mr. Kennedy says that he can see a resemblance between his sister and me."

In the course of their Boston engagement Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy were guests for a week of the Misses Whittier, of Milton, Mass. The pictures representing Mrs. Kennedy as "Adriana" and her husband as "Dromio" in the "Comedy of Errors," were taken by Miss Harriet Whittier, as also the little domestic scene on the porch, where the two are pictured as they appear in everyday life. The three "Everyman" pictures were taken by Miss Dorothy Mahomed, and none of these have been published before.

A CHARACTERISTIC POSE

A SONG

BY A. J. McDOUGALL

Drip, drip, drip,
And the raindrops patter on the pane
One by one, one by one.
In my heart the music sings,
While the baby crows and clings,
For his Daddy's coming shine or rain
To his son, to his son.

Crow, crow, crow
For the light is fading in the west.
Night is near, night is near,—
And my heart sings the refrain,
Be it sunshine, be it rain,—
List, my darling, lying in your nest,—
Daddy's here! Daddy's here!

THE FIGHT FOR NORTH AMERICA

BY A. G. BRADLEY

A HISTORY IN TWELVE INSTALMENTS

CHAPTER V.—FORMAL DECLARATION OF WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND—MONTCALM SENT TO CANADA—LORD LOUDON TAKES COMMAND OF THE BRITISH FORCES—HIS USELESS CAMPAIGN ON LAKE GEORGE—MONTCALM CAPTURES OSWEGO—1755-1756.

In spite of her triumphs both in attack and defence, Canada spent but a miserable winter. The exigencies of war had sadly interfered with the saving of what at the best would have been but an indifferent harvest. Something like a famine prevailed, and the bakers' shops were besieged by hungry crowds. English cruisers watched the mouth of the St. Lawrence with exceeding vigilance, and France, who had frequently been compelled to provide with bread this her colony of agriculturists and hunters on a virgin soil, found it no easy matter to come this winter to her aid.

It was in such emergencies as these, however, that the official clique, who kept a tight grip on Canada, waxed fat. Bigot, who as Intendant had the handling of finances and supplies, was a very prince of Corruptionists, though possessing some good qualities and considerable ability. He had, moreover, raised from obscurity and gathered around him a gang of underlings who had even less breeding and fewer good qualities than himself, were little behind him in wits, and more than his equal in unscrupulousness. That strange medley, the so-called *noblesse* of Canada, were very easily passed in the race for power by such adventurers. The regimental and staff officers from France represented another element who despised both classes, but in such banishment were inclined to pocket their prejudices and take such social comfort as was thrown in their way. Out of this mixed material a queer though lively society was evolved at Quebec and Montreal. In spite of French military aristocrats, local titles of nobility, and a haughty Church, official society seems to have been far more Bohemian, less socially exclusive, and much more scandalous than that of New York, Boston or Williamsburg. But if Canada was short in food and money, the new commander-in-chief, Montcalm, who now arrived with two fresh battalions, was a host in himself, and had a staff that was worthy of him. Let us now, however, turn for a moment to Europe and see how the nations were grouping themselves for the fiercest struggle of the century, and also what manner of men were those who at this critical moment guided the destinies of England.

These last, indeed, were but an indifferent company, and the state of the country was anything but hopeful. Pitt was still, and destined to be for some time longer, without power. The dead weight of the ridiculous Newcastle, that "hoary jobber," clinging at all costs to office, poisoned the springs of English action in every field, and Pitt's eloquence found congenial and temporary employment in laying bare with withering satire the Premier's contemptible littleness. Through the whole of this winter and spring there were constant alarms of a French invasion. "I want," said Pitt, in a flash of prophetic inspiration, "to call this country out of a condition so enervated that twenty thousand men from France can shake it." But for the present he had to possess his soul in patience and expend his eloquence on the ill conduct of public affairs. The fleet, however, was numerous and well manned, though bewildered by enigmatic and conflicting orders which its captains interpreted according to the popular spirit rather than dally over conundrums; seizing French vessels, that is to say, wherever they could find them, and blockading Canada with considerable success. The French, whose policy was changing, at this moment of all others, from an American one of great conceptions to a European one that offered no prospect worth mentioning, were in no hurry to proclaim war with England. Their Government was anxious to accept, not to make, a declaration of hostilities. It professed horror and amazement at the depredations of British ships upon French commerce, and by way of emphasizing these protests released with much ostentation a British vessel that had been brought as a prize into a French port.

France had, in fact, been turned by frivolous counsellors from her lofty transatlantic dreams to a mere conflict of passion and military glory. The leading object of her attack was now to be Frederick of Prussia, against whom that European coalition was forming which plunged the continent into the horrors of the Seven Years' War. What caused Frederick, with his five million subjects, his small and comparatively poor realm, and above all his formidable army, to be the object of such widespread enmity is sufficiently familiar. He had insulted two potent ladies of indifferent virtue, and robbed a third who was virtuous, but justifiably vengeful. This female trio represented France, Russia and Austria. With respect to the latter, Maria Theresa had a legitimate grievance and much reason in her wrath, for Frederick had robbed her of Silesia. The Russian Empress was stung to fury by his coarse jests at her somewhat notorious weakness for Grenadiers. As for Madame de Pompadour, she had not only been the subject of the Prussian king's continuous raillery, but had been treated by him with personal contumely, and this lady governed both her royal lover and France. An alliance between these three great powers was preparing throughout the winter of 1755-56 and, with the addition of Sweden and Saxony, was cemented before the opening of summer, constituting, in the words of Pitt, "the most powerful and malignant confederacy that ever yet has threatened the independence of mankind."

But France, with the certainty of a war with England, had done more than give up the substance of American empire for the shadow of European glory, if indeed glory there could be in a coalition representing ninety million souls against a single province representing five. For she was exposing her very existence in the New World to the gravest risk of complete extinction. To the French champions of the Canadian policy, to the brave men across the Atlantic who were so gallantly inaugurating it, and who divined, or thought they divined, a dazzling future, this turn of the political weathercock must have been bitter indeed; and the more so, seeing the comparative weakness which distinguished at this moment their great rival. That rival's fleet was strong, but her councils and her generals appeared to be contemptible, and her army had been let down to twenty thousand men. Nor could they, nor any one, know that England was in labour of a leader who was to shake the world to its uttermost limits.

Let us suppose there had been no Pompadour, and that a wholesome monarch, such as indeed was Louis XV himself in earlier life, aided by clear-sighted ministers, had been ruling France. Can there be a moment's doubt but that she would have turned to face with her whole strength her only real rival? If then she had lavished one-half—nay, one-quarter—of the blood and treasure in America that was idly squandered on European battlefields, who dare say in what colours the map of North America would now be painted? The mastery of the seas it is possible no effort on the part of France could have won, but with energy she could certainly have become strong enough to prevent anything like an effective blockade of so vast a line, and could have poured troops and supplies into Quebec, Louisbourg, or New Orleans in sufficient abundance for every practical purpose. Let us be permitted, too, to conceive our neighbours drawing an object-lesson from the prosperity of the British colonies which stared them in the face, and abandoning that religious bigotry which so hampered their own expansion. Let us suppose that France had chosen to do what some of her best Catholic soldiers had so often urged—ceased, that is to say, from treating her Huguenots as ravening wolves, and hounding them from all her borders to become a strength and comfort to her rivals, and given them instead the toleration under their own flag that they had to seek for under others. Can there be any doubt that, in such an event, thousands of the most virile people in France would have sought the shores of French America, and would have aided and secured that expansion of dominion which was the one worthy dream of an ignoble epoch? A wise policy, too, could have beyond a doubt attracted to New France, and most certainly to an occupied Ohio Valley, those Catholics of other nationalities who, while they found bare toleration at the best in the British colonies, would have preferred a region where their creed was greeted with a warmer welcome.

But these are idle, if interesting, speculations. Destiny decreed otherwise, and it is not for Britons at any rate to quarrel with her scheme. France spurned the great opportunity of her national life, and, with a folly that to us now seems little short of madness, lavished her resources in attempting to dismember a small country whose defeat would merely serve to strengthen her already powerful allies.

The Pompadour, however, must by no means get the whole of the blame; for the French *noblesse*, who now swarmed like locusts about the Court and in the army, would probably have shown but slight enthusiasm for the rigours and inglorious hardships of an American campaign. They were ready at all times to fight and to die, but this was a generation to whom fine clothes, fine living, and an artificial atmosphere were necessaries second only to their honour. If fight they must, they would have much preferred to die gloriously after a supper of champagne and truffles, and perhaps under the very eyes of their mistresses, in the trenches of a Flemish town, rather than perish, and their deeds with them, in the trackless forests of America.

So Canada was from henceforth left in a great measure to its own resources, and to such support as had been already sent there. The general war

MADAME DE POMPADOUR

"This lady governed both her Royal lover and France"

FROM THE PAINTING BY BOUCHER

in Europe did not break out till August, but in the spring France, turning from all thoughts of a descent on England, made a swoop upon Minorca, which for forty years had been a valued possession of the British. The stubborn defence of Blakeney with under 3,000 men against an immensely superior French force is not so familiar as the failure of Admiral Byng with the English fleet to relieve that gallant officer, and the story of his subsequent execution. The merits of this do not concern us here, but after such glaring hostilities, not in the backwoods of America, but in the full sight of Europe, the farce of peace could no longer in decency be maintained, and war was formally declared against France upon May the eighteenth, 1756.

With all her ill-advised change of policy, France had not wholly neglected Canada. She had sent there one of her very best soldiers, who was to cover himself with glory before he perished in her ruin. For at the very moment when England declared war, Montcalm, with 1,200 men of the admirable regiments of La Sarre and Royal Rousillon, was slowly pushing his way up towards Quebec, through the drifting ice-floes of the St. Lawrence.

Louis Joseph, Marquis de Montcalm-Gozon de Saint-Véran, was a native of the South of France, and proprietor of the hereditary but much-encumbered estate of Candiac, near Nîmes. He was now in his forty-fifth year. He had seen much service on European fields, had been twice severely wounded, and had distinguished himself much oftener. He was the best type of a French gentleman of the eighteenth century, and a type none too common at this particular epoch. Unlike most of his kind, when off duty, he was able to bear a rural life with something more than equanimity. He could exist contentedly outside the meretricious sunshine of Versailles, and was never indeed so happy as when settled at Candiac in the midst of his family, for both of which he cherished a most ardent affection.

In his soldierly way he was both cultured and religious; above all, he was brave, honest and patriotic. For such a man there was certainly not much profit to be looked for in a Canadian command—a matter to which Montcalm with ten children and an encumbered estate could not be indifferent. With equal certainty there was much hardship in prospect, and no great likelihood of a successful termination to the struggle. Montcalm's private letters, cheery though they are, show how little he appreciated his long banishment from home and friends and country, and indicate pretty plainly how patriotic were his motives and how admirable his principles. With him went De Levis and De Bourlamaque as second and third in command, both excellent soldiers; while his aide-de-camp was Bougainville, the diarist of these campaigns, and the famous traveller of later years.

The Governor of Canada in the meantime, with all the typical vanity of that Canadian nationality he so greatly affected, would gladly have dispensed with professional assistance and himself conducted the military as well as the civil affairs of the colony. De Vaudreuil's hints to the home Government, however, as to the advantages of such an arrangement were thrown away, and he had to put the best face he could on the situation, which, to judge by Montcalm's letters, who as yet knew nothing of these heart-burnings, was a very good one. The general, to be sure, was nominally under the Governor's orders; but it is not difficult to estimate what force these would have in the stress of a fight for existence. A civilian, it will be remembered, was also in command of the British American forces at this moment. But there, on the contrary, it was by no means certain the coming change was for the better. Shirley was not a heaven-born general, but there were many people of good judgment who thought that he was at any rate better than his immediate successors. He had sense, energy, and some gift for procuring and adopting the best advice; he also knew the country and the people. His recent failure against Niagara was entirely venial; but he was loudly blamed later on for not having properly victualled the garrison he had left to winter at Oswego. The omission had caused great sickness and suffering. The sentries, so credible witnesses declared, were so weak from want of food that they had to go on duty with a stick to keep themselves from falling, while the mortality was considerable. The rumours of Shirley's supercession which were rife throughout the winter, were officially confirmed in February. He put aside, however, the mortification which vexed his soul most deeply, and worked with zeal and honesty in preparations for the coming season.

It is hardly necessary to remark that campaigning on any serious scale was out of the question in the Northern colonies till the woods and lakes had been loosed from their wintry burden by the warm winds of April, and wholly freed from it by the suns of May. Even armies in Europe at that day went into winter quarters, and suspended operations by a sort of unwritten agreement, as if war were in truth a game to be played under conventional rules. But the colonial forces, after leaving slender garrisons in a few isolated snow-bound outposts, not only went into winter quarters, but to their homes—each man to his farm, his office, or his shop. He ceased to be a soldier, and it rested entirely with himself whether he ever would be again. With the exception of a few permanent companies, the colonies had every year to form practically a fresh army, and that under difficulties which were very great, though in part of their own making. That troops would be required, and in greater numbers than ever before, for the season of 1756, was now very evident. New England, the chief source of supply, had been much discouraged, partly by the military failures of the preceding year and partly by the large debt its outlay had accumulated. Though full of zeal in her stolid, undemonstrative fashion, it was with profound satisfaction that, as an eminently business-like people, she heard of the substantial sum of £115,000 voted her by the British Parliament for past expenses, and, greatly cheered, girded up her loins for a renewal of the contest.

Shirley was in a strange position. He had to plan the campaigns for the coming season and trust to their meeting with the approval of his successors, who seemed in no hurry to take up their responsibilities. There was in truth no wide field of choice. The two nations, as I have before remarked, could only strike each other by land in serious fashion on the two lines* with which my readers are, I trust, now familiar. Oswego the extremity of the western route, and no longer a mere base for an attack on Niagara, called loudly for support, and was, in fact, in imminent danger. On the northern route the French held Crown Point and Ticonderoga, being thus omnipotent on Lake Champlain, while the British, forty miles to the southward, had their outposts at the head of Lake George. It was the obvious object of each to drive the other back—the one on Albany, with a possibility of capturing it, the other on Montreal, with about the same prospect of success. The French, however, of the two, would be more strictly on the defensive. Whatever their hopes of Western dominion, they had no serious thoughts of doing more than temporary damage to the old British colonies; while the English, in view of their numerical superiority, could fairly regard the conquest of Canada as a possibility. A second expedition to Duquesne was, of course, an inevitable move, both to avenge Braddock and to destroy the hornets' nest that was ravaging the frontiers of Pennsylvania and Virginia. But without the help of these two provinces the venture was impossible; and, as we have seen, they were scarcely able at this moment to protect themselves.

The Earl of Loudon had been appointed to succeed Shirley, but he did not arrive till August, and in the interval General Abercrombie, with Colonel Webb as second in command, acted as substitute. These two officers landed in June, and, with their tardy chief, constituted perhaps the most indifferent trio that were ever inflicted at one blow upon a British army. Poor Shirley got little thanks either from his successors or the home Government for his faithful and unquestionably useful services. He had, moreover, lost two sons in the recent campaigns.

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*The route to Fort Duquesne, or the third line of attack, was, of course, the very reverse of a natural artery, and only necessitated by temporary conditions.

LOUIS-JOSEPH, MARQUIS DE MONTCALM, LIEUTENANT GENERAL DES ARMEES DE FRANCE.
Non Sibi,
Sed Patriæ vixit.

LOUIS JOSEPH, MARQUIS DE MONTCALM-GOZON

"He was the best type of a French gentleman of the eighteenth century"

It was always a cumbersome business getting the New England troops into the field, not on account of lack of zeal, but of the jealousies which would not tolerate any central system of organization. Each colony insisted on retaining in its own hands the transport and maintenance of its forces, and each watched its neighbours narrowly, lest their burden of labour and war contribution should be proportionately less than its own. Usually, too, they strictly limited the sphere on which their troops were to act. Their method of raising an army, after the legislature had voted the money, was in the first instance to call for volunteers. If this did not produce the fully required result, the colonels of militia were instructed to muster their regiments, and draft out of them the number of men still needed. Most brought their own firearms, those who did not were supplied with them, in addition to hats, uniforms of blue cloth, knapsacks, powder horns and canteens. This year each man received a bounty of six dollars on enlistment, and, as a private, twenty-six shillings a month as pay. In addition to their rations, a gill of rum was served out daily; while, if they misbehaved themselves, republicans in habit of life though they were, handcuffs and the wooden horse, and even the whipping post were the manner of their punishment. This division of authority caused much confusion and no little ill temper among the heads of the army. "I wish to God," wrote Loudon to Winslow, "you could make your people go all one way;" while a poor commissary of provincial troops complains that all the thanks he gets for his endeavours to supply them is to be called a d—d rascal.

Albany and the neighbouring banks of the Hudson formed now, as ever, the point of concentration for all the Northern forces, both those destined for Lake George and those intended for Oswego. The first were to be nearly all New England troops, and by slow degrees some seven thousand men were gathered in two large camps, or near them—the one at Fort William Henry, on Lake George, the scene of Dieskau's repulse; the other at Fort Edward, fourteen miles nearer Albany, on the Hudson. The first was commanded by our old friend Winslow, the provincial officer of Acadian celebrity now ranking as a general; the second under that still more capable New England colonel, Lyman, who, it may be remembered, supported Johnson at the same place in the previous year. Here the troops waited for Loudon, and suffered all the evils and discomforts inevitable to a mob of amateur soldiers, indifferently provided for and left for a prolonged period of comparative inactivity in a wilderness. Of occupation of sorts there was enough in strengthening the fortifications, clearing the forest around them, improving the fourteen miles of road over the *portage*, and building the large fleet of whale-boats and batteaux which would be required for conveying the army down the lake to Ticonderoga.

The fighting was confined on both sides to small scouting and scalping parties, who vied with each other in deeds of daring and endurance, and supped their fill of the horrors of Indian warfare, and *la petite guerre*. The bulk of the troops, ignorant of the first principles of camp sanitation, sickened by thousands, and died literally by hundreds, in a region of itself notoriously healthy. Their officers, in the absence of more stirring work, found all too much time for airing those jealousies inevitable to an ill-disciplined force composed of the soldiers of four or five different governments. The godly chaplains of New England, who had accompanied their flocks to the field, bewailed their backslidings when freed from the eye of the village minister and the village deacon. Their rousing sermons were often but ill attended, and not at all, they complain, by the senior officers, who drank punch and smoked in their tents, not only during the hours of divine service, but actually in sight of the open-air congregation. The rank and file, if they could not escape the preacher's regular exhortations, took to cursing and swearing as kindly as if they had been born in Wapping, or had served in Flanders!

When, in August, Loudon at length reached Albany, he found himself seriously embarrassed by one of those amazing blunders to which British Governments, in dealing with colonials, have in former days been so prone, and perhaps are not yet wholly cured of. A special order had come out from England that no provincial officer, under any circumstances, should rank higher than a senior captain of regulars. In other words, a British major of one-and-twenty, who had never seen a shot fired—and there were plenty such in the army of that day—would take precedence in the field of a provincial brigadier or colonel of veterans like Winslow and Lyman, for instance; of Johnson, Bradstreet, or George Washington! The colonial officers were ablaze with indignation, as well they may have been. Loudon, who was himself a wooden kind of man, and had certainly no tenderness for provincials, was greatly exasperated. There was no question of rescinding the order, no hope of compromise, nor authority to grant it. The officers of New England regiments threatened to go home in a body. Loudon appealed to Winslow, who was a broad-minded, sensible man, to use his influence, and he brought his people to see that there was nothing for it at present but to swallow the uncalled-for and ill-timed slight. Fortunately, no movements of importance took place to test the strain; but the sore rankled. British officers of that day were only too prone, by their supercilious attitude, to wound the susceptibilities of their colonial brothers in arms. It is, of course, only the old story of the professional and the volunteer added to that of the Briton and the colonial, which no one who has lived in British colonies would require to have elaborated. This sore feeling was a conspicuous feature of the war. It is well known to have been one of the irritants that prepared the soil for the Revolution. One would be inclined to think that it was peculiarly an English failing; but, as a matter of fact, something very like it prevailed in Montcalm's army. But this special order was another thing altogether. It was not a mere question of tact or manners, but a blunder of the worst kind.

It was issued at a critical moment in face of the enemy, and would have delayed, if not hampered, Loudon's attack; but Loudon would in no case probably have now attacked. Nearly six thousand French were at Ticonderoga, at the near end of Lake Champlain, strongly entrenched. Twice their number could not have moved them, and Loudon, though by the close of summer he had 10,000 men under his command, including the sick and the 35th regiment (Otway's), which had just come out, 900 strong, considered that the effort was hopeless. Rumours of a French attack from time to time came drifting up the long, narrow waters of Lake George; but the French strong for defence, could no more attack Loudon than he could attack them. Thus the summer passed away in costly inactivity, and when the ice spread once more over lake and stream, when the green mountains of Vermont were no longer green, and the Adirondacks showed a snowy carpet beneath their naked woodlands, French and English were both more firmly lodged than in the previous year, but neither were one whit more forward.

Loudon was a melancholy and irascible man. He was in no sense fitted for his position, but he can hardly be held responsible for the barrenness of the season's campaigns on Lake George, unless, indeed, his late arrival in America may be held against him. He would have enough to answer for in the following year, though his blunders, unlike those of his brother generals, were to be those rather of omission than of misguided action.

In the early part of this year a royal commission had been sent out to Sir William Johnson, appointing him colonel, and sole superintendent of the Six Nation Indians and responsible to the Crown alone. Colonial dealings with these Indians, chiefly carried on by the Dutch traders of Albany and New York, had worked incalculable mischief. The French were striving more vigorously than ever, by bribes and threats, to win over the Six Nations, and the latter, growing more disheartened as English prestige declined, were now in a dangerous state of hesitation. Matters were indeed so serious that Johnson made a perilous journey through forests, alive with French and Indian freebooters, to the Six Nation capital at Onondaga, and after a fortnight of that sensational diplomacy he understood so well, he had secured, at any rate, their neutrality. He raised his voice, too, further afield, and tried to stem the raiding hordes of Delawares and Shewanoes, who were still desolating the frontiers of the middle colonies. Some of these actually came at his summons all the way to Fort Johnson, where, amid great ceremonies, much din of war-cries and riotous dancing, and floods of rum, he exacted promises from them which possibly a few kept. But these nations, save those small, broken bands which had already joined the French, were secured to neutrality, and this, from their midway situation between the rival armies, was a point of immeasurable importance.

While nothing of moment was achieved this season by either side at the principal seat of war, a disaster befell the British arms to the westward, as great as that of Braddock's defeat in the preceding year. This was the fall and destruction of Oswego, whose garrison has been already alluded to as weak in numbers and half starved. The route thither from Albany was guarded at certain spots by rude forts. One of these had been attacked and destroyed by a flying column of French and Indians in the dead of winter. Shirley, conscious of Oswego's weakness, but short of troops, had in the early spring struck out a new departure and engaged two thousand boatmen and whaling hands from the coast, to carry supplies to the Ontario fort, arming them with guns and tomahawks. Bradstreet, another colonial colonel of sense, zeal and daring, and some military experience, was placed in command. The outward journey, up the Mohawk and its feeders, with a *portage* across the watershed, and thence down into Oneida Lake and the Oswego River, was achieved without opposition. On the return journey, however, Bradstreet, whose force was in three divisions, was stoutly attacked about nine miles up from Oswego by seven hundred of the enemy. After a smart encounter in and around the bed of the Oswego River, his boatmen drove the French back, with a loss of about fifty on either side. This, however, was but an incident barren of any results but the actual lives lost. The French had intended to strike Bradstreet laden with supplies on the way up; but he had been too quick for them; indeed, this officer had an excellent habit of being too nimble, both in attack and defence, even for his nimble foe. There were few of his compatriots, British or colonial, at this time of whom such could be said.

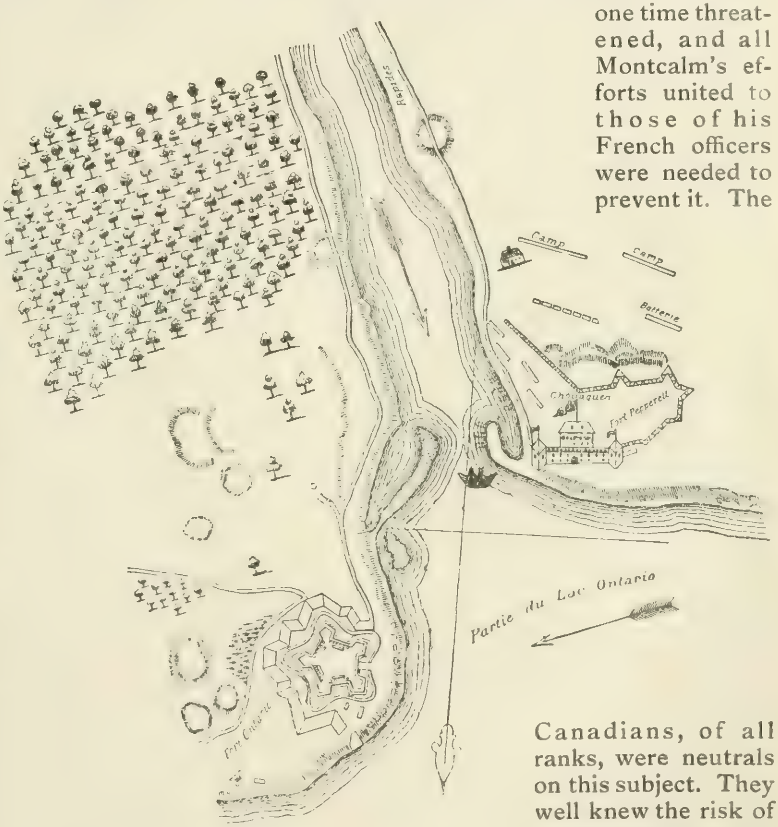
BOUGAINVILLE

Montcalm's Aide-de-camp.

FROM BONNECHOSE'S MONTCALM, 5TH EDITION

Almost before he was missed, Montcalm had slipped away from Ticonderoga and arrived with a powerful force in front of the dismayed invalids and feeble, ill-protected garrison of Oswego. De Vaudreuil and Montcalm did not often agree in a plan of campaign; but they were in full accord as to this one. De Villiers, who had led the attack on Bradstreet, was still within reach, so was Rigaud, the Governor's brother, who had gone westward with more men. It was early in August when Montcalm, leaving De Levis in command at Ticonderoga, started at full speed for Fort Frontenac, reaching there in a week. Frontenac lay just across the lake from Oswego, and about sixty miles distant. The regiments of La Sarre and Guienne had in the meantime been forwarded there from Montreal, and that of Béarn fetched up from Niagara. Besides these, Montcalm had with him Canadians, colony regulars, and Indians, amounting in all to about three thousand men, with a strong train of artillery, including some of Braddock's captured guns. Oswego, a considerable trading-station, with houses, storing sheds and forts, a mere gash in the interminable forests that in those days brooded over the now populous and busy shores of Lake Ontario, was entirely unconscious of its impending fate. It possessed two very inferior forts standing upon either side of the mouth of the Oswego River, and a third one behind, which is decribed as merely an improved cattle pen, derisively christened as "Fort Rascal." None of them, however, were fit to stand cannon shot. Mackellar, the chief British engineer in America, had condemned the place entirely. Why nothing had been done to strengthen it is not explained.

Colonel Mercer, an excellent and brave officer, had been left, it will be remembered, in command, and had with him about a thousand soldiers of sorts and eight small guns. There were also some six hundred non-combatants, including a hundred and twenty women and children. The soldiers were chiefly of Pepperell's regiment (51st) and New Jersey militia, and were in great part recruits or invalids. Montcalm crossed the extreme eastern end of Lake Ontario on the nights of the fourth and fifth, by divisions. On the eighth all his force was collected on the southern shore. Thence it took them about thirty hours, part of the army marching through the woods, part skirting the shore in batteaux, to reach a point within a mile of Oswego. It was not till the French were all gathered here on the shore, with guns ready for action, that the garrison knew any movement was impending, so bad was their scouting. Montcalm's chief engineer went forward to report, accompanied by clouds of Canadian and Indian sharpshooters, who accidentally shot him, though not till he had pronounced the forts to be untenable. Montcalm then set about cutting his entrenchments, knowing full well that he had the place in the hollow of his hand. The garrison fired their light guns at his working parties, but with little effect. The French were upon the east bank of the river, and Fort Ontario, which protected that side, was laid out in the shape of a star, and built of tree trunks flattened on both sides and placed upright in the ground—an excellent defence against musketry, but none whatever against cannon. Three hundred and seventy men of Pepperell's regiment were inside it, but Mercer, who was in the fort west of the river, signalled to them to evacuate it and cross to his side. This move was effected without interruption. In the night Montcalm had thirty guns mounted on the river bank within five hundred yards of Mercer's fort. This was only protected against the south and west, the river side being entirely open. The gap was filled by pork-barrels for want of something better, and Mercer, thus equipped, prepared for the attack by opening the hottest fire he was capable of upon the French. Some execution was done; but when the heavy cannon of the enemy, hurling grape and round shot through the flimsy defences, got seriously to work, the hopelessness of the defence became very evident, though Mercer behaved with great bravery. Montcalm now decided to attack the further side of the station, which was weakly intrenched, with infantry. There was a ford over the Oswego River two miles up, and a large force of Canadians and Indians crossed it and swarmed around the ramparts, pouring in a heavy fire from the shelter of the woods. Mercer was at this moment killed by a round shot, and with his fall the heart went out of the garrison. Their case was indeed hopeless; the non-combatants clamoured loudly for surrender, and the shrieks of the terrified women as the grape-shot from Montcalm's guns shivered the wooden buildings and defences in all directions, emphasized the demand. The frightful yells of the Indians, too, outside the walls was significant of the ghastly terrors of an assault. A council of war was called, and it was decided to capitulate. The surrender was practically unconditional. One thousand six hundred and forty prisoners were taken in all, most of whom were forwarded to Canada. Six vessels carrying fifty-two guns fell into Montcalm's hands, with two hundred barges, a hundred and thirteen cannon and mortars, with large supplies of ammunition, pork, flour, spirits, silver, and £18,000 in cash. Five standards were captured and hung as trophies upon the walls of Montreal Cathedral. The usual difficulty was experienced in restraining the Indians from taking what seemed to them their natural toll of blood, plunder and scalps—above all, when liquor was plentiful, as it was on this occasion. A bloody scene at one time threatened, and all Montcalm's efforts united to those of his French officers were needed to prevent it. The Canadians, of all ranks, were neutrals on this subject. They well knew the risk of losing their allies if they thwarted them in the matter, and had themselves grown callous to its horrors, regarding the murdering, scalping and torturing of prisoners at the hands of the savages with considerable equanimity. There is some little discrepancy in the accounts of what happened at the fall of Oswego. It seems probable, however, that only prisoners who tried to escape through



MAP OF OSWEGO

Montcalm landed on the east side of the river, about a mile from the Forts, and marched through the woods. The British abandoned Fort Ontario without a struggle. Montcalm then attacked the other Forts and soon reduced them. He captured 1,640 prisoners.

the woods were tomahawked—a fate which they courted with their eyes open. Montcalm, however, reports that it cost him a good deal of money to redeem prisoners from the Indians. The casualties on either side in the siege were inconsiderable; but the loss of a station so vital to the British was extremely serious.

Montcalm now took steps to wipe Oswego off the face of the earth. He destroyed all the vessels and stores he could not carry away, and levelled the buildings and fortifications with the ground. Among the ruins and ashes his senior priest, Piquet, planted a tall cross bearing the inscription, *In hoc signo vincunt.* From a pole near by were hung the arms of France, engraven with the words *Manibus dat lilia plenis.* The spot was then abandoned to the wolves, and Montcalm, with his army, his prisoners, and his booty, sailed away eastward.

Webb had all this time been toiling up the Mohawk from Albany, and was rather more than half-way through when the news reached him that Oswego had fallen. As he appears to have only had with him that remnant of the 44th regiment which had survived Braddock's defeat of the previous year, it is perhaps just as well that he did not make a present of another three or four hundred prisoners to Montcalm. It was hardly Webb's fault that his support was so tardy as well as weak, but when scouts brought him news of the capitulation, he justified in his person and by his action the soreness that was felt at the wholesale snubbing of provincial officers. Fresh rumours asserted that Montcalm was coming down the western route to Albany with six thousand men. Webb was panic-stricken. He did not pause to ascertain whether the rumours were true or whether Montcalm could get such a force through such a route; but he acted as if the whole French army were upon him. He burnt two forts that had lately been erected at considerable trouble, and he filled the channel of Wood Ceeek* with fallen timber, of which it had recently and at great labour been cleared for purposes of navigation. He then hurried back to the German flats upon the Mohawk, and sat down to realize in due course that his performance was one that no militia subaltern of average wits would have committed. It was a conspicuous instance of the fatal errors into which a trained officer of only moderate capacity may fall through sheer ignorance of a country, its people, its geography, and its mode of warfare, when coupled with a proper contempt for local advice.

The destruction of Oswego was in some ways more disastrous, though less dramatic, than Braddock's defeat, and another wave of shame and sorrow swept over the British colonies. Niagara was now secure against all attack. Worse still, British influence had been swept from the shores of Ontario, which was once again a French lake. Worse than all, perhaps, another deadly blow was struck at what was left of British prestige. Save in the New England provinces, there was no spark of military vigour. No answering challenge to the audacity of the French came from the Middle and Southern colonies; the minimum of necessary protection seems to have been the limit of their ardour. The small bodies of mercenaries or militia they sent into the field, and the handful of individuals from the prosperous classes that showed what we should now call a proper spirit, only seem to accentuate the lethargy. It was quite evident that if Great Britain was to maintain her position in America she must make the effort herself, and as yet she seemed to be in no good condition for such enterprises. France, on the other hand, seemed surely blind to her good fortune. The moment was hers in America; but she was turning her back on it, and gathering her strength and treasure to waste in that bloody orgie which was soon to engulph continental Europe.

TO BE CONTINUED

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*Not of course the Wood Creek near Lake George.

THE MEMOIRS OF M. DE BLOWITZ

By KNOX MAGEE

THE records of lives of wide experience, of unusual and varied incident, constitute not only the most entertaining, but the most instructive part of our literature. Among such records of such lives none that has appeared in recent years surpasses in interest or instruction the volume now under examination.

From the time of his birth, which occurred in 1825, till his death, one year ago in January last, M. de Blowitz was a child of fortune, or, as he prefers to call it, Fate. No hero of Romance was more befriended of the Gods than he, no character of modern fiction meets with less conventional experiences.

Even his childhood was romantic. At the age of six he was kidnapped by gypsies in his father's park, but Fate stepped in, misdirected his captors and so permitted the rescue party to overtake them. When fifteen years old he was sent, in the company of his tutor, on five years of travels through Austria, Russia, Italy and Switzerland. His descriptions of the ignorance, superstition and tyranny that flourished in Central Europe at that time read like a chapter from "The Cloister and the Hearth," or some other romance of the Middle Ages. The period during which it had been decreed that he should travel having ended, he returned home, but only to discover that, during his absence, his father's entire fortune had been lost and that he must in future work for his living. Adapting himself to his changed circumstances in a manner that was characteristic of him throughout his whole life, he set out the very next day for America. But Fate had him well in hand. At Angers, on his way to Havre, where he intended to take ship, he broke his pipe, and on entering a shop to have it fixed he met an old friend of the family who persuaded him to abandon his plans and to accompany him to Paris.

The monarchy of Louis Philippe had just been overthrown; Paris was in a fever of political excitement; reputations were being made and unmade in a day; here was the opportunity for a young man; all thoughts of America were banished from the mind of de Blowitz; the crowds of Paris fascinated him—in Paris he would remain.

For the present, however, his hopes were doomed to disappointment. In Paris he found no employment—and his funds were low. Through the influence of his friends he secured an appointment under the Government, but not in the city of his choice. He was given the professorship of foreign languages in the college of Angers, from which place he was soon moved to the University of Marseilles. In that city he remained for many years; in that city he married—and in that city he made his first "beat" in journalism. This last event happened in 1869, when, by imparting to the editor of a newspaper information concerning the Government's secret support of M. de Lesseps as a candidate for election as deputy for Marseilles, he brought about the defeat of de Lesseps and raised such a storm that he was forced to leave the city. Indeed it was only through his friendship with M. Thiers that he escaped expulsion from France.

His second "beat" was one that called for ingenuity and daring such as even de Blowitz seldom found necessary when engaged in his journalistic enterprises of later days. It was when the Commune was carrying on its reign of terror in the south of France that the man who was to outwit Bismarck and the whole Berlin Congress tapped the telegraph wires at Marseilles, informed the Government of the true state of affairs and so enabled M. Thiers to crush the Anarchists almost before they were aware that they had been betrayed. As a reward for this service

M. Thiers offered the future journalist a consulate, but at that time he made the acquaintance of the unfortunate Laurance Oliphant, then the Paris correspondent of the *Times*—and the real career of the greatest of newspaper correspondents began slowly to unfold.

Mr. Hardman, Oliphant's assistant, happened to be absent from Paris; de Blowitz was offered the position of temporary assistant; he accepted—and soon afterwards was permanently engaged.

From the first the relations between Mr. Oliphant and his new colleague were most happy. Indeed, in all his references to his immediate superior de Blowitz gives one a picture of a gentleman possessing culture, tact and urbanity in such a degree as to make disagreeable relations with him almost impossible. When Mr. Oliphant resigned, however, and Mr. Hardman was appointed in his place, friction at once arose. Hardman was proud, haughty, aggressive and intensely jealous. He made the life of his subordinate unendurable. But at the moment when the situation had become most acute, and de Blowitz was about to resign, Hardman suddenly fell ill and died.

This left de Blowitz next in the direct line of succession for the senior correspondentship. He had served under two superiors, rendered remarkable service, performed almost the entire work—and yet three months were permitted to pass without an appointment being made, and during all this time the name of almost every other prominent journalist was mentioned as being that of one likely to fill the vacancy. Again he was on the point of resigning, but once more Fate interfered and prevented his unwise act.

On the 31st of December, 1874, the Prince of Asturias was proclaimed King of Spain, as Alphonso XII, at Madrid. In the afternoon of that day the news of the *pronunciamento* reached Paris. Blowitz was confined to his bed with a fever, but when he read the brief despatch that informed the world of the great *coup*, he forgot his sickness, ordered his carriage and hastened to the Spanish Embassy, there to obtain either confirmation or refutation of the report. But the Spanish Ambassador was no friend to Alphonso. He ridiculed the news, assured de Blowitz that the attempted revolution had been quickly suppressed and that there was not the slightest possibility of any further trouble from those foolish persons—a mere handful of misguided soldiers—who hoped to reestablish the monarchy. The story sounded reasonable, but de Blowitz was not the man to be easily deceived by an unscrupulous diplomatist. He felt convinced that what the Ambassador said was false in its entirety, but he had no proof. The Prince of Asturias then lived in exile in Paris. In him lay the correspondent's only hope of obtaining reliable information—but to the Prince he was a total stranger. On his way home from the Embassy he drove past the residence of the new King. The gates were all locked, police guarded the house, and the street was almost blocked by the crowd of reporters and sightseers who clamoured for news. To gain admittance seemed impossible. Blowitz drove home in despair. Once more in his house, however, he remembered his acquaintance with a Spanish nobleman—the Count de Banuelos—who then resided in Paris. To the house of this gentleman he at once repaired; caught him just as he was starting out to accompany his daughters to a ball; persuaded the Count to gain for him admission to the King's presence; accomplished his purpose; had an hour's interview with his Majesty and, though it was one o'clock when he reached the telegraph office, had a two-column "beat" in the next morning's *Times*! One month later he was permanently appointed to the position of senior Parisian correspondent of the greatest of all daily journals.

From this time forward his career was an uninterrupted series of adventures and successes. Almost all of his non-professional experiences of note were with women, to whom he frequently played the part of father confessor and general adviser. The chapter entitled "Alva" is, perhaps, the most remarkable account of a real romance that one will discover in contemporary biography. In this chapter M. de Blowitz describes the manner in which he rescued the illegitimate daughter of an unfortunate European princess from the contemptible persecution that she suffered at the hands of the Government of her country. The conduct of the gallant old gentleman on this occasion, when he not only sacrificed his time, but risked his fortune and his reputation in the service of a lady who was to him almost a stranger, demands a tribute from the reader that amounts almost to affection. Two other chapters, "The Revenge of Venus" and "A Life Struggle," are scarcely less fascinating and no less remarkable. Both would readily pass as fiction of a high order.

To the journalist, the description of how the *Times* was enabled to publish the entire text of the famous Berlin Treaty, in advance of any other paper, and before the official announcement was made, will be the most instructive part of the book. To the student of politics, the account of the five hours' interview with Bismarck, the explanation of why France did not accompany England to Egypt, de Blowitz's successful efforts to prevent a second Franco-Prussian war, and his unsuccessful attempt to arrange a conference between Bismarck and Gambetta will appeal most strongly. The story of the death struggle of the Emperor Frederick III is by far the most dramatic and pathetic chapter in the book. The conduct of the present German Emperor on that occasion was such as inspires indignation and contempt. Blowitz's long interview with the Sultan is of special interest at the present time, when Turkey occupies so much of the public attention. From this chapter one gets a picture of the autocrat quite different from that which one usually obtains from reading sensational press despatches. Indeed, in a book that is remarkable in so many ways, possibly the most remarkable parts are those that give us pen portraits of the important personages with whom the correspondent came in contact. But it is dangerous to particularize, for the volume is so full of interest and so delightfully written that, did one start to pick out the chapter that is most valuable or enjoyable, one would end by declaring: "Ah! I have it!—It is the whole book!"

THE FURNISHING OF PAT MAGUIRE

By *WINNIFRED BOGGS*

BY a certain Irish hamlet on the Atlantic there are cliffs that rise sheer from the sea; far down, the black waters seethe and bubble as they dash into grim dark caverns, rushing past out-jutting crags with a whirling roar of foam, breaking with a deep crashing boom against the impenetrable sides of the gloomy cliffs, which, in their cold, stern grandeur, seem to gaze at the impotent fury of the waters in calm, measureless contempt. Here, on the top of these northern Irish cliffs, Biddy M'Shane stood motionless one night, watching for signs of life to pass into the field track which led zigzag to where she waited.

The night grew later; the wind died down; the moon, coming out of a small rift in the sky, turned the great gleam of the waters into iridescent pathways of silver, but still the girl's eyes turned westward. There was a great stillness lying over all the land, so deep, so quiet, that Nature and all things living seemed at rest; the spirit of silence seemed brooding in the air, save when, now and then, the dark sails of a fishing smack came, like dreams, drifting through a silver sea away to the Isles of Sleep.

Presently a welcome sound struck upon the girl's strained ear—the sound of merry-makers as they came home rejoicing with song and shout from Kilbahharrak Fair. Up the winding path streamed a group of men, with here or there a woman in their midst, wives or mothers, and Biddy M'Shane leaned eagerly forward to scan the faces of the advancing figures as the moon revealed them one by one to her.

Then she drew back with bitter disappointment—the face she looked for was not there. She shrank into the shadows, hoping to remain unobserved while the roysterers passed. The first few noticed nothing, but the second lot, composed chiefly of women, were less easily deceived; one of their number sprang forward and caught the girl by the arm.

"Why, shure an' it's Biddy M'Shane, no less," she exclaimed shrilly, then letting her go, with a loud laugh, "Is it waitin' for the fairin' ye be?"

"Let me be, Kate Flanagan," cried the girl angrily, darting down the path out of reach.

With a laugh and a jest the fairers passed on, and as their voices died away in the distance, silence reigned once more.

The girl resumed her old station, and presently a man's solitary figure made her heart beat high with anticipation; then as the moon shone on fair, not dark, hair, and a man of large instead of small stature, her hopes fell again, and she stood sullen and resentful awaiting his approach.

"Why, Biddy, can it be yezsilf?" cried the man amazed, as catching sight of her watching figure he sprang lightly to her side; "'tis little I hoped to see ye this night," and he came closer, looking eagerly into her eyes.

She returned his gaze with indifference. "'Tis not for ye I be waitin', Pat Maguire," she replied, turning away. The young man's face fell.

"Arrah, now, Biddy, 'tis teasin' ye be," he said anxiously; "wait till I tell ye what I bought at the fair."

She looked up with a faint glint of curiosity.

"'Tis nothin' to me, thin," she said, tossing her head, adding in the same breath, "Ye can tell me if ye like."

"Well thin, an illigant rockin'-chair an' no less," with triumph.

"Ye niver did," incredulously.

"It's thruth," he replied. "An' that's not all, either," fumbling in his pockets as he spoke. "See here, Biddy, allannah."

Something flashed in the moonlight, and Biddy gave an exclamation of amazement as a little paste butterfly brooch was dropped into her hand.

Never had she seen anything so beautiful before; she gazed at it with dilated eyes and parted lips.

"Rale Irish dimons the sellar tould me," said Pat Maguire, proudly bending his fair thatch of hair low over the girl's palm, and taking jewel and all into his own brown fingers. "It'll look lovely in yez shawl on Sundays," he murmured admiringly; "shure an' it'll be breakin' the hearts of all the other colleens ye'll be, with yez beautiful face and rale Irish dimons."

The girl hesitated; then she turned away from the glittering bauble.

"I cannot take it, Pat Maguire," she said in a low voice; "keep it for yez swateheart."

"But it's yezsilf that I want for me swateheart," began the tall young Irishman blankly.

"Haven't I tould ye now," reproachfully, "that I'd never take ye for me bhoy?"

"Och, Biddy, don't," cried Pat in a sharp pained voice, "shure it's the light of my eyes ye are, the—"

The girl pushed him away with no gentle hand. "Git away ye great nuisance," she cried, with an angry sob, "it's no peace I have wid ye at all, at all. Ye know what I am waitin' here for, and niver a word of him, good or bad. Where is Harry Bagh?"

"I might have known," whispered Pat bitterly; "always that wastral, that—"

She turned on him like a wild cat. "Ye shall not say a word against him," she replied fiercely. "Where is he, thin—where did ye lave him?"

Old Adam was too strong for Pat Maguire; he told the crude truth when a little softening of the facts would have been more gracious.

"Dead dhrunk in the ditch comin' along," he answered.

"Ye—ye coward, ye mane-spirited coward," cried Biddy, with flashing eyes, "lavin' the poor darlint to catch his death of cowld in a damp ditch—for shame on ye, Pat Maguire, for shame. 'Tis no dacent Irish bhoy ye are, but a low, cruel, murthering thafe. Take that," and reaching on tiptoe, the young virago struck the big Irish lad a stinging blow on the right ear.

Pat caught the offending hand and held it tightly, shaking the girl gently.

"It's a damon ye are, for shure," he muttered admiringly, liking the girl none the less for her show of spirit. "It's locked up or married ye should be."

"And it's rather locked up for life I'd be than married to ye," was the reply.

For a few moments there was silence, then—

"Well, what do ye want me to do?" the young man asked unwillingly.

"Ye know what any dacent boy would do."

"Fetch him home?" sulkily.

"Yes."

Another pause, a longer one this time.

"Well, I'll do it," he said at length, in anything but cheerful tones, "if ye'll give me—" he paused, confused by the scathing light in the girl's eyes, "if—if ye'll keep the brooch, I mane, an' wear it on Sunday."

For answer, Biddy pinned the jewel in her bodice and pointed down the path.

"Now, thin, be quick wid ye," she said imperiously, "it's gettin' damp."

The young man turned away, murmuring savagely—

"I could be layin' in wather all night before ye'd moider yezsilf about me."

"The like of ye are big enough and ugly enough to look after yezselves," was the reply, "an' ye can stan' more dhrink than Harry Bagh."

"'Did, thin, if I took half—" began the young man, injured, but Biddy was already pushing him down the slope.

"It's slow as death ye are," she cried impatiently; "what are yez great long legs for?"

"I'm goin'."

An extra hard shove down the steep incline, and the angry Pat was indeed "goin'."

"Good-night, an' hurry now," called out Biddy before running home, and slipping into the small, full cabin without waking the slumberers within.

It is to be feared that Harry Bagh's passage home was a trifle uncomfortable, and that he would not have blessed Biddy for being the cause of the disturbance of his sweet slumbers in the ditch.

Biddy M'Shane was the prettiest girl in Limnagarry, a place where pretty girls were the rule rather than the exception. Needless to remark, she had numerous admirers, the most eligible, as well as the most persistent, being big Pat Maguire, a distant kinsman; the least eligible and most indifferent was the village Adonis, the black-haired, black-eyed, natty Harry Bagh.

Pat had a cottage of his own, and almost enough land to constitute a small farm, in the imagination of Biddy's mother. He lived entirely alone, yet his cottage was a model of neatness; it even boasted a few articles of real furniture, and besides the living room and kitchen combined, had two others.

It was the envy, the despair, the secret hope of all the unmarried women from fifteen to fifty.

While Harry Bagh—though his hair was a mass of purple-black curls, his black eyes fringed with dark, thick lashes, his teeth of dazzling whiteness, his merry mouth red and shapely with health and youth, and his small form the essence ot dandified elegance—had nothing.

He had friends and sweethearts galore, spirits that nothing could damp, and a humorous view of life that infected even the most destitute; but of worldly wealth, not a sou.

He occupied in company with his parents, nine brothers and sisters, his grandmother, and an aunt, and the pig, a small, tumble-down cabin on the Limnagarry road just where it branched off into Blackberry Lane. It was, perhaps, the most picturesquely situated cabin in the whole country-side. A winding lane with high, wild hedgerows led to it; behind it rose the purple mountains of Donegal; beside it, to the right, lay the sea, with grassy slopes, one blaze of sea-pinks. Outside the most picturesque, and inside the dirtiest in all Donegal.

By trade Harry Bagh was, like his rival, a fisherman; young and old, for many miles round, all earned their living in this manner. To see Harry Bagh off to the shore, with his black eyes twinkling, the gleam of his teeth showing through his merry lips, his red fisher cap set jauntily on his thick, dark curls, was to behold a joyous sight that many a blue-eyed colleen waited to see.

To see him come back with his share of the spoil, whistling lightly as he sorted it out, his red cap farther back, his hair dashed with spray, while his dark, Spanish face glowed with the sea's brown health, was to see, if possible, an even more joyous sight. Nothing disturbed the even tenor of his happy-go-lucky way. He went to a fair whistling "Kathleen Mavourneen;" he came back after a night spent in the ditch or lock-up still whistling "Kathleen Mavourneen," a smile of good-fellowship on his devil-may-care face.

Though by far the most worthless of all the young men about, and the one that cared least about Biddy, she, out of sheer perversity, set her fancy upon him. When she wanted anything, when she was in trouble, when there were grave matters to be settled, the honest, well-meaning, stalwart, but plain-featured Pat was the one she took counsel with.

Ever since he had been old enough to know what he wanted Pat had wanted Biddy, and Biddy alone; for him no other girl existed. Till Harry Bagh's conquering black eyes had glanced into hers, Pat's suit had prospered well enough, and he had worked hard early and late at his little patch, cultivating the ground and rearing pigs and poultry with well-merited success.

Owing to his industry he was at last able to buy a small boat and fishing-tackle, so that everything was clear, undivided profit; and he grew, in the eyes of the primitive Irish poor, almost a man of wealth.

It had become second nature to him to make fair his home for the time of Biddy's coming. He still toiled on doggedly hoping against hope, for he told himself, not always with conviction, that come she would in the end.

Early in the morning after Harry Bagh's arrival home he was on the beach as usual, none the worse for his little indiscretion. He strolled about from one girl to the other, exchanging jests and compliments, saying the same to Biddy as he said to all the girls with any pretensions to beauty, while Pat Maguire stood a little apart looking on with a jealous scowl, and perhaps expecting a word of praise from Biddy for carrying out her commands.

On her part she wondered why he did not come up and speak to her, and something akin to annoyance seized upon her spoiled whims when he went off with the boats without one word.

Harry Bagh waved a smiling good-bye all round; Biddy could not flatter herself that it was intended more for her than the others. She knew and deplored his light, fickle nature, but went on coveting his love.

In the evening when the boats came home it was much the same; again Harry Bagh jested with all alike, while Pat Maguire, without a word, walked sourly home.

For a few days things went on in this very unsatisfactory manner. Biddy wore the brooch on Sunday, to the undying envy of all the other girls, but Pat never came to Mass, and when she took it off and put it away in an old tin box, angry tears marred the brightness of the jewel.

The next day Harry Bagh's mother, Mrs. O'Grady, waddled up to her with a wide, good-natured mouth, gabbling long before she was in earshot.

She came up panting and breathless, her hands pressed against her fat sides, "Arrah, thin, Biddy, me jewel, 'tis yezsilf I've been wantin' to see all this long, weary day," she began rapidly, "I've been insulted, that never was, wid that wastral Harry Bagh's fine young English miss."

"Who?" faltered Biddy.

"Haven't ye heard? Shure it's the bad, bould heart the boy has," lifting up her hands in mock horror, and trying hard to suppress unbecoming signs of pride. "Ye know that fine English lady's maid her ladyship brought down?"

"What has she got to do wid Harry Bagh?" asked Biddy uneasily.

"Shure 'tis his latest swateheart she is—no less, but wait till I tell ye. Harry Bagh was for bringin' her in to tay, so I put out the china, an' gave her the uncracked mug, so I did, too, the cratur. An' I dusted the seat of the chair, an' set boxes roun', an' a proud woman I was the day, Biddy M'Shane, wid the fine childer an' ducks an' hens, an' the sides of the pig hangin' up to dry, an' fresh eggs for me fine lady, an' rale bread an' butter, an' everything so genteel an' illigant."

She paused for breath, the girl waiting anxiously for her to continue.

Presently Mrs. O'Grady got started again. "Yes," she went on, "all so fine an' illigant, an' I waited for her in me grand new clothes I'd bought second-hand at the fair, an' where the body of me wouldn't meet, I wore Tim's Sunday waistcoat, an' it was a rale trate I was, me dear, though I says it as shouldn't. An' presently came Harry Bagh an' his English miss, and by St. Patrick, what do you think the cratur wore?"

"I can't think," breathlessly.

"A rale silk petticoat, no less," in awed accents.

Biddy's amaze and disgust were great enough even to please that lover of sensation, Mrs. O'Grady.

"It's thrue, an' that not all, for she lifted her skirts that high, when she come in, and there were silk stockin's an' shoes that small, with tremenjious heels, just like her ladyship's. An' she walked like this, turnin' up her long nose"—Mrs. O'Grady walked in an absurd imitation of her guest's manner, turning up her ridiculous little nose sky high—"an' when she saw the ducks—the darlints—in the cabin, she squealed and said, "Oh, gracious, the hanimals have got into your 'ut—called it a ''ut.' An' was so ignorant she didn't know where the fowls lived. Thin, after I put tay in the taypot, she got up and held her fine hankerpiece to her face an' walked off wid Harry Bagh, saying she couldn't stand 'the low common Hirish.' Now," speechless with indignation, "what do you say to that?"

Biddy could have said a good deal, but more of Harry Bagh's fickleness than of his mother's injuries.

She walked home rather thoughtfully. She could not help contrasting Pat and Harry Bagh. On her way she paused, and looked wistfully at the former's well-kept potato patch, but no stalwart form was working there, and heaving a sigh she went on with dragging footsteps.

Halfway down the lane she met Pat Maguire, who turned and walked by her in silence.

"Have you lost yez tongue?" asked the girl pertly, at length.

"No, Biddy, but I've bought a tay-pot an' two china cups an' saucers widout a crack."

"Have ye now?" with affected indifference. "What would ye be wantin' wid two cups, Pat Maguire?"

"Biddy, ye—" he began.

"Well, good-night to ye, shure I see me mother lookin' for me," and before he was aware of her intention she had caught up to Mrs. M'Shane's small wrinkled form in front.

He had no choice save to turn and go home, dwelling on the hardness of his lady-love's heart.

A few days later, flushed and eager, he stood at the corner waiting to see her pass on her way to the well. No sooner had she appeared than he was by her side.

"Biddy," he cried breathlessly, "Biddy, I've bought a chest-o'-drawers."

The girl's great Irish eyes grew yet larger in amazement. "I don't believe ye," she cried disdainfully; "only the quality have chest-o'-drawers; what for would the likes of ye be buyin' one?"

"For me wife," boldly.

"Arrah, thin, I did not know ye was married at all, at all."

"Biddy," reproachfully, "ye know my manin'."

Biddy tossed her head. "I don't," she declared untruthfully.

"Come an' look at it, thin," he pleaded, "just one little peep, now."

The girl hesitated, and then turned resolutely away. "No, it's nothin' to me," she insisted, "an' I must be goin', Pat Maguire."

He stood looking after her retreating form in bitter disappointment.

"It's no good at all, at all," he thought wretchedly. Then the gloom lifted again as a vision of his green enamelled chest-o'-drawers rose before his eyes. "Shure it's a fine thing entirely," he muttered, "an' wait till I buy a cow."

The news that Pat Maguire had bought a "rale iligant" chest-o'-drawers spread like wild fire through Limnagarry, and incredulous groups rushed up to the cottage to see the wonder with their own doubting eyes.

When they beheld it, one and all were speechless with envy and admiration, and went home scarcely believing the evidence of their own eyes. What would not every woman there have given to possess that wonderful piece of furniture for her very own? And to think that Biddy M'Shane might have it, and all the glories of the cottage, for the lifting up of her little finger.

"Shure 'tis a proud woman I am this day," said Mrs. M'Shane, with a gasp.

Biddy was not as indifferent as she pretended to the event of the year, and she hoped Pat would ask her again to view his purchase. When he should do so she had decided to give in gracefully after a show of resistance; however, as Pat, much to her mortification, did nothing of the kind, keeping, instead, strictly out of her way, and even leaving her to learn from others that he had added a cow to the establishment, such condescension was not asked from her.

By this time she had forgotten all about the fickle Harry Bagh, and was thoroughly in love with the stalwart young farmer, for so her mother insisted on speaking of him since the arrival of the cow.

The cow calved and there was a large litter of pigs, but still Pat went on his way regardless of Biddy's wistful, watching eyes, and one day when she heard he had added a small wooden dresser, with dishes and plates, and three jugs to place upon it, she felt she could bear his strange conduct no longer, and lingered in Blackberry Lane at twilight time, waiting to see him pass.

He paused as he came along and looked at her eagerly, then made as if he would pass on unheeding, but the girl's entreating face, raised to his, weakened his resolution. He stopped and grew suddenly very shy and tongue-tied, standing there big and awkward, his heart full of the love he could not find words to express.

The golden light was just resting on the purple of the mountains, a soft haze of crimson lay behind them, cutting a fleecy cloud into flecks. The purple mountains, the gold and the crimson, and all the glories of the setting sun were reflected in the azure waters. The bees hummed lazily down the lane, their drowsy buzzing a lullaby; butterflies twinkled from flower to flower, fluttering up and down like tiny gorgeous blossoms, and the smell of earth and peat and all the summer of nature, came sweet and strong to the young couple standing side by side.

"It's a stranger ye are now entirely," said the girl at last, coyly.

Still Pat made no remark.

"How is the chest-o'-drawers?" asked Biddy, looking down.

His face brightened. "Ye should just see it," he cried enthusiastically. "Shure it's the light of the cottage, an' the iligant sideboard, an' plates, an' dishes, an' jugs an' all. Kate Giligan came in yesterday, an' she said 'twould hould all a body's clothes," (he was referring to the chest-of-drawers), an' lave room for tay and sugar besides, an' she tried the rockin' chair an' said it was the most comfortable she'd ever seen."

Biddy looked at him with jealous, blazing eyes. "I wonder it didn't break wid the weight of the cratur—a great ugly elephant."

"It's as strong as nivir was; shure 'twould hold me an' another."

He looked at her shyly.

"An' her Sunday clothes in my—your chest-o'-drawers. As if a great ugly colleen like Kate wanted clothes at all!"

"Why, Biddy," exclaimed Pat, mildly shocked; "you wouldn't have a dacent body goin' about—"

"I'm not sure that she is a dacent body," retorted Biddy, tossing her head.

"For shame—"

"Well, thin," hotly, "is it dacent ye call it, to go to a bhoy's cottage an' thry his things, an' his rockin' chair, an'—an'—?" She broke off with a stifled sob.

The idea of that hateful thing trying to rob her of Pat's affection, and—his furniture. She sobbed wildly at the mere thought of it.

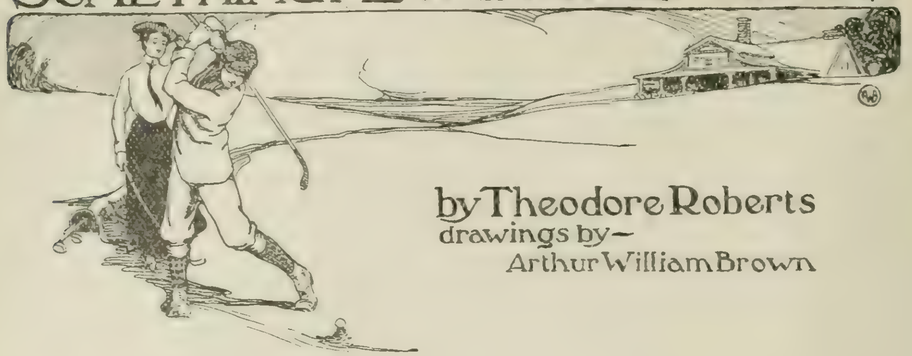
Pat stood opposite, trying to look into her eyes. "Why, Biddy, me jewel, what is it?" he asked tenderly, pulling her hands down from her face, "tell me now, darlint."

"I think it is a pity the chest-o'-drawers, an' the iligant sideboard, an' the rockin'-chair, an' the jugs, an' the dishes, should—go out of the family," she whispered, blushing.

Pat put his arms around her without more ado, and drew her wet face against his own radiant one. "Is it yezsilf that will be wantin' of thim, thin, darlint?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes," cried the girl, her arms stealing round her lover's neck. "I do want that chest-o'-drawers mortal bad, but—I want ye more, Pat—darlint."

SOMETHING NEW IN GOLF BALLS



by Theodore Roberts
drawings by—
Arthur William Brown

SYDNEY STEVENSON looked in at the tobacconist's on his way to the golf course. With a preoccupied air he purchased a package of his favourite cigarettes. He lit one of the cigarettes at the tiny flare overhanging the cigar-case. He was thinking of Miss O'Malley, who was to meet him at the gate leading into the links; and he wondered why she had anything at all to do with him if she really cared as little as her manner indicated. "I believe it is simply heartlessness," he told himself. His dun-coloured meditations were disturbed by the salesman behind the counter.

"We have procured the local agency for the new Royal Scotch High Flyer golf balls," remarked the youth. "Would you care to look at them, Mr. Stevenson?"

"Why, yes. Thanks very much," replied Stevenson, returning to a consciousness of his surroundings with a start that very nearly drove his elbow through the glass of the show-case.

The salesman took a cardboard box from the shelf behind him, and from it drew forth two or three tissue-paper-enveloped golf balls. He rolled them across the counter. One fell to the floor, and rebounded to the height of the counter. Stevenson caught it neatly, and examined it with interest. "Not much trouble to clear a bunker with a ball like that," he remarked.

"Captain Stubbs won the St. Andrew's match with its mate," replied the salesman.

Stevenson subjected two of the balls to a careful scrutiny and then slipped them into the pocket of his loose coat.

"What's the damage," he asked.

"Only one dollar," answered the beguiler.

"Only!" exclaimed Stevenson. "Great Scott! man, with such large ideas, if I were you I'd retire from business."

"Fifty cents per; and they are worth the money," retorted the tobacconist.

Stevenson fished the required coins from the depth of a pocket, and left the shop. "And still the world expects a poet to put money in the collection plate in church, and wear collars, when it charges him for every mortal golf ball the price of an immortal line of verse," he soliloquized. He found Miss O'Malley by the green turnstile gate that leads to the lower end of the links. She had already engaged two caddies (the usual two—Jim of the red head, and Pete of the paternal trousers), and as Stevenson approached she looked severely at her watch.

"Am I late?" he enquired in deep concern.

"You have been ten minutes' late for every appointment this fall," she said.

"That's just my luck," he explained, as they moved toward the first tee. "Whenever I am very keen to be on time for a thing I get ready hours too soon, make half-a-dozen false starts, and wind up by being half a day late."

"Ten minutes," she corrected him.

"Ah, well, ten minutes or half a day—they seem to be equal crimes in your eyes," he murmured.

Miss O'Malley turned her face away and smiled, and only the caddies saw it.

"Gee!" whispered Pete. "She's easy. Wish I wus him."

"You'd make a peach poet—in them pants," replied Jim of the red head.

Sydney Stevenson bent close to Kate O'Malley. "Why are you so frightfully down on me?" he asked in guarded tones.

She looked at him in cool surprise. "Would I spend two or three hours of every fine afternoon in your company if I were down on you?" she retorted.

"Oh, you are awfully good to me," he said plaintively, "but—well, people are good to cripples, you know."

She did not speak.

"I wonder if you would change your mind if I went away," he ventured.

"Why don't you try?" she asked.

He laughed drily. "My dear girl, I have tried about twenty times."

"I never missed you."

"I mean I tried to go away," he explained, ruefully.

By this time they had arrived at the low, grassy knoll from which drives were made for hole number one.

"Will you lead off, please. I hate to drive first," she said.

Stevenson's caddy made a tee of sand from a nearby box, and set up a ball with professional care.

Stevenson was about to swing his driver when he noticed his companion's father, Captain H. A. O'Malley R.N. (retired), sauntering across the course with a butterfly net in his hand.

"Fore," he shouted.

Miss O'Malley smiled.

"I think father is quite safe," she said.

"Fore," shouted Stevenson again.

The burly old sailor turned and waved his hand frivolously.

"Slam away, me lad; I'm out of range of your guns," he hailed.

"I believe he's right," laughed Stevenson. He looked at the teed ball.

"I may as well try a Royal Scotch High Flyer—something new in golf balls," he remarked.

The ordinary ball was replaced with the new and expensive one. Then he swung his club and made the drive of

"Why are you so frightfully down on me?" he asked in guarded tones.

his life. Smack! Away it sailed, like a flying-fish before the wind. The caddies followed it with open mouths as well as eyes.

"Splendid," exclaimed Miss O'Malley.

Just then old Captain O'Malley R.N. hurled his butterfly net in the air and leaped after it.

"Gee! you've swiped 'im," cried Pete, gleefully.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Stevenson, letting his driver slip from his fingers.

They all dashed toward the now prostrate and furiously cursing captain. Stevenson led easily. Miss O'Malley and the caddies were bunched for second money. Stevenson, aghast with fear and trembling with remorse, tried to lift the fallen one to his feet.

"Hands off, you lubber," cried old O'Malley.

The unfortunate golfer ceased his efforts.

"Father, are you hurt?" panted Kate.

"Hurt," roared her father, rolling over and glaring at her. "Why, the d—— ball went right through me."

"Father, are you hurt?" panted Kate.

"Gee! I guess it didn't puncture his lung," remarked Pete, softly.

"I don't see no hole," said Jim—"and here's de ball." He picked it up. The girl extended her hand for it.

"Do you think you are really hurt, sir?" enquired Stevenson, approaching cautiously.

"What's that?" cried the captain. "What's that you say? Do I think

I am really hurt—you fresh-water joker! Give me a hand up, Kate, and I'll show the young cock if I'm to be made a fool of by every derrick-legged poet who chooses to run around after my daughter."

"Father, how dare you!" cried Miss O'Malley.

The old man scrambled to his feet and began to rub the calf of his left leg.

"It'll be black and blue," he muttered.

Miss O'Malley burst into peals of laughter, and hid her face in her hands.

Sydney Stevenson's amazement and remorse gave way to white hot anger. He strode toward the old man. "You old bounder," he cried. Then, with equal abruptness, he turned his back on the little group and left the links. His brain was in a whirl. He had not known that anyone in the world could be so boorish. And Kate?—Kate had laughed when her father had insulted him.

II

For days the dejected poet kept away from the golf course as he would from a lazaretto. One evening, while he was busily engaged with his pipe and a number of ideas that refused to allow themselves to be turned into verse, the maid rapped at his study door and announced Captain O'Malley.

"Tell him I'm out," said Stevenson; but before the maid could turn around the captain himself pushed past her and shut the door in her face.

"Me boy," began the old sailor, nervously, "I'm very sorry for what happened on the links the other day. Kate made me promise to drop in—that is, I decided the right thing for me to do was to call and beg your pardon."

"It is granted, sir," said Stevenson, coldly.

"I'll just sit down for a minute," said O'Malley. "Two flights of stairs always puff me."

The young man pushed his easiest chair toward his visitor.

The captain sat down, sighed, and lit his pipe. After blowing a few meditative clouds toward the ceiling, he turned and fixed an unwinking eye upon his host. He seemed calmer. In level tones he began: "I don't want you to imagine, me boy, that under ordinary circumstances I'd beg your pardon for what I said—no sir, a smash with a golf ball is not to be lightly overlooked—but me daughter has told me all, and that put a very different face on the matter."

"Yes, it was a new kind of golf ball—a regular flyer," said Stevenson.

The captain stared. "But, I think, Mr. Stevenson, I should have heard something of it from you," he continued.

It was now the poet's turn to stare.

"Well!" cried the captain, beginning to work himself into a rage—"What the devil are you glaring at?—you look as if you didn't know that you are engaged to marry my daughter."

Stevenson's face flashed to a dangerous shade of gray. He sank into the nearest chair. O'Malley rushed to a side table and grabbed a decanter of Scotch whiskey. Having swallowed about half a glass of the raw liquor, Stevenson looked better.

"I intended speaking to you last Monday, sir," he said, steadily, "but the unfortunate accident—"

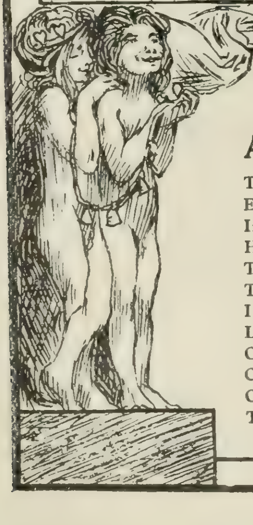
"Exactly—don't apologize, me boy," interrupted the captain. He found another glass on the table. "I'll just take a wee nip meself," he said. Then he seemed to remember something, and putting down the glass took a note from his pocket. He tossed it to Stevenson. "Something from Kate," he said.

The poet tore it open with eager fingers. Thus it ran:

"Dear Sydney,

I hope I have not spoiled your plans. I always intended to marry a brave man, and you are surely the bravest in the world. You called father a bounder, and I have seen him brow-beat admirals and frighten staff-lieutenants into hysterics. Besides this, I love you. Bring father home with you.

Kate."



HER LAUGHTER

BY VERNON NOTT

AS phantom light suffuses dim the east,
Precursing dawn—now subtle radiance tells
Thro' her deep eyes the laughter near. Where dwells
Each captive dimple, 'tis to joy releast;
In lovely sound, ne'er loud tho' swift increast,
Her laughter bubbles forth, all mirthful wells
To one sweet chime, like peal of elfin bells,
That thralls with tingling pleasure till 'tis ceast.
I love her laugh. 'Tis lavish'd round my soul
Like some strange holy balm—doth e'er a dream
Of bleak depression grip me, swift the gleam
Of that dear laughter shames my useless dole.
Our world ne'er laughs enough: from him, I deem,
That scorns to laugh, takes grief a treble toll.

JOS. SHERRATT. 1904.

THE PEDDLER'S LIFT

By J. W. FULLER, author of "Izolda"

HENRY GIBSON was humming some sort of tune as his old mare jogged along at a slow, steady gait—not a joyous note, but a dull, monotonous drone; audible expression of the low ebb to which his spirits had fallen. Why he hummed at all he could scarcely have told; it had become a habit during the many years of his lonely journeyings up and down the concession lines of a half-dozen townships.

In rhythm his measures showed but scant variation, but the pitch of his voice was an infallible register of his frame of mind, and of late this dull monotone had become, alas, all too much in evidence.

"Afternoon, Hank !" called a passing pedestrian, cheerily.

"Why, how do, Mr. Jacques?" returned Henry, pulling up with a start, "I declare I didn't see you coming along. How's all the folk ?"

"Nicely, thank you. Goin' to stop at the house?"

"Well, yes. Got a nice bit o' print here, I think the Missus'll like."

"Don't think it's much use. She and the girls was up to town on Tuesday and fetched home a pile of stuff."

"Oh, I'll stop anyhow. Maybe there's something they forgot," and the old man's spirits sank a notch lower as he gathered up the reins and called to the mare to "get up."

Throughout that whole section of country there was no more familiar figure than Henry Gibson, peddler, and, with the majority of the people, none more welcome, though of late years there had been a waning in his popularity—a change which poor Henry had too much cause to fail to note.

Twenty years ago his advent at a farmhouse was quite an exciting event. The women folk suspended their tasks to give attention to his wares, and the children stood as close as they dared, in an ecstacy of open-eyed wonder and delight at the beauty and variety of the goods and trinkets he displayed, while even the men, if they noticed his arrival, thought nothing of quitting their work in the fields and joining the circle to appraise his stock and listen to the latest news from town and the world at large.

But now there was a decided difference. His reception, though friendly as of yore, was marked more by careless good nature than the eager cordiality of days agone; and open criticism or disparagement of his goods took the place of the respectful hearing formerly accorded him.

"I saw better and cheaper than that in town the other day," or kindred remark, was what he was now forced to listen to almost daily, and he dared not challenge the accuracy of the statements. An hour later, he was driving away from the Jacques farmhouse, his purse just fifteen cents richer, and his stock lighter by but a yard of ribbon.

"That print's last season's style; and the girls wouldn't hear to my making any use of it," had been the verdict.

True, he had had a good dinner, for the hospitality of his customers had not waned, but for all that Gibson's spirits were considerably lower than when Jacques had accosted him upon the road.

A trolley car whisked by the foot of the hill he was about to descend.

"A plague upon the pesky things ! I wish the man that made 'em had never been born !" he exclaimed; for he shrewdly lay the responsibility for his ever-declining fortunes at the door of the radial roads now intersecting the country.

"Never mind, Henry," his faithful life partner had counselled, again and again, "the folk will soon get over the newness of it, and won't spend so much time travelling to town; then you'll be able to sell as much as ever."

But she had not proven a true prophetess, and matters were drifting from bad to worse.

A mental vision now rose before him of the good old soul, as he had last seen her—the rays of the early morning sun glancing upon her whitening hair and seeming to shed a radiance about the reposeful, trusting face, as she bade him a cheery farewell.

"Never fear, Henry! The Lord will provide. I keep praying about it, and I'm hoping this week'll see the turn. He'll never forsake us; remember that!"

Henry tried to remember, but he found it hard to equal her faith. That, or some kindred sentiment had been her Monday morning farewell for a long time now, but the lane seemed to have no turning.

That morning, however, he had felt more hopeful than usual, and had set out determined to neglect no effort to do a brisk week's trade. It was a glorious October day, with just a hint of freshness in the air to brace one; and as he journeyed along the road skirting the river and drank in the gorgeous beauty of the wooded hills, aflame with the varied hues of the turning leaves, bathed in the flood of gladdening sunlight, he felt his pulses quicken while the blood coursed more rapidly through his veins, and his voice grew lusty and strong as he shouted forth, over and over again, several bars of an ancient ditty.

But it proved a poor day for business, and was followed by other days equally disheartening until this—Friday—morning had broken dull and cold with a raw, gusty wind blowing—a wind which went through and through his thin garments and quickened into active life the rheumatism which had lain dormant during the summer months. The sun shone but dimly through the mist of cloud, and a grey half-twilight brooded over the hills and valleys, as though in sympathy with the peddler's discouragement—the entire week's business had not equalled a respectable half-day's traffic.

"The cottage'll have to go," he muttered to himself by way of diversion from his cheerless humming.

"Either that, or we call on Freddie," he continued. "I'd rather go on the county though!—for myself, certain—but then there's mother!" and again the vision of that sweet, patient face, with its fringe of grey locks rose before him.

Their son Fred was a rising physician in the West. It had been a long, hard struggle for the worthy couple to keep the boy at school and send him to college; but when they had journeyed to Toronto—their first visit to the provincial capital—and saw their boy receive his degree, they felt well repaid for all their self-denial. The calls upon the slender purse did not, however, cease yet, but continued several years longer ere the youthful practitioner could work his way into the enjoyment of a modest income.

It was during this latter period that the mortgage had been placed upon their humble home—an expedient which they mutually agreed must never be revealed to Fred. Once placed, it had never been removed, the payment of the interest demanding all their ingenuity, until now it appeared impossible for them to longer provide even that; and the dread of foreclosure had become a veritable waking nightmare.

The evening shadows were beginning to close in.

"Guess I'll put up for the night at Turner's," mused the old man, as he approached a large farmhouse of considerable pretensions, glistening in all the glory of a recent coat of paint. "There's no use travelling farther today, and I can make town by to-morrow night all right."

"Who's that?" queried a feminine voice from the dusky interior, as he pushed open the kitchen door after rapping upon it with the butt of his whip.

"Peddler Gibson," called back the fourteen-year-old boy who confronted him.

"Tell him we don't want anything,"

the hidden voice responded. "Nothing at all," with added emphasis.

"But I thought of stopping over night, Miss Phoebe," expostulated Henry, thinking it about time he asserted himself.

"We can't put you up, Mr. Gibson," came the decided reply. "We had more company than we wanted last night; and they carried off what they didn't bring. Peddlers and thieves—'birds of a feather flock together,'" was added in a lower key, but evidently intended for his ears.

Gibson winced.

"Where's your pa, Jamie?" he queried of the boy.

"He and Jack and Joe are all out hunting for the burglars. We don't know when they'll be back."

"What burglars?"

"Didn't you hear?—a couple of fellow came here last night, and asked to stop. Dad took them in, but this morning they were gone with over a hundred dollars he got for a horse yesterday, and all the old silverware. That's what's up with Sis," he added confidentially. "She's awful mad about the silver, 'cause she was counting big on showing it off at her wedding next week."

"Stop your talking and shut that door, Jim," commanded the inner voice in threatening tones, as Gibson turned wearily away.

If he waited for Mr. Turner he knew that he could be sure of a cordial welcome; but he had no desire to remain after the daughter's gratuitous insult. He had offended Miss Phoebe when she was yet but a half-grown girl, by persuading her mother to buy her a piece of dress goods, which she had declared frightfully ugly, and which once purchased she had been compelled to wear despite all protests.

A jog of two or three miles further down the road would bring him to the Walker's, who, he knew, would be glad to see him; so, although both he and his old mare were ready to rest, he gathered up the reins and continued his journey in the gathering dusk.

A few hundred yards east of the Walker place the road ran through a thickly wooded hollow, where the overhanging trees effectively shut out what little daylight remained, and shrouded the highway in deep gloom. When about half-way through this copse his steady-going mare suddenly shied, then stood trembling uneasily, and Henry became conscious that someone was holding her head.

"Hello! What d'you want?" he demanded somewhat shakily, peering into the darkness.

"We want a lift," came the reply.

"Sorry I can't accommodate you; but I'm putting up for the night at the next house."

"Oh, I guess you can strain a point, and keep right on. We've a pressing engagement on the other side of the line, and must make the river by morning."

This was a different voice, and the peddler could now make out two shadowy figures looming up bulkily upon the right of the roadway.

"I really couldn't think of it, gentlemen," he protested. "Neither the mare nor I have had a bite since noon, and we're about played out."

"We're not asking you to make record time," returned the first voice, "but we've got to have a lift," and something in his hand clicked ominously as he drew closer. "Yes; and we're quite willing to return the compliment by 'lifting' something for you," chimed in the second voice in mocking accents.

"Climb in then," retorted Gibson ungraciously enough.

"Thank you! and we've a parcel here we'll just drop into your waggon," and as what looked like a good-sized clothes-basket struck the floor of the cart it gave forth an unmistakable metallic jingle.

"Guess we'll just crawl in here alongside ourselves. This top'll keep off the night air—and, by-the-way, friend, you needn't stop to introduce us to anyone you meet," quoth he of the mocking voice.

For several hours they jogged along in silence. Gibson's teeth were chattering with the cold, and he shook as though an ague had come upon him; but withal, his chief concern was for his old mare, who was being called upon for such heavy work upon short rations. Twice they met other vehicles, and each time the old man felt something cold and hard pressed against his back, and again heard that ominous click. The hint was sufficient, and he continued steadily on his way with a terse "How do?" in passing.

Just before dawn they encountered several mounted men, whose leader peremptorily called upon Gibson to stop, and pressing forward, revealed himself as the county constable.

"Now, I'll get rid of these gentry!" thought the peddler; but on the instant he again felt that suggestive coldness in the back, and a voice hissed in his ear:

"I'll kill you, if you give us away!"

"Oh, it's you Hank!" the constable greeted. "Didn't know you kept the road both night and day."

"No more I do; but I had to put on an extra spurt to-night. Didn't see any burglars along the road?"

At this question Henry received such a vicious dig in the ribs as to cause him almost to cry aloud.

"Burglars!" he exclaimed, "I wasn't looking for any; and I don't suppose they'd think my truck worth taking, if I did run across them. Where've they been?"

"A couple went through Turner's place night before last. We thought they'd made the river and cut across, but couldn't find any trace; so we're doubling back. Seen any suspicious characters?"

"I did see a couple of stranger fellows with a basket some miles back."

A muttered oath from behind reached Henry's ear, and the pistol was pressed more firmly to his back.

"The very pair!" exclaimed the constable. "Turner said they'd taken a basket to carry the stuff. How far back?"

"Put 'em off the scent!" was hissed into Gibson's ear.

"In the wood, a mile this side of Turner's. They wanted me to give 'em a lift; but I said I guessed I'd stop at Walker's."

"Cheeky fellows to hang around that close! Glad to hear it though. We're sure to get 'em yet. Come on, boys!" and the party clattered off.

Gibson was loath to see them go, and heartily wished he had had the courage to say: "Here's your men, constable!" but the close proximity of that suggestive pistol had overbalanced all other considerations.

For another half hour they plodded steadily along. Suddenly there was a fusilade of oaths from beneath the cover behind him.

"Wake that beast up, old man; and drive for all your worth!"

The peddler turned to see what had caused this outbreak.

The sun was now up above the eastern horizon; but his rays failed to pierce the thick mist which enveloped the earth, hiding all but nearby objects, and distorting these into fantastic shapes. On the crest of a considerable hill they had just descended, several moving figures were silhouetted against the eastern sky; these by their actions were evidently in pursuit of the peddler's cart.

"They've caught on and are coming back!" declared one of his passengers. "Whip up your old nag and make her travel."

"Get up, Nancy!" called Henry.

"Whip her up, I say! Here, give me the whip, and I'll lash some life into her!"

"Get up, Nancy!" repeated the peddler.

"Do you hear? Get out your whip!" the fellow shouted in his ear, and prodded him viciously with his pistol.

The worm will turn. Gibson's heart had been full of sympathy for the old mare who had carried him so faithfully in all sorts of weather for so many years; and the suggestion that he should still abuse her rendered him desperate.

"See here!" he shouted, turning and facing his tormentor, "I'm get-ing all the travel out of this beast there is in her, and she'll give me more speed for the asking than all the lashing you could do would whip out of her. Keep quiet and I'll do my best; but say any more about the whip and I'll pull her up short, and you can shoot all you like! Understand?"

"Well, I'll be ——!" exclaimed the astonished desperado, "if the fool doesn't think more of that bag of bones than he does of his own carcass!—Well, go it your own way," he added, but make her travel."

The old man pulled on the reins with his benumbed hands.

"Git along there, Nancy! Git along, my beauty!"

The mare stepped out gallantly, but the day and night of toil had been poor preparation for this extra effort.

"Move along, Nancy! Move along!"

"Make her do better than that!" called a hateful voice from behind.

"You shut up!" Gibson retorted politely, without turning his head, and continued to call encouragingly to his beast. He had no desire to be overtaken by the constable and his posse, for he felt that he was in a compromising position, the simple explanation of which might not be readily accepted; and the cruel gibe of Turner's girl recurred to his mind with added bitterness.

On went the mare, with the cart behind rattling and bumping over the hard road. Soon they approached the outskirts of the town.

"Down toward the river!" ordered the voice behind, as they came to a fork in the road; and Gibson dared not disobey. Presently they passed to the rear of his own cottage, from the chimney of which a dim smoke was curling, indicating that the thrifty Martha was already astir — intent, doubtless, on preparations for the expected homecoming of her spouse that evening.

The houses were closer together now, and ere long they were within the town limits, and making turn after turn in and out of the various streets in zigzag fashion, at the dictation of that imperative voice, but ever drawing closer to the river, beyond which lay safety.

They were crossing the head of a wide street leading toward the centre of the town, when Henry came to a sudden bold determination. He had resented the high-handed proceedings of his self-invited companions; but the cruel strain put upon his faithful old mare hurt him much more than the indignities heaped upon himself, and he was very loath that such inhumanity should go unpunished.

"Get down out of sight there, quick!" he called, himself suiting the action to the word by ducking his head; but at the same moment he kicked viciously at an iron lever upon the cart floor.

Some years ago, Gibson, who was quite a genius in his way, had contrived an arrangement for contracting the canvas top of his waggon, and securely fastening the framework upon all sides—this for protection when leaving it, as he was often forced to do, with his stock in trade in some open shed for the night. The lever beneath the seat operated this mechanism.

There was a crash and a medley of muffled oaths from beneath the canvas covering, as Henry sharply swerved the mare into the wide street, jolting the wheels over the curbing by the shortness of the turn. The old man rose from the seat, and stood swaying unsteadily upon benumbed and stiffened limbs, shouting hysterically to his mare:

"Git along, Nancy! Do your prettiest, girl! Help the old man win! Keep it up just a little bit longer! We'll soon get rid of our gay company! Up, you old darling, up!"

The wheels rattled over the stones of the roadway; dogs barked; half-grown boys yelled in derision at the dilapidated-looking outfit and its ungainly driver, while continuous cursing, vicious kicking, rending of canvas, and even a stray shot from beneath the covering, added to the din.

Men and women thrust startled and wondering faces out of windows and doorways; children screamed and scampered to see; drivers of other vehicles turned hastily aside; a pompous guardian of the peace called authoritatively but unavailingly to him to stop. Surely, no such commotion had been created in a quiet, law-abiding town since John Gilpin took his famous ride !

Gibson drove on wildly, encouraging the mare by every device he could conceive of, expecting each instant to be felled or shot from behind. He could hear the light framework splintering, and knew that at best it could be but a few moments ere his prisoners were free—and then ?—

But he kept on, and just as a stinging blow caught him beneath the jaw, pulled up at the police station. Several officers rushed forth to investigate the hubbub and secured the two scoundrels, who were throwing themselves upon the old man with murderous intent.

Cold, dazed, bruised and filled with despair as he contemplated the ruin of his cart and the general wreckage of his modest stock, Henry Gibson turned into the station, but paid scant attention to the proceedings before the desk sergeant. He took but little interest even when the contents of the basket were turned out, disclosing the entire collection of ancient silverware the Turners were so proud of. Looking listlessly about the room, his eye caught a placard upon the wall, on which the printer's ink seemed scarcely dried. He read it through mechanically, not grasping the purport of it. The signature, however, arrested his attention and recalled his wandering faculties.

He read it through again, then questioned the officer at his elbow:

"Tell me, constable, do I get that?"

"Well, I don't know why you shouldn't !" returned the other, heartily. "Here's the burglars, and here's the silver, for the return of which and the conviction of the thieves John Turner offers a reward of $1,000. You're in luck, Hank !"

The old man felt a sudden weakness. He sat down quickly, while thoughts of a cancelled mortgage, replenished stock, and—sweet morsel ! — a full apology from Turner's daughter flashed through his brain, while before his mental vision again arose the picture of the serene, calm, confident face of Martha, his wife, as she had stood upon the Monday morning and bidden him go forth in the assurance that the Master would care for them.

When the examination was over, he walked out dreamily. As he reached the sidewalk, three tall figures astride ungainly plough horses came down the street.

"Hello, Hank !" shouted Will Norris, pulling up, while his two lank sons continued on their way. "You're making quick time this week, aren't you ? Me and the boys thought 'twas your cart ahead of us a bit back on the road and tried to catch you up, but you was going too lively. There's mettle in that old nag of yourn yet ! The Missus was speaking of a bit of linen you promised to bring her this week. Keep it in mind, Hank. We're making to haul timber this mornin', so I can't stop no longer."

"Yes," whispered Henry to his mare, as he rubbed his cheek against her muzzle, lovingly, "one of them fellows said they'd like to lift something for me, but I didn't think it'd be the mortgage — guess he didn't either ! "

Current Events Abroad.

DURING the past month the people of Great Britain have lost another of the prominent men of the Victorian era. The Duke of Cambridge, who died on the 17th of March in his 85th year, was one of the connecting links with the days in which Queen Victoria began to rule the destinies of Greater Britain. He may not have been a military genius either in administration or on the field of battle, but he had mixed so long with the army and had seen so many generations of it come and go that he was regarded throughout the Empire as "The Grand Old Man of the service."

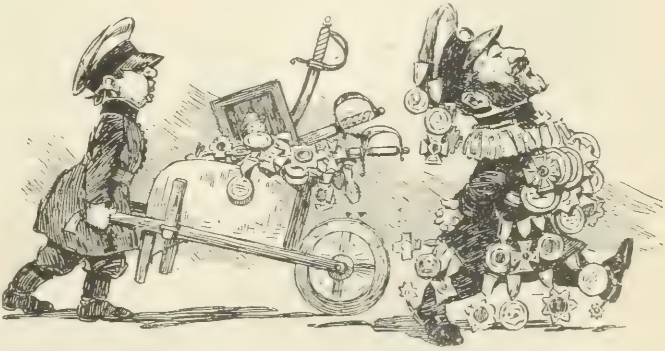
Lord Wolseley in his recent work wrote of the Duke as follows: "I liked him more and more the better I knew him. Indeed no one who served for so many years on his staff could fail to love his amiable qualities or admire his manliness of feeling. His honesty of purpose, loyalty to the army, devotion to duty, sincere patriotism and great attachment to his Queen and country pervaded all he did."

In fact, without overdrawing the picture very much, one might compare him with the admirals and generals who gave such honourable and devoted allegiance to Queen Elizabeth at a time when chivalry and romance were more popular. At the service in the Abbey on March 22nd the congregation included the King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Duke of Connaught and other members of the royal family. The eighteen pallbearers included five field-marshals and several general officers. From the Abbey the procession took its way to Kensal Green Cemetery, the King following as the chief mourner. In this quiet resting place the remains of the Duke were laid in a private mausoleum beside those of his wife, although one would have naturally expected that they should be placed in Westminster beside those of the other great men of the nation.

* * *

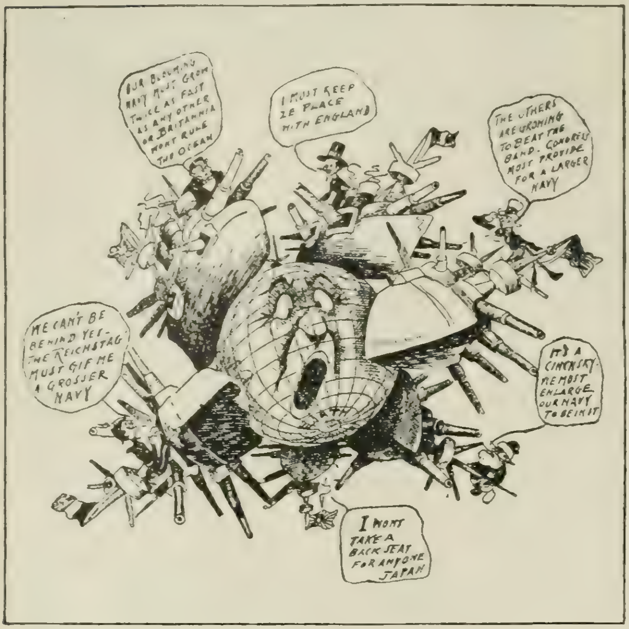
The present British House of Commons is breaking up into new groups and new parties. It is only a matter of time until the members have so rearranged themselves that a new Government will be necessary. One of the first points to be decided is who shall lead the new Liberal Government. This point has been awaiting decision since the death of Mr. Gladstone, and even now men hesitate to express an opinion. The following paragraph from *Public Opinion*, London, of March 25th, gives a somewhat new point of view:

> "At the next General Election the confusion of parties is likely to be worse confounded by the attitude of the Irish National-



GENERAL KUROPATKIN GOES TO THE FRONT—*Life*

THE GROWTH OF THE NAVIES


OUR BLOOMING NAVY MUST GROW TWICE AS FAST AS ANY OTHER OR BRITANNIA WONT RULE THE OCEAN
I MUST KEEP ZE PLACE WITH ENGLAND
THE OTHERS ARE GROWING TO BEAT THE BAND. CONGRESS MUST PROVIDE FOR A LARGER NAVY
WE CAN'T BE BEHIND YET- THE REICHSTAG MUST GIF ME A GROSSER NAVY
ITS A CINCHSKY. WE MUST ENLARGE OUR NAVY TO BE IN IT
I WONT TAKE A BACK SEAT FOR ANYONE JAPAN

IN NINETEEN HUNDRED AND UMPTY-TWO—Detroit *News*

ists. Free importers like the *Spectator* have invited the Liberal Party to throw over Home Rule, in order to render it possible for Unionist recalcitrants to work with them, and we have had assurances from various Liberal quarters that Home Rule, on Gladstone lines, at any rate, no longer forms part of the Radical programme. They who speak thus do not reckon with Mr. John Redmond. At Manchester, on Sunday last, he predicted an early General Election, and said the issue would not be decided on fiscal reform, army reform, or Chinese labour in the Transvaal. It would be decided by a body of men whose first care is to secure Home Rule for Ireland. Mr. Redmond evidently believes that the Irishmen will hold the balance, and has determined to use his opportunities for the advancement of National aspirations. He hopes that the next election may result in a balance between Radicals and Tories, so that they will be eager to propose alternative plans of Home Rule in order to secure the Irish vote."

⁂

The question of Chinese labour in South Africa has been agitating the public mind there and in Great Britain for some time. When the subject was first discussed last year the best opinions in South Africa were against it. Lord Milner and those interested in the mines urged it as a grave necessity. People would not hear of it. However, a revulsion of feeling has taken place; the Transvaal Chamber of Commerce who voted against it last year by 50 to 5, has now revised its opinion and advocates it by a vote of 61 to 11. The Bishop of Pretoria has recently declared that it is the only solution of present difficulties. Lord Milner asserts that the introduction of Chinese labour is the one way to stop the present exodus of white men from British Africa, and he strongly urges that for every 10,000 coloured labourers introduced into the Colony that 10,000 more whites will follow in three years' time. In the British House of Commons the subject has been hotly debated and the Opposition proposed a vote of censure in the following terms: "That this House disapproves the conduct of His Majesty's Government in advising the Crown not to disallow the ordinance for the introduction of Chinese labour into the Transvaal." The Government's majority was only 57. The Bishop of Hereford protested that the Government had been listening to Lord Milner and the mine owning interests instead of the real Africanders. Veil it as they might this ordinance is the essence of slavery. Lord Spencer thought that the word slavery might be an exaggeration, but agreed that the conditions were semi-servile. Lord Lansdowne declared that the regulations suit the requirements of the Colony and suit the Chinese themselves, and that the Government is prepared to accept full responsibility for its action. Mr. Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary, pointed out that twenty-six meetings had been held in the Transvaal in favour of the new policy and only five or six against it. It was incorrect to say that all the self-governing Colonies were against this policy. Natal and Canada had refused to interfere, recognizing that this was a matter which concerned the Transvaal alone. The Chinese coolie in South Africa would do well too, because he would receive at least twelve times the wages he could earn in his own country.

FEUDAL JAPAN AND MODERNIZED JAPAN

"He was handsomer in his old time clothes, and we were far happier"—*Intransigeant* (Paris)

The result of the controversy and of the various votes which have been taken would seem to be that the British Empire will acquiesce in introducing a species of contract-labour into South Africa because there are certain economic difficulties to be grappled with which cannot be met in any other way. It is to be hoped that the practical experiment will not be as obnoxious as the theoretical principle involved.

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Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in his opening address to the Dominion Parliament on March 10th, was not very complimentary to the United States, and declared that it was not the purpose of the Government to ask any favours of that country. He boldly asserted that Canada had made her last request for fairer trade relations, and that any new negotiations looking toward reciprocity must be initiated by the United States. In these sentiments the Premier undoubtedly represents the public opinion of Canada, but he in common with all other fair-minded men on both sides of the boundary line must deplore the foolishness of the situation. Perhaps, after the Presidential elections which are to be held in November, those who favour reciprocity will be able to speak out more boldly.

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The Russo-Japanese war, which started out with such a rush and with such great promise of victory for the Japanese, has dragged on for two months without any great developments. The military strategists who sit at home and tell us all about it have been sore put to say what is being done and what particular lines of action are being developed. The correspondents who have gone to the front have sent back no information that is worth while, and we are almost without accurate knowledge of the situation. For days and weeks a huge battle has been expected in Northern Corea, but this has not yet happened. There is no doubt, however, that the delay makes for the advantage of Russia. General Kuropatkin has reached the

BRITANNIA—"Dear me! What is all that noise out in the yard, Johnny?"

JOHNNY—"It's only Sammy. He wants me to go out and play reciprocity with him, and I don't want to."—Montreal *Star*

East, having made the trip in two weeks. He and Admiral Makaroff have infused new life into the land and naval forces of the Czar. With the opening of navigation on Lake Baikal Russian reinforcements and supplies will go forward with greater rapidity.

Meanwhile Japan is not idle and is making strenuous efforts to entrench herself in Corea. The Marquis Ito is on a special commission to the Corean Court and remains in Seoul. There is no doubt that so long as he is present in that country everything will be done that can be done to increase the railway accommodation, the efficiency of the methods of transportation, and to so strengthen the fortifications that it will be very difficult to dislodge the soldiers of the Mikado.

So far as the sea-fights are concerned, the moral victory is with Japan. The Russians have lost several vessels, possibly through carelessness, possibly because of Japanese torpedo-boat daring. But the loss of these vessels, though material, is a matter of less consequence than the loss of Admiral Makaroff, who apparently was the greatest of all Russian naval officers. He was energetic, daring and skilful. His death increases the difficulties which General Kuropatkin will be called upon to face. The Baltic Squadron is not expected to reach the East before the end of August. The new Admiral will have difficulty in defending himself in the meantime against an enemy who is much stronger. In fact, he is confronted by an almost impossible task.

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The Combes Government in France is now given a further lease of life, namely, until the Chamber resumes its sessions after the Easter holidays. But one may be pardoned for growing skeptical as to prophecies of Dr. Combes' downfall. He was to be defeated on the measure expelling the congregations, then on the prohibition of religious teaching, and then on the issue afforded by the ineptness of Minister Pelletan of the navy. All these, however, have been survived. The latest slap at the Church (the order for the removal of all religious emblems from the court of justice) has met with much less approval from the French people than was given to the measures which vitally affected Church influence. It looks more like an exhibition of spite than a justifiable administrative innovation.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

THE SUNSHINE BRIGADE

Make way, make way, for the Sunshine Brigade!
There comes no gloom where its troops have strayed,
For they bear the peace of the fairy dells,
And laughter's the music that ripples and swells
To the rhythmic tread of their marching feet,
And they love the world, for the world is sweet;
And Worry and Trouble creep back, dismayed,
When they view the flag of the Sunshine Brigade.

Make place, make space for the Sunshine Brigade
As it cheerfully marches, in joy arrayed,
For the world has need of laughter's tone,
And has worries and flurries enough of its own;
And a smiling face is a message of cheer:
"Let the world wag on, there is blessing here."
Oh, we need them all on life's upward grade,
The beautiful folks of the Sunshine Brigade.

. . . .

Recruits, recruits for the Sunshine Brigade,
From those who have wandered and stumbled and strayed,
Yet know the sweet music of laughter's glad song,
That defeat presses down the battalions of wrong;
Who know the love that was born to bless,
The pressure of lips in a fond caress,
From those who are blessed through the ransom Christ paid,
Recruits, recruits for the Sunshine Brigade!

—ALFRED Y. WATERHOUSE.

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ALL this month housefurnishing and bric-a-brac shops everywhere will be haunted by prospective June brides and bridegrooms, intent upon the exciting and fascinating task of making cosy and habitable the new homes they are soon to occupy. I should like to call the attention of these young people—and, indeed, of householders everywhere—to a very interesting and helpful article on housefurnishing which appeared recently in that excellent periodical, *The House Beautiful.*

The Chinese have a proverb which runs: "A hundred men may make an encampment, but it takes a woman to make a home," and since this is undeniably true, it is to be regretted that more women do not realize that in making a pretty *house* they are not necessarily ensuring for themselves and their families a comfortable *home.*

I know a young bride who takes great delight in what she considers her pretty home, its many silk drapes, pale-tinted, showy curtains, and medley of bric-a-brac, being a source of much pleasure and pride to her; but no one except herself finds any comfort in her rooms, her poor husband feeling really at ease only in his own little smoking den. Masculine visitors seat themselves with inward fear upon her fragile little chairs and flimsy settees, and feminine guests breathe a sigh of relief if they emerge from the house without having overturned with sleeves or skirt some of the breakable articles of *virtu* with which high tables, low tables, and even the floor are covered.

The author of the article mentioned above makes very clear the two important points to be constantly borne in mind by the house-furnisher—simplicity and utility. A heterogeneous medley of silk drapes, rich portierès and ornaments crowded together on tables, shelves and mantel piece, forever destroys in a room any claim to beauty which its owner may make for it.

Here are a few trenchant gleanings from Miss Spicer's admirable little article:

"We collect things which mean something to us, but if that meaning is not apparent to others, the articles would better be kept in a place where they will be seen by us alone, and they may be shown and explained to those who are interested......a table used merely to show off small articles of ornament seems meaningless, a shelf or mantel is more suitable for this purpose......As the mantel is usually the thing in the room which first catches the eye, take pains to put on it your best and most effective things. A few large jars and bits of pottery will look far more dignified than a lot of meaningless little things......If young people would only remember that they have a lifetime before them, that it is easier at first to get along with two good dining chairs and a packing-box than to feel later on like disposing of six or eight mediocre chairs and beginning all over again, that it is better to have one good jar than a dozen poor ones, they would make haste slowly. The standard of a really fine thing is its lastingness. If you love your possessions more and more each year they must be good, but if you soon outgrow them they were never worth the loving."

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Speaking of houses, it is rather interesting to compare the various styles of architecture which at present flourish in our country. Coming directly from the east to the extreme west, one is particularly struck by the great difference between the houses of—say Quebec, and the houses of British Columbia.

As climate is largely responsible for fashions in clothes, so is it a determining factor in fashions in building, and, naturally, one would not expect to find an open, wide-verandahed bungalow in the Arctic zone, nor a heavily-built, thick-walled, stone dwelling in the tropics, but surely Quebec architects could design houses warm enough to withstand the rigorous winter of that Province, and yet possessing some small degree of comfort and beauty.

In Montreal, where the question of space must be considered, one can understand the supposed necessity which impelled the builders of that city to erect their cheaper dwelling houses in tiers, one above the other, where families are neatly stowed as cattle and sheep are packed in railway cars. But in building detached houses in ample grounds there is really no reason or excuse for carrying out the same cramping ideas. Montreal and Quebec are essentially cities of ugly houses, of long, unbroken rows of chill, forbidding-looking dwelling places, straight, sombre and formal as to exterior, uninviting and stiff as to interior.

A Toronto lady who went to live in Quebec last winter, after much house hunting was forced to enshrine her Lares and Penates in a typical Lower Canadian domicile.

The laundry, kitchen and kitchen accessories were on one floor; the dining-room and a small den occupied the next; over these were her bedroom, the drawing-room and bathroom, while the top flat contained a bedroom occupied by the small son of the house, the maid's room and a sewing-room. In the spring the exhausted mistress of this convenient and comfortable house gave it up and fled to a cottage in the country where she could recover a little of the strength and vitality wantonly consumed by those three flights of narrow vampire-like flights of stairs which, owing to the clever arrangement of the house, had to be trod countless times daily.

In Montreal the same manner of house prevails. The Lower Canadian architects of to-day are, perhaps, beginning to feel the wave of "modern ideas" which is sweeping over the continent, but for the sins of the architects of yesterday thousands of Montreal and Quebec women will yet be forced to suffer for many a long day.

It is better in Toronto, Ottawa and Hamilton, most of the residential parts of these cities having been built comparatively recently, and one sees fewer of the unattractive, one-sided houses in which the rooms are strung like small beads on a long, narrow hall running in a thin, unbroken line from the front door to the kitchen.

Designers of houses are beginning to realize that space and light in one's dwelling place are two very desirable, if not absolutely essential features, and so every year in Ontario one sees a greater number of houses with square, roomy halls and wide windows. Just now the tendency—much to be commended—is to spread the house, putting into two or three stories the same number of rooms that used to be squeezed tier-like into four or five, thus dispensing with unnecessary, back-breaking stairs.

DAISY BELL
A centenarian Indian Basket-weaver of British Columbia

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Of houses in Winnipeg I am not in a position to speak with authority, not having been in a sufficient number to make my comments of value, but in Victoria and Vancouver the problem of building pretty, comfortable, and in every respect thoroughly satisfactory houses is nearer solution than in any other part of Canada I know. Here one finds wide, roomy halls, frequently swelling out into cosy nooks, fireplace ingles, or even reception rooms, drawing-rooms so pretty and comfortable as to at once suggest the American comprehensive and expressive name for such apartments—"*living-rooms*," in the truest sense of the word, and bedrooms which, while not uncommonly large, yet give one a delightful impression of sunlight and breathing-space.

Few houses are without a liberal supply of open fireplaces, and the much-carved, mirror-decked, ornate and very "cheap" overmantels so popular in the East are here replaced by a mantelpiece of plain wood, usually oiled cedar, mirrorless and uncarved, whose straight, clean lines, besides giving dignity and character to the whole room, are to the tired eyes of the real art-lover a rest and a joy forever.

A very popular style of small dwelling in Vancouver is a little house of a story and a half, locally known as a bungalow, and one has only to go over a few of them to realize and appreciate the comfort and beauty of these cosy, well-planned little residences.

Houses of this kind are sorely needed in our Eastern cities, where it is almost impossible to get a small, inexpensive house in a desirable locality. Every young couple starting in life with a slender income swells the general wail, and in their search for a nest they are confronted with the unattractive alternative—a narrow, little brick-fronted house in a row where congenial neighbours will be an unknown quantity, or "apartments" in some private house, than which, except in most rare instances, no method of living is quite so undesirable. The flats and large apartment houses which are being built in Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal, do not solve this small-income problem, for, being "new and fashionable," rents are higher than for ordinary houses, and the flats and suites of rooms in these modern buildings can be occupied only by the really well-to-do.

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Poker work—or pyrography, to be technical—as a popular feminine pastime is rapidly giving place to basket-weaving, which really is a very charming and fascinating occupation for the girl who craves some pretty task *pour passer le temps*.

Mexican grass is the favourite material employed, though rafia is coming into favour. The latter may be bought at any seed store, or from florists, who use it to tie up bunches of their wares, or it may be obtained dyed in any colour at almost any dry-goods or fancy-goods shop.

A lady from the South, who spent last summer in Muskoka, showed me some really wonderful baskets, which she was justly proud to exhibit as her own handiwork. She made them in all shapes and sizes, weaving into them beautiful decorations in most curious and attractive designs. One very pretty little work-basket in pale green had a flock of blackbirds encircling it in a zig-zag line.

While it, of course, requires skill and practice to work in very elaborate or intricate patterns, simple basket-weaving is not at all difficult, and even without a book of instructions, which is easily obtainable, the average nimble-fingered girl, given reeds, rafia and a needle, could soon find herself mistress of the art.

Many ingenious girls are making their own spring and summer hats this year out of rafia, either braiding it and sewing it round and round as one would sew straw-braid, or weaving it in and out over a wire shape. A wide-brimmed rafia hat in the natural shade, trimmed with a simple wreath of bright red poppies, would make a very attractive hat to wear with linen and piqué shirt-waist suits.

While the Indian women of Ontario and Quebec devote themselves particularly to beadwork and making baskets and boxes of birchbark and porcupine quills, those of the West work only with reeds and grasses, making baskets of all sizes and designs.

Each tribe does one special kind of weaving, so that one who has made even a slight study of the subject can tell from a single glance at a basket just where it was made; though it is a rather remarkable and interesting fact that an Indian will never make two baskets exactly alike—there must be some slight difference in size, colour or design, else ill-luck will befall the weaver.

The finest and most valuable baskets are made by the Indian women of northern British Columbia and Alaska, fifty or a hundred dollars being by no means an uncommon price to pay for a well-made Attu basket.

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One is glad to learn that the King's Daughters of Victoria are to hold a "Made-in-Canada Exhibition" this month. From the gratifying responses which the ladies in charge of the exhibition have received from the manufacturers to whom they have written for exhibits, and from the enthusiastic interest which is being taken in the enterprise, there is every indication that the exhibition will be an unqualified success. The good wishes of *Woman's Sphere* are with the King's Daughters in their commendable undertaking.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

CANADA AND ST. LOUIS

THE large number of Canadians preparing to visit the Exposition at St. Louis, which opens on April 30th, indicates that there is no subsidence of interest in World's Fairs. Besides, it will be as easy for Canadians to go to St. Louis as it was to visit Chicago, because the greater distance is counterbalanced by faster trains. The Canadian visitors will no doubt go mainly during May, September, October and November, the three intervening months being too hot for people from northern latitudes.

The Fair will not likely be remarkable in introducing new features. Chicago and Buffalo worked out the plaster building and electric light ideas fairly well, and St. Louis has been obliged to follow along the same lines. The grounds contain about 1,240 acres, while the Chicago Fair covered 633 acres, Paris 336 acres, and Buffalo 300 acres. The main exhibit palaces are to be nine in number, and will roof over 128 acres as compared with Chicago's 82 and Buffalo's 15. The keynote to the show will be "Processes rather than Products," and perhaps this will be the feature which will distinguish the Fair in history.

The plan of the grounds is comparatively simple. In the ground selected there was a natural hill, somewhere about seventy feet in height. On this was built a Festival Hall flanked by a curved architectural screen or peristyle. Down one side of the hill, toward the group of exhibition palaces at the foot, are terraces and cascades flanking each other, the cascades emptying into a great basin which lies in the centre of the grounds. The larger buildings are grouped together so that they may be viewed from the Festival Hall hill and its terraced side. The other four hundred odd buildings are scattered here and there through the grounds.

Canada is to be represented by a building and some exhibits. Probably both will be as inadequate as they were at Buffalo. There will be the usual chunks of ore, a sheaf or two of wheat, some dead fish, a few fur-bearing animals and an odd picture of an Indian. There will be a profusion of uninteresting government pamphlets, dull and deadly, and an obvious lack of attendants who know the country and its resources. Worse than all there will be a collection of Canadian art! Yet the worst will not happen, since there is to be no exhibit of Canadian newspapers and magazines.

THE ST. LOUIS IDEA

CANADA cannot have much sympathy with the St. Louis idea, because it is essentially a glorification of expansion—United States expansion. The full significance of this can be estimated only by a survey of the territorial development of that country during the last hundred years.

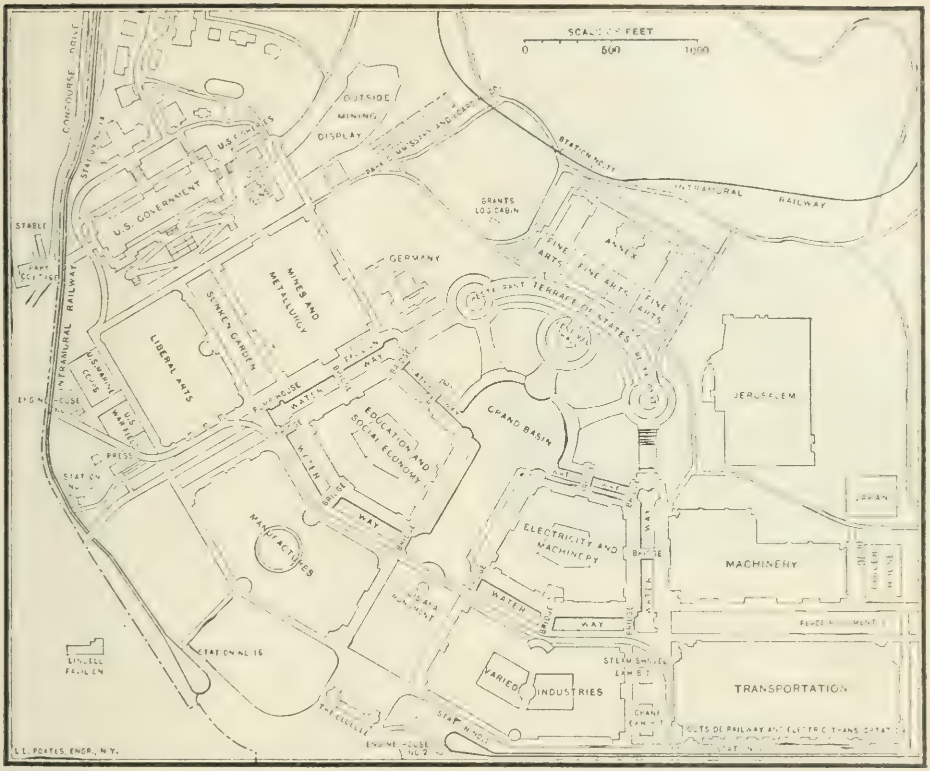
When the nineteenth century opened, the western boundary of the United States was the Mississippi river; but this did not include Florida, nor the vast unlimited territory known as Louisiana, the general term for the Mississippi valley. These districts belonged to Spain, which had obtained them by occupation and the general settlement of 1762. Just as the United States settlements were prepared to flow over on this Spanish territory, a fortunate situation evolved itself. In 1801, Napoleon, desiring to re-establish French colonial reputation, secured Louisiana from the Spanish, entering into an engagement not to dispose of the province, but to return it to Spain if his plans miscarried. Talleyrand gave the most positive declaration that it should never again be alienated from France. Great Britain did not like this new proprietorship, as she did not desire an extension of Napoleonic power on the continent of America, since it would be likely to disturb her French subjects in Canada. Knowing this, the United States saw an opportunity worth considering. This position was further complicated by trouble between the United States and Napoleon in San Domingo, and by misunderstandings with Spain over the navigation of the Mississippi. At first, the United States was prepared to accept West Florida in liquidation of such claims as she had at that time. Eventually the United States' desire for West Florida grew to a desire for the whole Mississippi valley, including New Orleans. In March, 1803, Monroe was sent to Paris to make increased demands of France. He was backed up by the British, who preferred an extension of Anglo-Saxon influence to an increase of French influence. Napoleon's necessities, however, settled the question. He needed more money; and his experience in San Domingo led him to doubt the wisdom of trying a huge settlement in Louisiana. He was abandoning his ideas of colonial greatness, and besides, another war with Great Britain was imminent. On the 2nd of May he signed a treaty selling Louisiana to the United States (over one million square miles), for $11,250,000, and a liquidation of United States claims for damages in other quarters of $3,750,000 or a total of fifteen million dollars. This was the Louisiana purchase which is now to be celebrated by a Universal Exposition at St. Louis, then a small trading post. On the 20th of December, 1903, the province of Louisiana was officially surrendered to Governor Claiborne, of Mississippi, and General Wilkinson, of the United States army. The transfer of Upper Louisiana took place at St. Louis on the 8th and 10th of March, 1804.

Then the United States proceeded to secure Florida and dispossess Spain of all her territory east of the Mississippi. All sorts of expedients were resorted to which would cause trouble and create "claims" against the government of Spain. Finally, in 1821, a treaty ceded to the United States all of the Floridas and all territory belonging to Spain west of the Mississippi, with the exception of what is now Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and Southern California. This settlement cost the United States about six and a half million dollars.

Of course, the next step was to continue the quarrel and to put peculiar interpretations on these various treaties. The United States citizens in Texas gave the Mexican governor all the trouble they could. In 1833 they asked the Mexican Government to allow them to organize a separate State. The refusal was followed by a revolution and the organization of a republic under General Sam Houston, in December, 1835. A little later the United States recognized the new republic. Finally, in 1845, Texas was annexed to the United States, the sum of $10,000,000 being applied to the liquidation of the debts of the republic.

But even this did not satisfy the land-hunger of this branch of our race. Mexico's protests led to a glorious war, with the result that in 1848 New Mexico and California were added to the United States in return for $15,000,000. The despoliation of Mexico continued, and soon afterwards the existing boundary between the two countries was defined.

From Great Britain also, the United States has secured several concessions. The Jay treaty of 1793 between Great Britain and the United States decided that commissions should be appointed to survey the upper Mississippi River and to determine the boundary between the United States and Canada along the St. Croix River. Further provisions for boundary commissions were



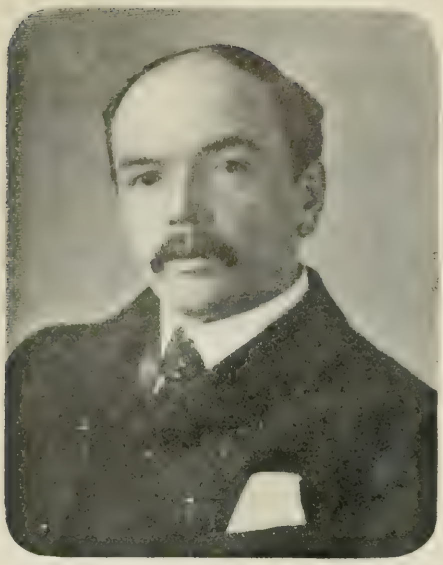
MAP OF CENTRAL PORTION WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS, ST. LOUIS

Festival Hall, built on a terraced hill, overlooks the large exhibition buildings, grouped around the Grand Basin at the foot of the hill.

inserted in the Treaty of Ghent which closed the war of 1812-13-14. By the Treaty of London of 1818 the United States gained some ancient British territory in the north by a provision which declared that the boundary should be along the 49th parallel of north latitude from the northwestern point of the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains.

Another article in this important treaty provided that the country west of the Rockies claimed by either party should be free and open to the people of both nations for ten years. This was a great gain for the United States, especially since earlier in the year a United States military force had taken possession of Fort George at the mouth of the Columbia River and renamed it Fort Astoria. The United States chances were therefore materially improved by this subsequent treaty, because it acknowledged the propriety of this theft and gave them time for further aggression. The ten-year period was still further extended in 1827 with some small gains, and finally by the Treaty of Washington of 1846, the present boundary line was agreed upon and the United States flag has since continued to fly over most of the disputed territory. To this interesting tale may be attached the story of how Daniel Webster, by concealing the Franklin map of the boundary agreed upon in 1783 between New Brunswick and Maine—to use the modern names, secured 7,000 square miles of territory by the Ashburton Treaty of 1842.

The acquisition of Alaska was an-



DR. JAMESON
The New Premier of Cape Colony

other diplomatic triumph for the United States. They had once claimed the coastline as far north as Bering Strait, but in 1825 Russia and Great Britain settled upon a certain district as being Russian territory. In 1867 these Russian territorial rights were purchased by the United States for $7,200,000, and in 1903 these rights were further confirmed by the Alaskan Boundary Commission appointed by Great Britain and the United States.

The territorial expansion of the United States, due to the war with Spain, is also recent history. The Philippine Islands have an area of 115,300 square miles and a population of eight millions. Hawaii, or the Sandwich Islands, contain nearly 7,000 square miles and a population of 150,000. Porto Rico is about half that area, but has a population of a million, being the most densely populated portion of the United States territory. Guam and Samoa are also recent acquisitions.

To make the same progress in the twentieth century as she has made in the nineteenth, the United States would require to conquer a large portion of the continent of America. She has made a start in Panama, and no doubt other portions of Central America will be selected in due course. One attempt to conquer Canada was made in the nineteenth century, and some people claim that a second will be made during the twentieth. To read the history of the Great Republic during the past hundred years and then to imagine that from henceforth the people of that country will refrain from annexing new territory is to write one's self down an idle dreamer.

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IN SOUTH AFRICA

CANADA is vitally interested in the reorganization of South Africa, because to the other British Colonies she must look for future trade development. The progress made since the Boer war has not been satisfactory to the onlooker, although it may be to Lord Milner and his associates. No doubt, there are great difficulties. New problems and unexpected conditions have a habit of arising to confront us when we least expect them.

Dr. Jameson, the ex-convict and new Premier, has introduced his first measure after the elections. It is a Redistribution Bill, which is expected to ensure a fairer measure of representation to the British element. He proposes to create three new seats in the Legislative Council and twelve for the Assembly, and to distribute these among the principal towns. The wings of the Bond are to be clipped.

There is something romantic in the career of this young Scotchman who landed in Cape Colony, twenty-six years ago, to try his fortune at a distant outpost of the Empire. In Kimberley he shared rooms with a young man named Cecil Rhodes. Every person knows how this friendship led to the Jameson Raid in May, 1896, and resulted in putting Dr. Jameson in convict dress. Concerning this Raid Dr. Jameson has spoken candidly and wittily. "Revolution," he once said, "to be justified must be successful—ours was not. I made a mess of it and got fifteen months—that is all. No, I may add one thing, I deserved fifteen years—for failing."

John A. Cooper

About New Books.

DAINTY LITERATURE

CANADA is a land whose sentiment is somewhat rugged and unrefined—to speak generally, and not unkindly. There is little of the picturesque in Canadian life. Nature presents a strong, rugged appearance to the people of this country, and consequently its people are farmers, herdsmen, miners and hunters. No one would call the Canadians a dainty, art-loving, pleasure-seeking race. We are men of muscle, of action, of daring, of military ambition. Gentleness is of little use in a country where food is gained so hardly, where trees cumber the productive soil, where long, stern winters make our summers necessarily more active, where stern, rocky mountains and hills cross and recross the fertile belts, where Nature yields her products and her secrets so unwillingly. Besides, our civilization is new. Canada is a babe among the nations. Instead of a thousand years of history, she has only a couple of centuries—three, at the outside. Mediævilism even has barely left its mark upon the country—there are few ruins, few relics of an ancient age around which mellow sentiment might gather.

So our literature is solemn. Our spoken speech is harsh in its vowel sounds. Our language is bold and direct. Our common expressions lack in daintiness and that circumlocution which is picturesque. The short stories and novels which reflect Canadian life are as harsh, as abrupt and as rough-hewn as our speech and our sentiments. The average Canadian writer does not play with thoughts, expressions and words. He is forcible, but seldom picturesque.

Perhaps, as we grow older, we shall acquire the habit. We may learn how to describe the beauties of nature, the varying moods of human beings, the complex phenomena of human sentiment in coloured words and phrases. We may lose our directness. We may lose our simple classifications of human motives, thoughts and action, and evolve a pyschological attitude similar to that of nations whose civilization and mental vision go back to the time of the Parthenon and other ancient glories of Greece. But at present we are unblushingly crude.

This unavoidable state of affairs is brought home to us when we read the literature of European nations—especially of the Romance countries. Zola, Dumas, Maupassant, Ouida, perhaps Sienkiewitz and Tolstoi—to use familiar names—have no counterparts or even distant followers in Canada, and very few even in the United States.

* * *

These thoughts are suggested in a way by a reading of "My Friend Prospero," by Henry Harland,* an Italian story written by an Englishman who has followed in the footsteps of George Eliot, Robert Browning and Marion Crawford, and sought balmy climes for sunny pictures. He finds a magnificent castle with

> "its endless chain of big, empty, silent, splendid state apartments, with their pavements of gleaming marble, in many-coloured patterns, their painted and gilded ceilings, tapestried walls, carved wood and moulded stucco, their pictures, pictures, pictures, and their atmosphere of stately desolation, their memories of another age, their reminders of the pomp and power of people who had long been ghosts."

In and around this wild Italian valley "with olive-clad hills blue-gray at either side," he weaves a delicate romance. The blue-eyed Anglo-Saxon young man seeking rest and pleasure meets a fair Austrian maiden; he a farmer's son, she a miller's daughter—so each thinks. Were it true, there would be a Canadian romance; but it isn't true, and thus we have an old-world romance, for he is heir to a dukedom and she a princess. This is all the plot; but the plot is nothing in comparison with the dainty manner in which it is handled, the beautiful music which permeates this antique opera. The refinement is so great that the lovers speak of each other, reveal their sentiments only through the use of the third person when mentioning the other. The dialogue only indicates what each means, never expresses it directly; the motives of each are never more than half revealed. There is over it all a dalliance, an absence of haste, a delicate refinement of expression and sentiment which marks these characters as being the opposite of the people of the Western hemisphere, as unlike us as we are unlike the Japs or the Chinese.

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*Toronto: William Briggs.

❧

If the reader desires to test the truth of the foregoing, he may take up Ernest W. Hornung's new novel "Denis Dent,"* and compare the two. The binding of the latter is just as good, the paper is finer and the frontispiece is just as dainty. Perhaps the letterpress is a trifle coarser, but certainly the atmosphere of the story is that of a different civilization. Sailors and miners, and the crude life of Australia—and a sentence like the following for a keynote to the story:

> "He stood on the quay, but a ragged young boor—unlettered child of felons—unshriven son of the soil—yet worth twice his weight in gold in all senses of the homely phrase. And the troubled face, with the tears rolling grotesquely over the tan, was the last that Denis looked on in a land as rich as in the precious metal itself."

This bold sentence with its crudeness of expression and of sentiment is indicative of the whole book. If another example were needed one might quote: "They had also cash in hand to the tune of £2;" "Nor had Denis long to wait for Mr. Doherty's earlier manner, which got up like a breeze in the free expression of his opinion that ten pounds was not enough;" or this literary gem, "Night falls like an assassin in that country, but the purple tints were only beginning when in his *very ear* she implored him not to leave her any more, and he held her closer, *but said he must.*"

❧

Again, the contrast between the simplicity of a book like "My Friend Prospero" and some others, might be exemplified by some quotations from "Sir Mortimer,"* the latest novel from the pen of that famous citizen of the United States, Mary Johnston, author of "To Have and to Hold." On page 2 one meets with this charming sentence:

> "He paused, being upon his feet, a man of about thirty years, richly dressed, and out of reason good to look at."

One is led to wonder what relation there is between his pausing and his being on his feet. Surely Sir Mortimer could have paused sitting down, or even had he been less richly dressed, even younger in years, or less good to look at. Or one may select the following to exemplify an unnatural straining after effect:

> "In England, since the stealing forth of one lonely ship, heard of no more, three springtimes had kissed finger-tips to winter and burgeoned into summer, and three summers had held court in pride, then shrivelled into autumn."

Yet one would fain acknowledge that even this over-decorated piece of word architecture is more to be desired than the weary round of monotonous phrasing. There is a happy medium—yet so few have accurately gauged it. Mary Johnston comes nearer to successful phrasing than most novelists of the day, and no one may read "Sir Mortimer" without being convinced that here is an extraordinary novel. She enters into the spirit of the Elizabethan heroes and pictures their actions with a vividness which is almost startling. In fact "Sir Mortimer," even more than "My Friend Prospero," is a book to be read and re-read. More actors throng the stage, and wider ranges are followed, and yet almost equal success in literary style and artistic handling of the theme are attained.

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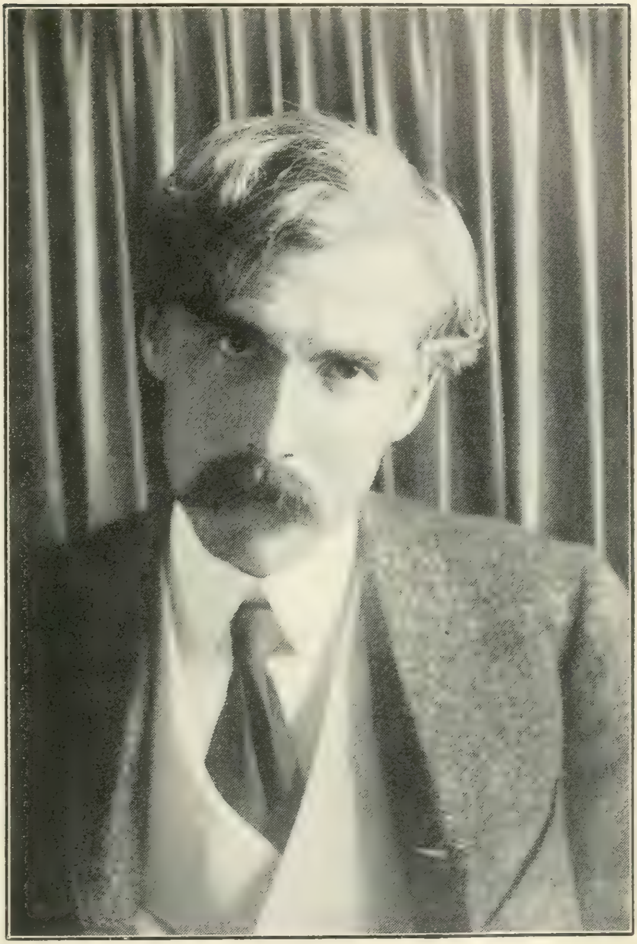
*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

* Toronto: The Book Supply Co.

A NEW NOVELIST

Norman Duncan, whose stories of Newfoundland have found their way into *Harper's*, *McClure's*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, and other publications, is a Canadian who claims the city of Brantford as his birth-place. Eight years of his life were spent in the town of Mitchell in Western Ontario, and from there he entered the University of Toronto. He left that institution without a degree, because he found the science course which he had chosen was distasteful. From there he went to Auburn, N.Y., and engaged in journalistic work. Two years later he joined the staff of the New York *Evening Post*, and to the atmosphere of that office attributes his later success in fiction. His first stories dealt with life in the Syrian Quarters of New York, and have since been published in book form with the title "The Soul of the Street." Reaction caused him to long for a change of subject, and he chose to study the sea and those who fight with it.

His subsequent work is the result of three summers in Newfoundland and one in Labrador. His second book is a collection of Newfoundland stories. His third, to be issued next fall, is to be his first long story, and it will bear the title, "The Champion." Canadians who have not yet tasted his work, should seek it out. There is no Canadian writing fiction to-day who gives greater promise than Norman Duncan. He recently visited Toronto at the invitation of the Canadian Club, and made a decided impression. Of medium stature, Mr. Duncan is not one to impress one on sight, but the face and the voice soon indicate the gentle,


NORMAN DUNCAN
Author of "The Way of the Sea," etc.

earnest spirit which animates the man and which stamps him as one of earth's noblemen.

❧

NOTES

VERNON NOTT, the new Canadian poet mentioned recently, was born in Montreal in 1878, his father being English and his mother Canadian. He has spent most of his life in England and was educated at Uppingham School. He served in the Imperial Army for a year, but his health breaking down, he was compelled to resign his commission. Returning to Canada, he studied law at McGill for a year after which he decided to follow what had been his lode-star in life—literature, and he intends to devote himself entirely to writing verse. He has written three other books since "The Ballad of the Soul's Desire," one of which will be published in England early in the coming year. He has been spending the winter in Montreal.

Messrs. Constable will publish next month a special study of the naval and military history of the conquest of Canada, by William Wood, of Quebec, a past-president of the Literary and Scientific Society of that city, and a contributor to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. The book will be entitled "The Fight for Canada," and is based entirely on original documents, many hundreds of which he has studied, and very few of which have yet been made use of. The book will undoubtedly be a valuable contribution to Canadian history.

The April number of the *Queen's Quarterly* is worthy of special mention and deserving of wide circulation. It indicates what Canada might produce regularly if Canadians did not prefer United States publications to those produced at home. Professor Carmichael deals with "Photography in Natural Colours" in an able manner; A. W. Playfair, a young man who abandoned pedagogical work for business, writes interestingly of "Paper Making;" Sir Sandford Fleming contributes his address entitled "Build up Canada," delivered before the Canadian Club of Toronto, and this is distinguished by an instructive map showing our unexplored regions; Professor Marshall dissects "Matthew Arnold's Philosophy of Religion;" and there are other important articles and general features. The *Queen's Quarterly* should have a wide circulation even among those who have never known the delights of living "On the Old Ontario Strand."

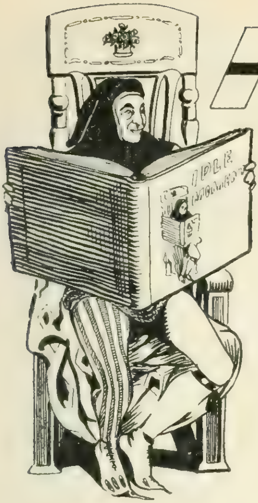
The thinking Canadian who does not desire to see this country a nation of wealthy landlords, of railway millionaires, or of privileged corporations, should read the fact-studded pamphlet, "Canada, a Modern Nation," by W. D. Lighthall, the well-known Montreal barrister. Mr. Lighthall figures out that Canada may easily accommodate 900,000,000 people, and that care must be taken to adopt general lines of policy which will ensure equality and continuity of opportunity to all future citizens. Mr. Lighthall also emphasizes the possibilities of public and municipal ownership and argues intelligently in its favour. (Montreal: A. T. Chapman, 25 cts.)

"The Studio," English edition, continues to be a most informing art journal. The recent numbers have been exceptionally bright, and the coloured reproductions are a continuous wonder to the observer who is not yet *blasé* with modern advances in the printer's art.

"Picture Titles for Painters and Photographers" is the title of a unique and suggestive volume by A. L. Baldry, published by "The Studio" of London, England. The quotations are chosen from the literature of Great Britain and America, but confines himself to about a score of the best known authors.

The "Annual Archæological Report" of David Boyle, of the Education Department of Ontario (1903) is a splendid contribution to our historical records. Special attention is paid to effigy stone pipes, stone axes, stone gouges, early copper utensils and Indian village sites. Mr. Boyle reports that the Ontario Museum now contains about 27,000 specimens.

IDLE MOMENTS



STORY OF A CORK LEG

WHILE waiting for the judge in Chambers the other morning some lawyers got into a conversation on the old Peter Hamilton mortgage, and other mortgages. They finally drifted to chattel mortgages, and one of the barristers, a member of a prominent legal firm in the city, told of a strange one. An old soldier, who had lost his leg in war and had a "peg" on the stump, confided to him one day that he was in love with a widow who had a little money. He wanted to get a cork leg, to put on style, but he had not the price. What he needed was $75. The lawyer said he would lend it to him if he would give a chattel mortgage on the leg. This was agreed to, and, more in fun than in earnest, the mortgage was drawn up, but not registered. Anyway, the soldier got the leg and won the widow. When the couple were married the lawyer's gift to the bride was the mortgage on the groom's leg.—*Hamilton Times.*

A NEW FLOWER

(AN ADAPTED JOKE)

A Toronto gentleman stopped at a King St. florist's a few days ago and, after placing his order, said:

"Have you anything new in flowers?"

"Yes, here is something which I thought would prove popular, but it doesn't seem to go very well." Then he brought out a gaudy hybrid.

"What is the name of it?" asked the customer.

"I call it 'the Prohibition Candidates' Pledge.'"

"For what reason?"

"Simply because it fades so quickly."

THE NEW VERSION

A soldier of the Russians
  Lay japanned at Tschrizvkjskivitch,
There was lack of woman's nursing
  And other comforts which
Might add to his last moments
  And smooth the final way;
But a comrade stood beside him
  To hear what he might say.
The japanned Russian faltered
  As he took that comrade's hand,
And he said: "I never more shall see
  My own, my native land:
Take a message and a token
  To some distant friends of mine
For I was born at Smnlxzrskgqrxski,
  Fair Smnlxzrskgqrxski on the Irkztrvzklmnov."

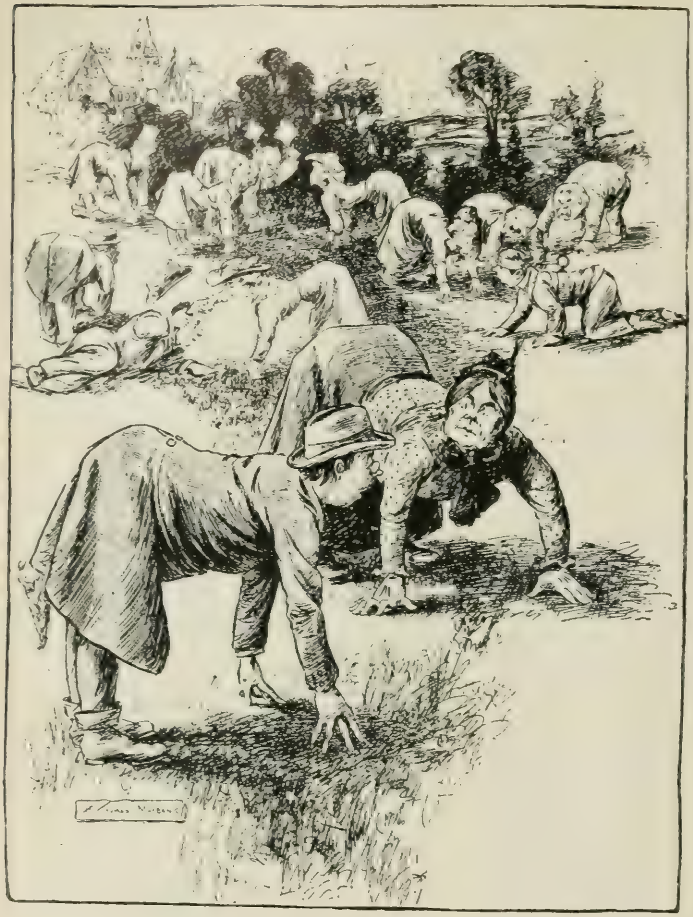
—*W. J. L. in New York Sun.*

THE SUPREMEST NERVE

It is said that when Mr. Gladstone read a book by Mr. Carnegie he remarked that he admired the courage of a man who, without knowing how to write, wrote on a subject of which he knew nothing.—*Schoolmaster.*

FROM FAR TIBET

A correspondent with the Tibet mission tells a mule story: "Mules, apparently, do not die from any cause, and this mission has again proved the extreme hardihood of these animals. When the mission first crossed the



THE HEALTH CRAZE

The modern methods of attaining health, rebuilding shattered constitutions, curing dyspeptic ills and reducing weight, which have now become such a craze with society in general, would certainly have started our fathers. Quite the latest hails from Berlin, where a distinctly original treatment is to be experimented. The idea is that the upright position adopted by men and women is entirely opposed to hygiene—they should walk on all fours. The illustration depicts the artist's conception of patients under this system indulging in a little exercise. —The London *Bystander*

Jelap-la, a mule slipped in the dusk and fell into the lake at the bottom of the pass. It was thought to be drowned. Next morning a convoy found it with its nose just above the ice, the rest of its body literally frozen in. Pickaxes were brought, and the animal was dug out. It is now working as usual."—*St. James Gazette.*

COULD DO IT WITHOUT A GUIDE

The American revivalists who were in Liverpool some months ago have also visited Glasgow. To a vast congregation the preaching evangelist cried: "Now, all you good people who mean to go to heaven with me, stand up!" With a surge of enthusiasm, the audience sprang to their feet — all but an old Scotchman in the front row, who sat still. The horrified evangelist wrung his hands, and, addressing him, said: "My good man, my good man, don't you want to go to heaven?" Clear and deliberate came the answer: "Awe, Awm gangin', but no wi' a pairsonally conducted pairty!"—*Selected.*

WOMEN CLASSIFIED

There are three classes of women:

(1.) Women who want to be kissed.

(2.) Women who do not want to be kissed.

(3.) Women who look as though they would like to be kissed, but won't let men kiss them.

The first men kiss, the second they do not kiss, the third they marry.—*Life.*

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

CURIOUS PIPES

THE collection of curio pipes shown in the accompanying photograph is the property of Dr. Burrows of Lindsay, Ont., and is certainly unique in representing so many different countries.

So long as there are people, there will be collectors—old furniture, antique silverware, postage stamps, rare paintings, rare gems and any other kind of curiosity. Nearly every smoker collects pipes, but it is not often one goes into it on the same scale as Dr. Burrows. Those in his collection are notable from many standpoints as may be gathered from the following list :

No. 1. Armenian.

No. 2. Aboriginal Indian.

No. 3. From Honolulu.

No. 4. From Vienna.

No. 5. From Derry.

No. 6. British Admiral's at Cawnpore, India.

No. 7. Pipe smoked by A. Molley Maguire while being hanged.

No. 8. From store beneath Gottenburg Monument.

No. 9. Italian.

No. 10. From Nile, Egypt.

No. 11. From Paardeberg, with Oom Paul's face.

No. 12. Syrian carved Turk's head.

No. 13. Native Indian Clay.

No. 14. Common Clay from Waterloo Place, London; has been around the world.

No. 15. Japanese Lady's Opium pipe.

No. 16. Taken from between teeth of dead Boer on Spion Kop after engagement with British.

No. 17. From St. Pierre, Marquette, after fire, covered with fused lava.

No. 18. From Berne, Switzerland, with bear totem.

No. 19. From Stuttgart.

No. 20. Indian Chief's pipe from Omic Harbour.

No. 21. Native South American Indian. Smoked without stem, through piece of cloth.

No. 22. Pipe from block of wood, representing Eagle, carved by American soldier in Philippines.

No. 23. Boer pipe of native wood.

No. 24. Long German.

No. 25. Bowl of South American Pipe.

No. 26. Mephistopheles head carved from bog oak.

No. 27. Old Normal bowl.

No. 28. Red stone Indian pipe.

No. 29. Miniature German pipe, carved with pen knife by prisoner in Bastile; in bowl are three perfect dice.

No. 30. Esquimo pipe from beyond Hoy River, within Arctic Circle.

No. 31. Pipe smoked by French Gentleman who died in Grey Nun Hospital, Montreal, aged 106.

Left of No. 4 is small pipe smoked by a boy Gordon, 4 years of age.

Above No. 1 is pipe smoked by young lady at Vassar school.

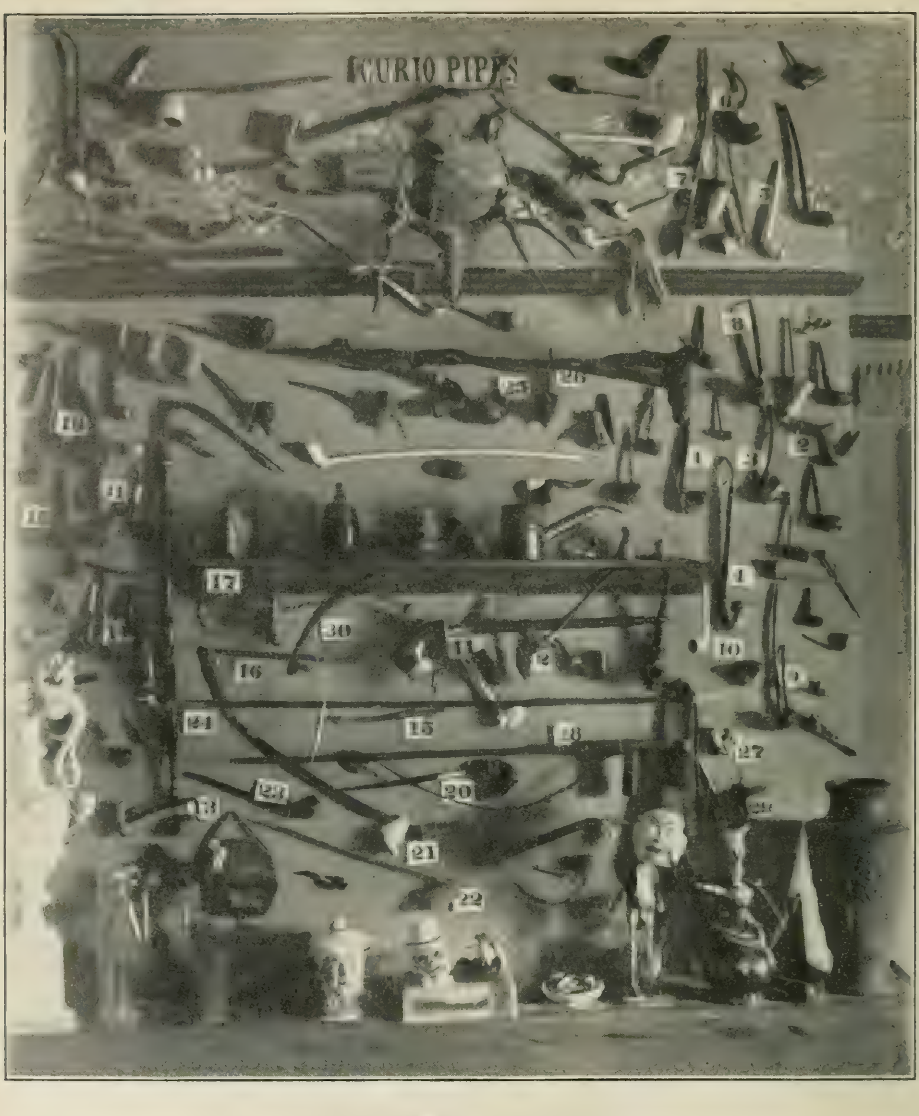
Below No. 2 pipe smoked by Volney Ashford, Major-General to her Majesty Queen Lilioukalani's forces in Hawaii.

Upper right hand corner pipe smoked by notorious Jesse James from De Sotto.

Above 20 Indian pipe fashioned from root, from Judge Chadwick of Guelph.

In centre above, another Indian root fashioned like Moose's head.

Right of it is pipe smoked on vessel



A COLLECTION OF CURIOUS PIPES

Most of the pipes are described in the accompanying text. They are the property of Dr. Burrows, of Lindsay, Ont.

by Duke of Norfolk crossing to Canada.

Left of it tobacco pouch fashioned from albatross foot used by gulf sailors.

In the cigar box is Tac-a-hic tobacco smoked by Esquimo of far north when tobacco is not procurable; it is made from the bark of willow.

There are also Porto Rico dope cigars, cigars used by Chicago and New York toughs to render unsuspecting victims unconscious, a part plug of tobacco in which diamonds were attempted to be smuggled, Spanish Tuscans, and the latest acquisition a covile pipe from Calcutta. Nearly every pipe has a history. Dr. Burrows will be glad to procure for his collection any pipes with special history or a peculiarity of any kind.

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS

A Department For Business Men.

CANADIAN TOBACCO ABROAD

ONE of the Canadian agents in Australia writes that Canadian cut tobaccos have made their appearance in Melbourne. He points out that nearly all cut tobacco in Australia is imported in hermetically sealed tins, and that Canadian tobaccos will require to be put up in this way. The Canadian tobacco men would do better to look after their own trade at home instead of attempting to capture foreign markets. English tobaccos in sealed tins are growing more popular in Canada, and the Canadian manufacturer will be forced to do better in flavouring and tinning if he expects to hold even his own market. It is inconceivable that he should compete successfully with the English exporter in Australia, when he cannot compete with him at home with an advantage in duty and in freight.

Again the British tobacco curer is a good advertiser. No other class of English exporter has his enterprise unless possibly the soap and the pill manufacturers. Canadian tobacco curers have not yet learned the value of printers' ink.

⁂

AN IMPERIAL COUNCIL

THE Hon. Alfred Deakin, the new Premier of Australia, who was a delegate from the Victorian Government to the first Imperial Conference in 1887, has reaffirmed his preference for an Imperial Council. This is a period of Conferences, but the Empire will require something more permanent, more definite. An Imperial Council, a consultative rather than a legislative body, would be the natural outcome of Imperial progress. It would give the various parts of the Empire opportunity to state their positions and desires to each other. Its atmosphere would be that of calm discussion, unbiassed as its delegates would be by party affiliations or considerations. Every scheme for common defence, for the development of shipping, or for mutual aid, could there be elaborated with knowledge and forethought. This method of deciding Imperial questions and settling Imperial policy might not be perfect nor final, but it would be a step in advance. Mr. Deakin is not in favour of allowing sentiment to be the only bond which binds the Empire together, for, he thinks, there must also be a business basis on which the Empire's business shall be carried on.

It will thus be seen, as has been pointed out by Sir Charles Tupper and others, the idea of an Imperial Parliament is not regarded with favour by the practical statesmen of the day in the Colonies. They nearly all agree that the time for such a new representative organization is still far distant.

⁂

BONELESS HERRING

THE abundance of herring in the Bay of Fundy this winter has led to the establishment of a new industry at Eastport, the putting up of boneless herring. The fish are being supplied by Captain James C. Calder, of Campobello, N.B., and the factory plant is operated by the big syndicate known as the Sea Coast Canning Company.

For a number of years a concern in New York has been putting on the market a boneless herring put up by a patent process, from smoked fish shipped from Campobello in bulk. The Eastport firm has only recently started in the business, but it already uses up 5,500 pounds of herring daily. The head, tail, skin, bones and part of the belly are removed before the fish are placed in the cans. As the plant required for this business is not expensive and the process is not at all complicated, some of the Canadian canneries might put herring up in this form to advantage. It is certain that by the adoption of new methods of marketing fish, the use of this commodity might be made much larger than it is at present. The success which has attended efforts in this direction seems to indicate that the old forms of fish to which people have been accustomed from time immemorial may give way to the more finished product.—*Maritime Merchant.*

⁂

BOUNTIES VS. TARIFFS

THE Hamilton *Times* admires the Government's bounty system because "the Government handles the bounty and people know exactly what they pay the iron men as a gift," whereas under a protective system the "iron men may themselves levy the tax, make it many times greater and keep the public from knowing how much they take." The *Times* has the correct idea of the bounty, but it entirely ignores the fact that under the protective system through home competition it is possible for the consumer to obtain his supply just as cheaply if not even more cheaply than he would if the producer had no protection. Protection does not add to the cost of iron in the United States.—Montreal *Gazette.*

⁂

THE ALSEK REGION

If the testimony of the men who have examined the Alsek region, and who are preparing to take advantage of the opportunities which they claim it offers, is to be given the credit it would seem to deserve, we have in that district a new Klondike from which much benefit will be reaped during the next four years. It is accordingly gratifying that the whole gold-bearing area, which is computed at about a hundred square miles, is entirely within Canadian territory, and that the commercial results which will flow from its development will be realized by our own people. If the hopes for the richness of the district are fulfilled Vancouver will more perhaps than any Canadian centre be the gainer, as this city ought to be its direct base of supply. The Governor of the Yukon Territory is showing commendable activity in acquiring information regarding the auriferous character of the region, and forwarding this intelligence to the Dominion authorities, who, as soon as they regard themselves as justified in so doing, will appropriate a sufficient sum of money to construct roads and trails through the country.—Vancouver *Province.*

⁂

THE COPPER TRUST

When trust promoters fall out the public occasionally gets a little inside information. This is what happened in the ship-building case, and now we are promised the true history of Amalgamated copper. A few facts of interest have already come out during the course of the Boston gas hearing in which the copper promoters were also interested. Mr. Lawson said on the stand that $46,000,000 profit was involved in one transaction in which he was interested with the "Standard Oil crowd." This sum was raised to $66,000,000 in a statement that Mr. Lawson gave out on Sunday, and we can well believe him without further explanation. Copper properties like Anaconda, Butte and Boston, and others were turned over to the trust at figures ranging from fifty to one hundred per cent. above their cost and value. Amalgamated was floated at par and is now quoted at 49. This, in brief, is the history of another combination in restraint of trade.—*Public Opinion, N. Y.*

SUNSET ON THE BAY OF FUNDY

JUNE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE

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VOL. XXIII TORONTO, JUNE, 1904 No. 2

THE BUILDING OF A RAILWAY

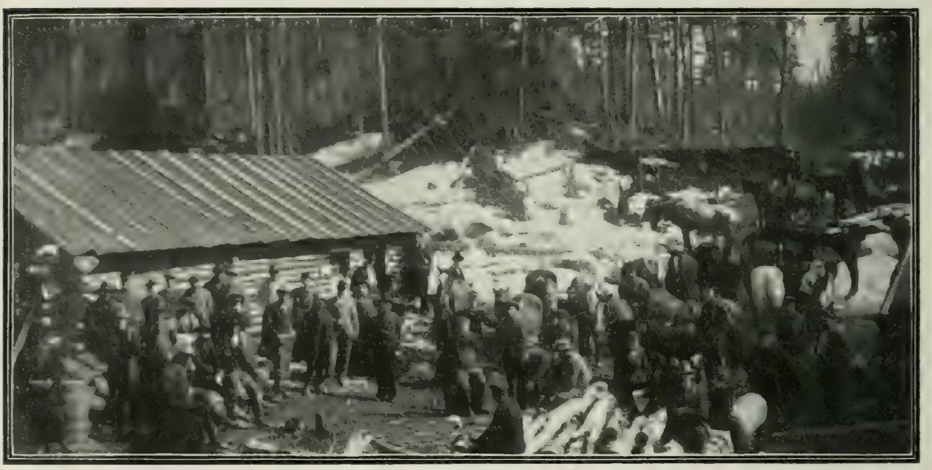
By HOPKINS J. MOORHOUSE

GREATEST of all factors in a country's development are its railway systems, and the building of a railway through unopened tracts should be a matter for national congratulation. To scattered inhabitants of a hitherto forsaken region it means much, to many individual concerns it means more, but to the nation it means most of all, in the opening up of new mineral wealth, in new settlements, increased population and additional revenues.

Miles and miles of unbroken wilderness perhaps, the country stretches away, a lonesome land of spruce and balsam and little lakes studded with islet clumps, and jagged mountains of rock piling into the sky. For centuries it has lain in its primitive grandeur, its resources unknown and its solitude broken only by the voices of its own wild habitants. Then one day a little party of white men, in legging boots and accompanied by Indian guides, forces its way into the depths. Each day they move here and there up the rocky heights, down into the swamp land, through dense forest growths; each night their camp-fire glows like a coal upon the edge of some little lake, its ruddy flickerings trailing out over the water into shifting shadow fantasies. And the wild things creep down the forest aisles to peer out of the enclosing gloom and wonder, while away in the crowded cities the newspapers have announced that the reconnaissance for a new railway is being taken, that engineers are already in the field exploring for a route.

To locate the very best route through a vast tract of unknown country is a task that demands a thorough knowledge of the work. A very necessary part of the locating engineer's equipment are the climbing irons with which he ascends into the tree-tops to take frequent observations of the panorama spreading around him — hills and valleys; ridges, slopes and levels; watersheds, river basins and lakes. He must avoid boggy places and ever keep in mind maximum gradients and probable difficulties of construction. He may become separated from his guide if he is not careful, and lose his way, unless he knows that insects lodge under the bark on the south side of tree-trunks, that the north side of an exposed boulder is damp and mossy and that the north star is in line with the front of the Great Dipper; in other words, he must know enough woodcraft to be at home in the wild. Railway location depends greatly upon the financial and political limitations of the promoters, whose aims must govern the locating engineer in his explorations quite as much as topographical considerations.

As a class and as individuals civil engineers are remarkable. Men who are not afraid to be swallowed up from their friends for months at a time, to camp out in all kinds of weather, to wash in creeks, drink swamp water and live on crackers and cold pork; men who can walk all day with packs on their backs through tangles of virgin jungle and who can watch a black-fly take a bite and go off up a stump to eat it, without swearing more than might be forgiven—such men as these are surely not of the commonalty. But it is the Chief Engineer who is the man of qualities. His versatility is only equalled by his common sense and executive ability. If asked the meaning of "Can't" he could only stare; the word is not in his vocabulary. He generally has a back like a hired man and shakes hands with a grip. Upon him devolves the responsibility of building the road: placing surveyors in the field, draughting plans and estimates, constructing bridges, boring tunnels, fixing terminals and doing many other things equally exacting.



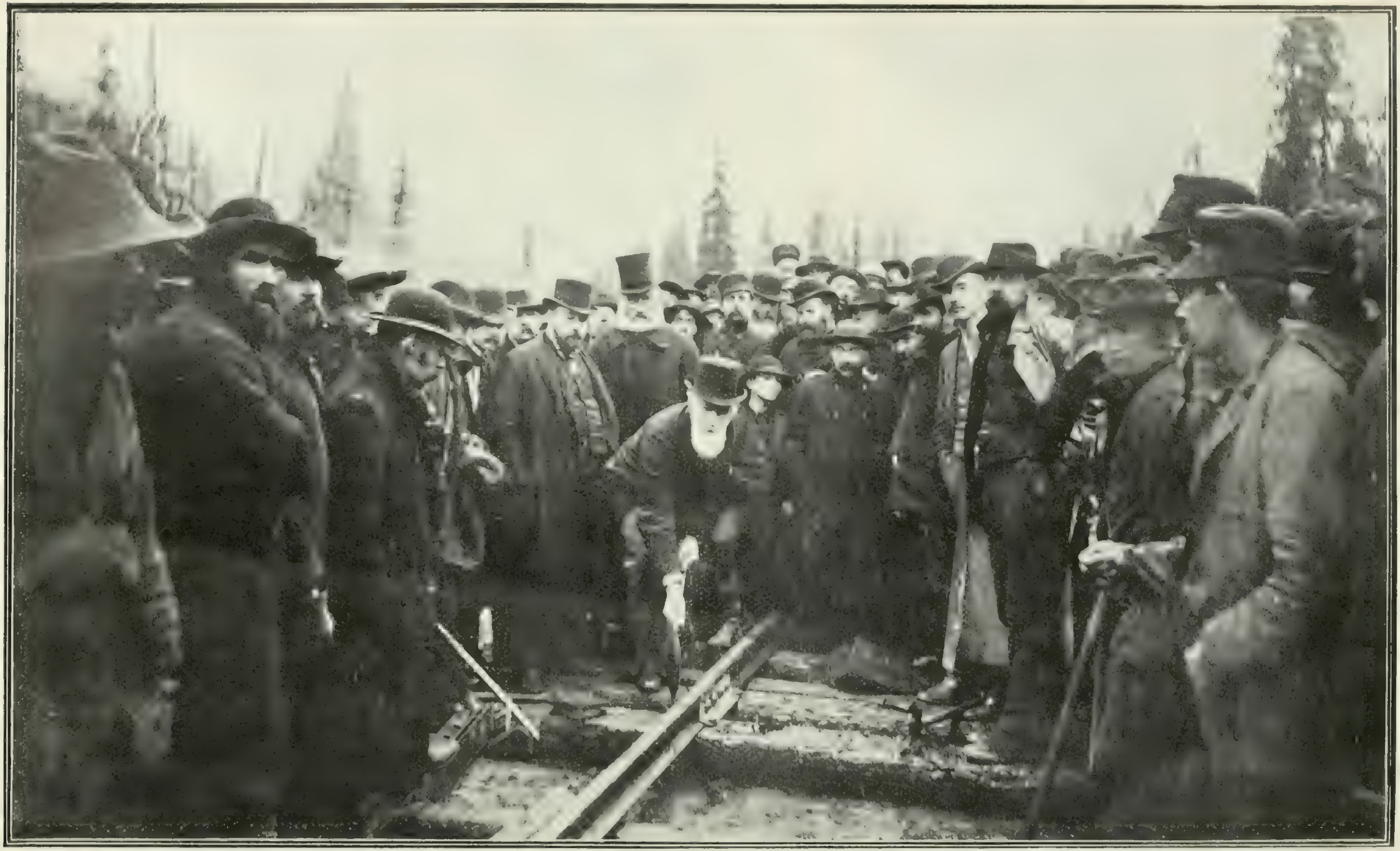
A TYPICAL RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION CAMP IN NORTHERN CANADA

Many survey parties are in the field at the same time—engineers, axemen, tapemen, cooks; with transits, levels, aneroid barometers and camp paraphernalia. "Trial lines" are run zigzag along the reconnaissance line to discover more definitely just where the railway can be built to best advantage and at minimum cost. When a full report has been handed in with the Chief Engineer's estimates and recommendations, the road is ready for opening up.

The system is one of contracts and sub-contracts. Contractors who have secured work direct from the Company sub-let to other contractors, who in turn may sub-let to "station-men." The latter contract for work on perhaps half-a-dozen "stations" of six hundred feet each.

Almost the first step is the making of a "tote road," which is always a big item of expense in railway construction. It is a rough waggon-trail, cleared and blazed through the forest parallel to the route, to facilitate the transportation of supplies to the various construction camps. Once the railway is built, the tote road has served its purpose and is abandoned.

The work rapidly settles into definite shape. Gangs of navvies—Swedes, Finns, Italians, French and English—are at the points from which operations commence, ready to fall to work with pick and shovel. Axemen hew the Company's right-of-way through the tamarack growths, and behind them the air is filled with the loud "Gee!" "Whoa-Haw!" "Back you!" of the teamsters who are clearing the ground. The earth is ploughed up and loosened for the shovellers, hauled away in



AN HISTORIC EVENT IN CANADIAN RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION

The driving of the golden spike to signalize the completion of the Main Line of the Canadian Pacific across the Continent. This occurred on November 7th, 1885, in British Columbia. The Hon. D. A. Smith (Lord Strathcona) drove the spike, while behind him stood Mr. (Sir William) Van Horne and Mr. (Sir) Sanford Fleming.

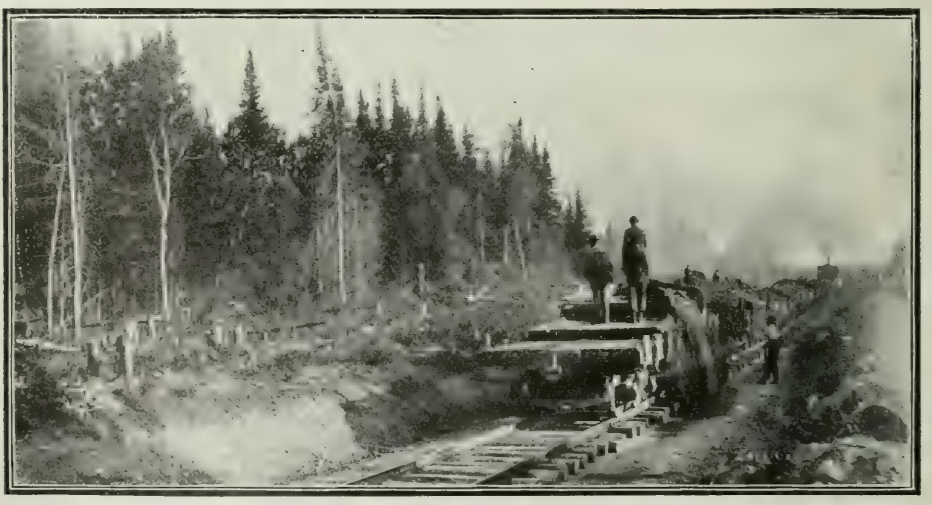
A STEAM SHOVEL WILL LOAD A TRAIN OF FLAT CARS IN A FEW MINUTES

carts or spread and levelled into embankment layers. Here and there along the route construction camps are building, and one or two little sawmills spring into being.

The boom of dynamite blasts among the hills, and an incessant clink-clink of drills are sounds which may be heard wherever railway construction is in progress. The road does not stop for such a small thing as a wall of rock. A few blasting charges will tear a passageway through, and this is cleared of the broken rock debris with the aid of cranes erected at the sides of the cutting.

It sometimes happens that rock formation is such that the slopes of a deep cut through it would be liable to slips, in which case a tunnel is necessary. Shafts are first sunk to ascertain the nature of the ground. A line is drawn accurately upon the surface above the tunnel's axis, and through this line working shafts are sunk at intervals to the roof of the tunnel. The excavated rock and earth is taken out at both ends and up the shafts. The tunnel is generally safe without arch supports when it runs through unstratified rock; but in stratified rock, where slabs may work loose at any time, a sustaining arch under the roof is an essential. The drainage is built along the axis underneath the track ballasting.

Across marshy places and small streams the road is carried by means of wooden trestles. Owing to the liability of the piles decaying, a trestle over boggy ground is resorted to only as a temporary expedient to sustain the rails at the proper level until the sand and gravel, with which the trestle is subsequently filled in, has settled firmly about the piles and stringers into a substantial embankment support. Permanent trestles across streams



BALLASTING A BIT OF NEWLY-LAID TRACK. AN UNLOADING PLOUGH IS CARRIED ON THE REAR CAR. A CABLE CONNECTS IT WITH ENGINE. BY IT A TRAIN IS UNLOADED IN A FEW SECONDS. THE T. AND N. O. RAILWAY.—PHOTO BY PARK, BRANTFORD are erected on masonry foundations or on foundations of piles sunk through the river-bed. The piles are sometimes driven down deep and a platform foundation built on top of them, but frequently they are left far enough above ground to themselves become the frame supports. Their tops are sawed off level and horizontal beams or "caps" bolted on or mortised to receive tenons. The uprights are braced diagonally. Several different methods are followed in trestle building, dependent entirely upon local conditions.

THE FIRST BREAK INTO A ROCKY HILL

THE CUTTING COMPLETED AND THE RAILS LAID, AWAITING THE BALLAST

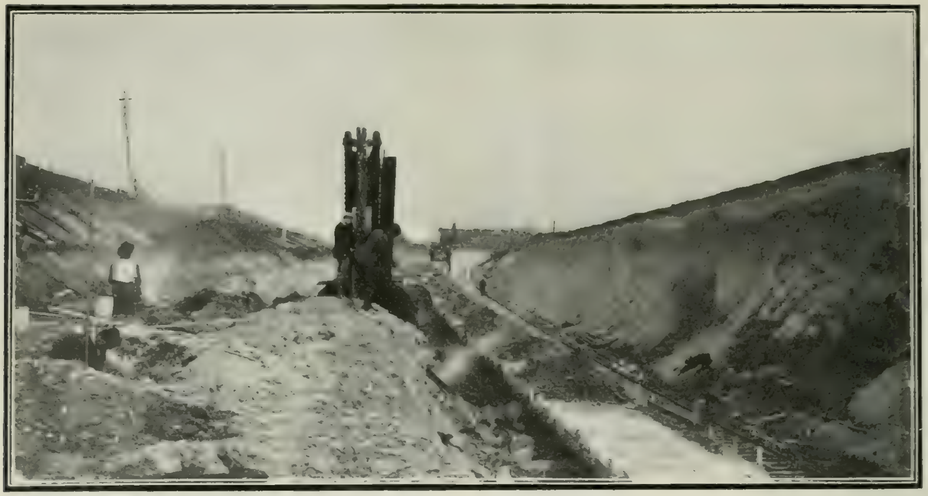
The driving apparatus in a pile-driving machine consists of a weight block enclosed in two upright guide shafts. This ram is hauled up the shaft by hand or steam and falls back on the head of the pile. Pile-driving has been done also by exploding powder charges in a metal cap affixed to the top of the pile. By means of this about thirty-five blows can be struck every minute with a driving force of five to ten feet.

In forming the roadbed and providing the drainage necessary to good tracking, great care is exercised. The bed is given a rounding slope from the centre and a thorough system of ditching. Ditches are also dug along the upper sides of rock-cuts, a short distance back from the slope, to catch the water and carry it free of the cutting.

THE BEGINNING OF THE TRESTLE WORK

With the commencement of track laying, the new railway begins to take definite shape. Sawmills have been busy turning out cross-ties which lie scattered and piled all along the finished

PILES FOR TRESTLE WORK



STRAIGHTENING AND DOUBLE TRACKING THE MAIN LINE OF THE GRAND TRUNK JUST EAST OF TORONTO. THE LARGE STEAM SHOVEL IS MAKING THE SECOND CUT THROUGH "HOG'S BACK," WHILE THE MEN IN THE FOREGROUND ARE BORING HOLES IN THE ROCK PREPARATORY TO BLASTING

roadway. They are quickly laid in place and workmen swarm about the heavy steel rails alongside. These are picked up with lifting irons, carried into position, rapidly spiked, and the great disjointed serpent that has been straggling its length of wood and metal down the vista between the forest walls, slowly wriggles out of the ditch and settles into parallels of steel. The rapidity with which track can be laid is greatly increased where a track-laying machine is used, the rate of advance being about a mile per day.

In building the curves, care is taken to elevate the outer rail. The height of this elevation depends upon the sharpness of the curve; for, as the centrifugal force will drive the wheels of a railway carriage towards the outside rail, so the elevation of the latter will bring into play a gravity force counteracting towards the inside rail. It is this elevation that allows a train to speed around a curve without danger of leaping the rails.

The gauge generally adopted gives the track a width of four feet, eight and one-half inches. Although there are arguments in favor of narrow-gauge railroads, yet these are over-balanced by the inconvenience that would result from the adoption of a narrower gauge than is in general use, rendering impossible the handling of other lines' cars.

When the track is down, ballasting is in order and a very important factor it is in good construction work. Upon the ballasting depends the elasticity of the roadbed. It supports the ties on all sides, keeps the track in line, carries off rainwater and, by drainage, lessens the action of frost. Gravel is in most general use in this country; coarse, clean gravel drains well and is easily surfaced. Heavy sand is also used but is dusty in summer, which is not good for rolling stock. Just how much ballast is to be laid on the roadbed will be determined by the Company's finances. The depth will probably average fourteen inches. Ballast pits are opened up along the route and the road ballasted by trainloads. The track is first lined and surfaced with a light "lift" of the coarsest material to hand before the ballast trains can be allowed to run at any speed over the new track. If they do not go slowly when the track is lying without ballast support, rails will

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE "HOG'S BACK" CUT ON GRAND TRUNK, SHOWING THE CUTTING AS IT APPEARED AFTER BEING LOWERED 22 FEET, AND PREVIOUS TO THE FINAL CUT OF THE SHOVEL. THE CUT IS WIDE ON ACCOUNT OF THE DOUBLE TRACK

bend, angle bars crack and the track shift out of line. A second "lift" is tamped and packed around the ties and supports until the track is solid ; a single loose tie will, under traffic, work a hole in the ballast, making a lodging-place for water which will soon undermine the rail and cause the track to sag. The final lift of ballasting is of finer material and is laid on for finishing purposes.

In a ballast pit, the feature of interest is the steam shovel which loads the sand and gravel on to the flat-cars. In mechanism it is like a dredge, and is built upon trucks of its own, so that it can be easily moved from place to place. The scoop is driven by steam; and the swinging gear is operated by chains and cogs. The shovel is ranged alongside the pit embankment and the empty cars run slowly past it by means of a cable attached to a horse-power sweep.

The last car of a ballast train carries an unloading plough attached to the engine by means of a wire cable running over the tops of the flat-cars. The plough is dragged from end to end of the train, and is capable of emptying fifteen cars in less than four minutes.

Life in the construction camps is much the same as that of the lumbermen. The living room is a long shanty with bunks ranging around the walls, and connected with this by a roofed passageway is the cook-house, the domain of the cook and his assistant, where the immense iron oven is always hot and the long plank tables are spread with great quantities of food. It is invariably a hungry lot that "wash up" for supper after work is over for the day.

An idea seems to be prevalent among many people that things are carried on in the roughest of rough styles up in the woods. While this may be true in some instances, it is not so within the precincts of a well-ordered construction camp. When the "cookee" pounds the gong, or blows the horn, or shouts, as the case may be, there is no wild stampede into the cook-house, though certainly the summons to eat is promptly obeyed. Each man quietly steps over the long bench with the sapling legs, and sits down in front of the nearest tin pannican and iron knife and fork. He helps himself, but he does not grab. There are no cries of: "Sling up the punk, Bill," or "Toss over them murphies," or "Here, you, give's the cow." That sort of thing

"RIVER ROUGE FILL" ON GRAND TRUNK SYSTEM, 17 MILES EAST OF TORONTO. THE HARD PAN OUT OF HOG'S BACK CUT WAS USED TO RAISE THIS BIT OF TRACK TWENTY FEET. IT IS RAISED STEADILY FOOT BY FOOT, CONSTRUCTION AND OTHER TRAINS PASSING OVER IT ALMOST AS USUAL.

is not tolerated, for with a hundred or more famished men kicking up a clamour, the cook and the cookee would simply be driven out of their wits. As it is, they are kept continually on the go to replenish the table.

Pork and beans is a fixture on the bill of fare; it is a diet that has yet to be improved upon where men are working hard in the open air. Pork and beans for breakfast, beans and pork for dinner, both for tea—always hot and wholesome and sustaining; those beans, a meal for an epicure if he is hungry! Then there are soups and stews and good wheaten bread, and pies and German doughnuts, and boilers of steaming tea and coffee, with real evaporated cream to go with it. After supper the men smoke pipes, chat for awhile, turn in and sleep soundly, get up early and go to work again.

So the days pass, the weeks pass, the winter passes, the summer comes and the heat and the flies, but steadily on creeps the new railway until at last comes the gala day. This is the day which the promoters have had in mind since the government charts and maps were first examined—the day when the first train, bedecked with flags, makes the initial run and the new road stands complete, a monument to national prosperity and and another step in the development of public interests.

A THIRD VIEW OF "HOG'S BACK"

STEAM SHOVEL HALF WAY THROUGH ON FINAL CUT

THOMAS HARDY PHOTO BY LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.

LITERARY PORTRAITS[*]

By HALDANE MACFALL, Author of "The Masterfolk," etc.

II.—THOMAS HARDY

THROUGH dreamy, sincere eyes, the large soul of Thomas Hardy looks out upon a sad world for which his great heart aches with an infinite pity. He see the immortals for ever making sport of all poor human things here below. He sighs to think how small a thing is the heroism of the greatest amongst us—nay, even their loftiest ambitions—compared to the vastness of the huge universe of which this earth is but a little trifling star. When all man's endeavour is summed up, what a poor basketful of insignificance it is, set down at the foot of the mountains of time! He sighs at the cruelty of nature that can order so hard a road for the poor wounded feet of man to travel—the poor worn with toil, the rich harassed with discontent, the wise unable to attain more than the scraps of wisdom.

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Seeing the world through the grey glasses of pessimism, the light goes out of his heaven. He flinches from the brutality of life—the hawk striking down the linnet, tearing to pieces its exquisite design—the wolf flying at the throat of the lamb—the ferret's crafty attack on the timid hare. Everywhere life taking life. No refuge from the unending struggle. Success in life—what is it but the tale of other hearts broken? What is the rich man's palace but the sign of other homes made desolate? Everywhere is strife, pursuit, sorrow, suffering—the rich trampling down the poor. At the end of all life's striving—the grave! What is commerce but the getting the better of one's neighbour? At every hand the strong overthrowing the weak.

Behind Hardy's kindly, ready laugh, behind his grim sense of humour, behind his demure manner and frank gaze, we feel this constant dogged effort to set aside the veil that hides the mystery of life. His large humanity, his love of every created thing, reels from the cruelty of nature, shrinks in horror from the fact of the creation of so exquisite a thing as Life to be destroyed in so horrible a thing as Death.

And it is, perhaps, in his depiction of the agony of the burden that is the destiny of the world's most beautifully created thing, Woman, that the largest sense of his humanity cries out. It is for this brutality of all brutalities that he seems to be most heavily sorrowful. In a series of superb studies of women, of the unsophisticated women of rural life, the country town, and the village, he insists on the tragic burden of their womanhood.

Everywhere he sees sorrow and pain. The very intellect that raises man above the brute, what does it do to bring happiness to poor, stumbling, blundering man? It but dangles hopes and ambitions and joys as lures before his eyes to decoy him into struggling for them, and, in the strife, to push others down. The intellect, man's boast over the brute—it is the crown of thorns! It cannot give happiness, it often brings madness, it is swallowed in the grave of time.

This conviction of the cruelty of nature and of life Hardy has expressed through a series of novels of country life that place him supreme amongst the English masters of the prose pastoral. It may, at first sight, seem strange that the voice of the countryside, finding tongue through the genius of Hardy, should compel our minds to dwell on the cruelty of nature. We are accustomed to think of the country as giving us the healthy strong man, the vigorous race. But it is a strange fact that it is not in the towns but amongst the rural folk that melancholy most dwells, and madness finds its largest prey; just as it is a strange fact that the greatest landscape painter of the world was born and bred in the dingy house of a narrow London street; just as we find that the Irish, a merry folk by repute, are at heart amongst the saddest people in the world. There broods always over the country, even in its most beautiful landscapes, a sense of sadness, the hint of a sigh, such as one rarely feels in the toil-worn streets of cities.

The life of the fields is nearer to nature—toil is on a heavier ground—labour is lower, more tedious—longer in yielding its results. The day is more lonely. Death is more insistent, more known, oftener seen, nearer when it comes, hides itself less from the gaze. In London how rarely we realise that anyone is dying! In a village, death brings a solemn dignity and a hush to the smallest cottage—the coming of death sets every tongue a-gossip.

It is through the personality of Thomas Hardy, and in and by his fine novels, that we feel the pathos and the quaint humour of the country side ; it is in his pictures of life that we are made to feel not only that the life of the village is as romantic as the life of the stately homes that dominate the village, but we are shyly shown that the lord who lives in pomp and circumstance in the stately home passes into the handsome tomb as the villager passes into his simple grave, all in the selfsame God's-acre; and the obliterating earth, and the wind and the rain blot out in time the very record of their virtues in stone, as they wear away the simple tombstones of the poor, and all are in time forgotten.

It is remarkable that it is in England's great pastoral poem, Grey's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," that we find the greatest pessimistic poem of the English language—pessimistic as the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam.

As alleviation for the sadness of life, the Eastern genius of Omar Khayyam found wine and a book, a loaf and the love of a girl. The pessimism of the mediæval Church found it in the hope of a future state of bliss. Hardy finds in it a vast pity for all suffering things. The life beyond the drawn curtain of death is beyond his ken—beyond his guessing. He is filled with a wide pity and a generous charity for every suffering thing upon this earth; and in his desire to mitigate all suffering, Hardy finds that which makes for the beautifying of life.

The pessimistic genius can never be so stimulating to a vigorous life for mankind as the optimistic genius; nor its impulse so forward urging towards fuller existence and the emancipation of the race. It is the man that believes the Designer to have made a glorious world, the man that looks upon life as a splendid wayfaring, who lifts the world upon his shoulders. The most supremely noble pessimist (and Hardy is near the throne) can at best but sit at the hearth of his sad world and pile up the fire in the hope to mitigate the biting frost for others; but the optimist holds the sun to the earth, and his very joyousness sets the world a-singing.

Born some sixty-three years ago, in his beloved Wessex, that is the background to his pastoral tragedies and comedies, Thomas Hardy was schooled in the art of architecture—indeed, threatened to reach early distinction in the building of churches—but the building of prose was making a more urgent call upon his temperament. At thirty-one he discarded bricks and stone, and some toying with verse, to make his first and most unpromising essay in fiction with a sensational story of the kind then in vogue. At thirty-two, however, with "Under the Greenwood Tree," he entered, haltingly enough, to be sure, into his kingdom, and first uttered the voice of the supreme English master of the pastoral novel. But it was not until his thirty-fourth year that "Far From the Madding Crowd" noised abroad the fact that a genius had arrived amongst us. In his thirty-eighth year came the sublime, the deepest and the most perfect of his tragedies, "The Return of the Native."

With his fifty-first year he completely changed his manner, and gave us the realistic "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and, four years later, "Jude the Obscure." The supremacy of sheer beauty of artistry had now given place to the domination of the spirit of humanity, of righteous indignation, and of the vast pity which has always stirred his genius. These two books were violently attacked for what is called their "realism," by which the critic and the public generally seem to mean such a treatment of sex as is not the ordinary romantic conception of it in fiction.

As a matter of fact, powerful and great as "Tess" is, some colour was lent to the charge by the tendency on Hardy's part to exaggerate his chief literary defect in these two novels—a defect which is the marked characteristic of the realistic movement—a habit of over-elaborate detail, and of wandering away into unessential descriptions and side-issues from the path of his plot. But the truth was that Hardy had joined the younger men in a supreme effort to break from the cramping convention into which the novel had fallen—for the nineties saw a general movement in letters to break away from the "rose-water" school. "Tess," striking the first strong blow, was bitterly assailed, and had to bear the brunt of the attack. Meredith says somewhere: "Nature will force her way, and if you try to stifle her by drowning she comes up, not the fairest part of her uppermost." In "Jude the Obscure" there is a suspicion of this unseemliness. But the attack on Hardy was childish. His style, limpid and pure, was never more masterly than in these books; his drawing of character was never more subtle nor more sure. And, to rank immortal, it is on its creation of character that the novel must finally stand at the bar of judgment. Hardy rests to-day secure of his bays.

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN RUSSIA AND JAPAN

By THE EDITOR

JAPAN regards the independence of Korea as absolutely essential to her own repose and security. Japan also believes that the indefinite occupation of Manchuria by Russia would be a continual menace to the Korean Empire. Hence the present struggle between that Empire and Russia.

NICHOLAS II—THE CZAR OF RUSSIA

For three hundred years Russia has been steadily pushing her way eastward from the Ural Mountains to the Pacific coast. During the last fifty years she has secured much Chinese territory. In 1857 Britain and France quarrelled with China, invaded her territory and occupied Pekin. Russia used her influence to assist China in securing a settlement and have the invading armies withdrawn, subsequently obtaining for her services a large portion of territory just north of the Amur River. To protect this territory she built Vladivostock, which she thought would be a satisfactory Pacific Ocean port. In 1891, with the present Emperor as the guiding spirit of the undertaking, she began to build the Trans-Siberian Railway from St. Petersburg to Vladivostock. Experience soon showed that this port was not satisfactory because it was ice-bound several months of the year. Investigation also proved that the Railway could not be profitably run through Russian territory north of the Amur River.

Having arrived at this point Russian diplomacy began to look for a more southerly and more direct route from Lake Baikal to Vladivostock across Manchuria, and for a new ocean terminus farther south where Russian ships might enter all the year round. A Russian Ukase of December 23rd, 1896, authorized the formation of the Eastern China Railway Company, consisting exclusively of Russian and Chinese shareholders. The line which this railway follows starts at Kaidalovo on the Trans-Siberian Railway, 440 miles east of Lake Baikal, and strikes southeasterly across Manchuria to Kharbin. Here it bifurcates, one branch extending to Vladivostock and a second to Port Arthur. This was the first step in the new movement.

This movement was not made without the opposition of Japan. In 1894 she declared war against China, ostensibly over Korea. The Japanese captured Port Arthur and the Liaotung Peninsula, and marched on Pekin. At this point the European Powers intervened and a treaty of peace was negotiated. By it China recognized the full and complete independence of Korea, and agreed to pay Japan an indemnity of $100,000,000 and to cede to her the Liaotung Peninsula. It was a great victory for Japan. But the wily Li Hung Chang, who had charge of the negotiations, had previously arranged with Russia that Japan should be prevented from permanently occupying the Liaotung Peninsula. Accordingly, a few days after the treaty was signed, Russia, Germany and France protested against the Japanese occupation of that territory. This was a sad blow to Japanese hopes. To hold what the treaty gave her she must have fought the three great Powers, an impossibility for her at that time. Accordingly, she surrendered what she had so valorously won, and decided to await the turn of events.

Soon afterwards, German activity in North China was used by Russia as a reason for occupying the Liaotung Peninsula and fortifying Port Arthur. This happened in the last month of 1897. Thus at the beginning of 1898 Japan found herself face to face with her rival in the Yellow Sea. Nor has diplomacy nor international event served to drive Russia back one foot from what she then obtained. The more recent troubles with China failed to shake Russia's hold on Manchurian territory, or to induce her to withdraw any of her troops from that portion of the Chinese Empire.

MUTSUHITO—EMPEROR OF JAPAN, 1867-1904

When it became evident that Russia intended to hold Manchuria at all costs, Japan prepared for eventualities. Her already strong army was strengthened, and her already large navy was enlarged. The lesson of fifty years of Russian advance was too strong to be ignored—Turkestan, Amur, Saghalien, Manchuria, Port Arthur were among the signposts. There must be a struggle, a fight to the bitter end, or else Japan should forever remain a small island Empire.

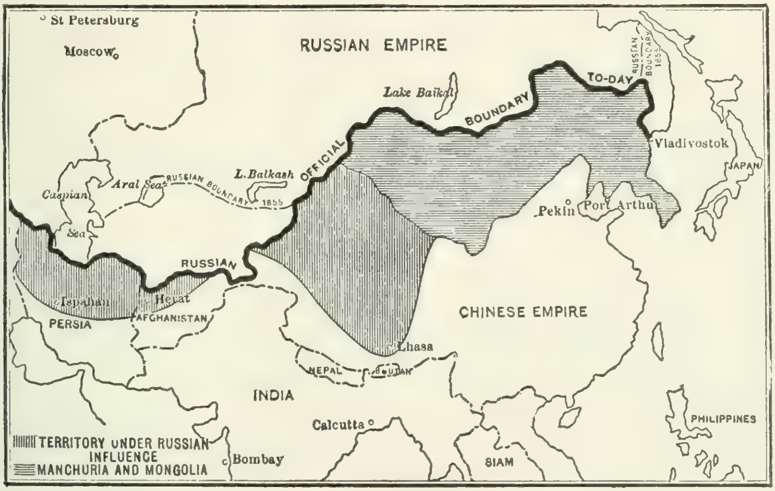
In July of last year, Japan invited Russia to confer upon the subject of securing a friendly adjustment of all questions relating to Manchuria and Korea. Japan probably knew that an agreement was unlikely, but nevertheless she resolved to try direct diplomacy. In August the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg presented to the Russian Government a basis of agreement in which both countries were to guarantee the independence and integrity of China and Korea and to maintain the principle of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations in both these countries.

Russia positively refused to consider Manchuria as outside her sphere of action, or to agree that all nations should have equal opportunities of commerce and industry in that district. She had built a railway across it, she had fortified Port Arthur, she had the right to maintain troops there for the preservation of order; these rights she would not surrender for "the open door." So far as Korea was concerned, Russia agreed that Japan had some rights there but claimed some herself. She wanted a neutral zone in Northern Korea which would be left open for both nations. Japan had an experience of neutral zones and joint occupation in Saghalien and knew quite well what such an arrangement would mean.

Negotiations were continued at Tokio and the Russian Ambassador there went so far as to settle upon certain concessions which Russia might make. In October, these concessions were forwarded to St. Petersburg for confirmation. No answer was received until December, and then the concessions were refused. Japan then presented another modified note and waited for an answer until early in the second month of the present year. On February 5th, the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg presented a note to the Russian Government severing diplomatic relations between the two Governments. On the night of February 8th the Japanese fleet attacked Port Arthur.

It will thus be seen that the present war is not an accidental event. It is the result of fifty years of Russian aggression in the East, of fifty years of Russian determination to be a power on the Pacific. By playing the part of friend to China whenever that great hulking aggregation of individuals got into trouble, she has gradually acquired possession of Northern China which she has crossed with railways and guarded with fortifications, armies and fleets. A few years more and Korea would have come under her sway. Then Japan would have had Russian guns pointed across almost the whole of her territory. When that stage was reached, what could forty-five millions of people hope to hold against one hundred and fifty millions, if the latter chose to be aggressive?

Unfortunately for Russian designs and ambitions, Japan has suddenly become a modern nation. Before 1850 the Japs were forbidden by their rulers either to leave the country or to have intercourse with foreigners. In the twinkling of an eye this exclusion policy was changed. In 1867, Mutsuhito, the present progressive Emperor, came to the throne with new ideas. He was determined to introduce Western civilization : constitutional government, representative institutions, equality before the law, impartial administration of justice, a broad system of education, modern industrial methods and a progressive army and navy. In fifty years Japan has been transformed from a position similar to that in which China is still content, to that occupied by such countries as France, Germany, England and the United States. Young Japs were sent out to all the modern nations to learn what was best in the government, institutions and civilization of each, and to bring back their information to Japan. Educationists, administrators, engineers, lawyers and other teachers were imported from all over the world to help in the transformation. The great families voluntarily surrendered their hereditary estates and privileges, and so far as possible social and political equality was introduced. The system of agriculture was improved; the export of silk was developed until it now amounts to $31,000,000 a year; the coal mines were operated on improved plans so that 9,000,000 tons were produced in 1901; the camphor trade of Formosa was developed; the export of tea was enlarged; a national university was founded; cotton mills were built and railways were constructed. Japan became a Western nation and now she is fighting to show that she must hereafter be recognized as one of the seven or eight great nations of the world.



MAP SHOWING THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE IN ASIA DURING THE LAST FIFTY YEARS. THE DISTRICT JUST ABOVE VLADIVOSTOCK WAS SECURED FROM CHINA IN 1855

If Japan had not wakened up, no one could doubt that she would eventually have been swallowed up, as China is likely to be. The history of the last fifty years shows that at least one-quarter of the Chinese Empire has passed under other flags, most of it to Russia. All the district north of Afghanistan and east of the Caspian Sea has passed under Russian sway; Amur and Maritime, north of the Amur River, were recently Chinese territory; Manchuria and the Liaotung Peninsula are still nominally Chinese territory, but really part of the Russian Empire. In fifty years the population of Russia has increased from 74,000,000 to 150,000,000.

Neither Korea nor China are fit to stand against the Russian advance. Korea has an area of 82,000 square miles, a little more than the Province of Manitoba, or about one-third of the Province of Ontario. Its population, it is true, is about 17,000,000, or three times as large as that of Canada, but that population is composed of ignorant and unprogressive farmers. It has always been disputed territory, and alternately governed by China and Japan, and its people are not organized to withstand aggression.

Nor is China in a much better state. Patriotism and efficient government are unknown qualities. While other nations have been relying on military prowess and their own strong arm, China has been depending upon the belief that their Emperor is the Vicar of Heaven, the sole mediator between God and man. Mysterious reverence is the tie that has held this great Empire together since the time when the Roman legions of Titus were camped around the Holy City, seventy years after the birth of Christ; from the time when Egypt and Mesopotamia were the dominant powers of the Eastern Mediterranean. The Emperor is also the father of the nation, and all his children honour and reverence him. Only this and the efficiency of Chinese diplomacy have held that Empire together so long. Li Hung Chang and the present Empress are the greatest modern representatives of this diplomacy—types of the whole nation. Li Hung Chang's diplomacy has already been referred to. The Empress is "an illiterate profligate, an ignorant and unscrupulous concubine, whom fortune made mother of a puppet Emperor." Yet she wields a wonderful power at home and among the diplomats of other nations. Moreover, the Chinese are born traders and artisans. In their business qualities they resemble the Jews. Even when China falls they will be the merchants and artisans of the earth. The toilers in Europe and America have in them the great competitor of the future. As fighters and governors they are not competent to stand against the Slav for a moment.

The helplessness of Korea and China but increases the difficulties of Japan. It also indicates why Great Britain is an ally and the United States a friend of the Japanese. It is to Japan that Western civilization looks to preserve the open door on the Pacific Coast. With the downfall of Japan, would come the downfall of British, German, French and American trade in the Orient. Hence the Western world hopes that Japan will win.

Even though the struggle be a short one, it must be expensive. The Spanish-American War was not prolonged but it cost the United States more than $350,000,000. The South African Campaign would rank only as a second-rate war but the cost to Great Britain was $1,200,000,000. If the war lasts for any great length of time each Empire will find it difficult to finance an undertaking which may easily cost $1,000,000 per day. The public debt of Russia stands to-day at about $4,250,000,000 and it is difficult to see how this can be greatly increased in spite of the enormous size of the country. Of this huge quantity of floating securities France holds more than $1,400,000,000 and France has been the great market for Russian securities. The remainder is held in

THE RUSSIAN BATTLESHIP POBIEDA

Damaged by a Japanese mine on April 13th, at the time when the Petropavlovsk was sunk

Germany, Holland, Belgium or at home. Whether these countries would be inclined to increase their holdings in order to protect what they now have remains to be seen. Japan's debt is only about $300,000,000 and by far the greater part of it is in domestic loans. It is one of the smallest of national debts and on a per capita basis is less than that of any other great nation. What financing Japan has done in the outside world has been done in England. At the present time the Anglo-Saxon money markets are somewhat overloaded and further Japanese flotations would be somewhat difficult. As a preparation for this War she has succeeded in floating at home a loan for $50,000,000 and the enthusiasm of the people would probably ensure further success of the same kind if it were needed. Nevertheless Russia has undoubtedly greater resources for the raising of money and will be best able to finance an extended war. Japan will not fight long—the Liaotung Peninsula and Korea would probably satisfy her.

THE NECKLACE[*]

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT

SHE was one of those pretty and charming girls who are sometimes, as if by a mistake of destiny, born in a family of clerks. She had no dowry, no expectations, no means of being known, understood, loved, wedded by any rich and distinguished man; and she let herself be married to a little clerk at the Ministry of Public Instruction.

She dressed plainly because she could not dress well, but she was as unhappy as though she had really fallen from her proper station; since with women there is neither caste nor rank; and beauty, grace and charm act instead of family birth. Natural fineness, instinct for what is elegant, suppleness of wit, are the marks of aristocracy, and make from women of the people the equals of the very greatest ladies.

She suffered ceaselessly, feeling herself born for all the delicacies and all the luxuries. She suffered from the poverty of her dwelling, from the wretched look of the walls, from the worn-out chairs, from the ugliness of the curtains. All those things, of which another woman of her rank would never have been conscious, tortured her and made her angry. The sight of the little Breton peasant who did her humble housework aroused in her regrets which were despairing, and distracted dreams. She thought of the silent antechambers hung with Oriental tapestry, lit by tall bronze candelabra, and of the two great footmen in knee breeches who sleep in the big arm-chairs, made drowsy by the heavy warmth of the hot-air stove. She thought of the long salons fitted up with ancient silk, of the delicate furniture carrying priceless curiosities, and of the coquettish, perfumed boudoirs made for talks at five o'clock with intimate friends, with men famous and sought after, whom all women envy and whose attention they all desire.

When she sat down to dinner before the round table, covered with a table-cloth three days' old, opposite her husband, who uncovered the soup-tureen and declared with an enchanted air: "Ah, the good *pot-au-feu!* I don't know anything better than that," she thought of dainty dinners, of shining silverware, of tapestry which peopled the walls with ancient personages and with strange birds flying in the midst of a fairy forest; and she thought of delicious dishes served on marvellous plates, and of the whispered gallantries which you listen to with a sphinx-like smile, while you are eating the pink flesh of a trout or the wings of a quail.

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She had no dresses, no jewels, nothing. And she loved nothing but that; she felt made for that. She would so have liked to please, to be envied, to be charming, to be sought after.

She had a friend, a former schoolmate at the convent, who was rich, and whom she did not like to go and see any more, because she suffered so much when she came back.

But one evening her husband returned home with a triumphant air, and holding a large envelope in his hand.

"There," said he, "there is something for you."

She tore the paper sharply, and drew out a printed card which bore these words:

"The Minister of Public Instruction and Mme. Georges Ramponneau request the honour of M. and Mme. Loisel's company at the palace of the Ministry on Monday evening, January 18th."

Instead of being delighted, as her husband hoped, she threw the invitation on the table with disdain, murmuring:

"What do you want me to do with that?"

"But, my dear, I thought you would be glad. You never go out, and this is such a fine opportunity. I had awful trouble to get it. Everyone wants to go; it is very select, and they are not giving many invitations to clerks. The whole official world will be there."

She looked at him with an irritated eye, and she said impatiently:

"And what do you want me to put on my back?"

He had not thought of that. He stammered:

"Why, the dress you go to the theatre in. It looks very well to me."

He stopped distracted, seeing that his wife was crying. Two great tears descended slowly from the corners of her eyes towards the corners of her mouth. He stuttered:

"What's the matter? What's the matter?"

But, by a violent effort, she had conquered her grief, and she replied, with a calm voice, while she wiped her wet cheeks:

"Nothing. Only I have no dress, and therefore I can't go to this ball. Give your card to some colleague whose wife is better equipped than I."

He was in despair. He resumed:

"Come, let us see, Mathilde. How much would it cost, a suitable dress, which you could use on other occasions; something very simple?"

She reflected several seconds, making her calculations and wondering also what sum she could ask without drawing on herself an immediate refusal and a frightened exclamation from the economical clerk.

Finally, she replied, hesitatingly:

"I don't know exactly, but I think I could manage it with four hundred francs."

He had grown a little pale, because he was laying aside just that amount to buy a gun to treat himself to a little shooting next summer on the plain of Nanterre, with several friends who went to shoot larks down there of a Sunday. But he said:

"All right. I will give you four hundred francs. And try to have a pretty dress."

The day of the ball drew near, and Mme. Loisel seemed sad, uneasy, anxious. Her dress was ready, however. Her husband said to her one evening:

"What is the matter? Come, you've been so queer these last three days."

And she answered:

"It annoys me not to have a single jewel, not a single stone, nothing to put on. I should look like distress. I should almost rather not go at all."

He resumed:

"You might wear natural flowers. It's very stylish at this time of the year.

For ten francs you can get two or three magnificent roses."

She was not convinced.

"No; there's nothing more humiliating than to look poor among other women who are rich."

But her husband cried:

"How stupid you are! Go look up your friend Mme. Forestier, and ask her to lend you some jewels. You're quite thick enough with her to do that."

She uttered a cry of joy:

"It's true. I never thought of it."

The next day she went to her friend and told of her distress. Mme. Forestier went to a wardrobe with a glass door, took out a large jewel-box, brought it back, opened it, and said to Mme. Loisel:

"Choose, my dear."

She saw first of all some bracelets, then a pearl necklace, then a Venetian cross, gold and precious stones of admirable workmanship. She tried on the ornaments before the glass, hesitated, could not make up her mind to part with them, to give them back. She kept asking:

"Haven't you any more?"

"Why yes. Look! I don't know what you like."

All of a sudden she discovered, in a black satin box, a superb necklace of diamonds; and her heart began to beat with an immoderate desire. Her hands trembled as she took it. She fastened it around her throat, outside her high-necked dress and remained lost in ecstasy at the sight of herself.

Then she asked, hesitating, filled with anguish:

"Can you lend me that, only that?"

"Why yes, certainly."

She sprang upon the neck of her friend, kissed her passionately, then fled with her treasure.

. . . . . .

The day of the ball arrived. Mme. Loisel made a great success. She was prettier than them all, elegant, gracious, smiling, and crazy with joy. All the men looked at her, asked her name, endeavoured to be introduced. All the attachés of the Cabinet wanted to waltz with her. She was remarked by the Minister himself.

She danced with intoxication, with passion, made drunk by pleasure, forgetting all, in the triumph of her beauty, in the glory of her success, in a sort of cloud happiness composed of all this homage, of all this admiration, of all these awakened desires, and of that sense of complete victory which is so sweet to woman's heart.

She went away about four o'clock in the morning. Her husband had been sleeping since midnight in a little deserted ante-room, with three other gentlemen whose wives were having a very good time.

He threw over her shoulders the wraps which he had brought, modest wraps of common life, whose poverty contrasted with the elegance of the ball dress. She felt this and wanted to escape so as not to be remarked by the other women, who were enveloping themselves in costly furs.

Loisel held her back.

"Wait a bit. You will catch cold outside. I will go and call a cab."

But she did not listen to him, and rapidly descended the stairs. When they were in the street they did not find a carriage; and they began to look for one, shouting after the cabmen whom they saw passing by at a distance.

They went down towards the Seine, in despair, shivering with cold. At last they found on the quay one of those ancient noctambulant coupes which, exactly as if they were ashamed to show their misery during the day, are never seen round Paris until after nightfall.

It took them to their door in the Rue des Martyrs, and once more, sadly, they climbed up homeward. All was ended, for her. And as to him, he reflected that he must be at the Ministry at ten o'clock.

She removed the wraps which covered her shoulders, before the glass, so as once more to see herself in all her glory. But suddenly she uttered a cry. She had no longer the necklace around her neck!

Her husband, already half-undressed, demanded:

"What is the matter with you?"

She turned madly towards him:

"I have—I have—I've lost Mme. Forestier's necklace."

He stood up distracted.

"What!—How!—Impossible!"

And they looked in the folds of her dress, in the folds of her cloak, in her pockets, everywhere. They did not find it.

He asked:

"You're sure you had it on when you left the ball?"

"Yes, I felt it in the vestibule of the palace."

"But if you had lost it in the street we should have heard it fall. It must be in the cab?"

"Yes, probably. Did you take his number?"

"No. And you, didn't you notice it?"

"No."

They looked thunderstruck at one another. At last Loisel put on his clothes.

"I shall go back on foot," said he, "over the whole route which we have taken, to see if I can't find it."

And he went out. She sat waiting on a chair in her ball dress, without strength to go to bed, overwhelmed, without fire, without a thought.

Her husband came back about seven o'clock. He had found nothing.

He went to Police Headquarters, to the newspaper offices, to offer a reward; he went to the cab companies—everywhere, in fact, whither he was urged by the least suspicion of hope.

She waited all day, in the same condition of mad fear before this terrible calamity.

Loisel returned at night with a hollow, pale face; he had discovered nothing.

"You must write to your friend," said he, "that you have broken the clasp of her necklace and that you are having it mended. That will give us time to turn around."

She wrote at his dictation.

At the end of the week they had lost all hope.

And Loisel, who had aged five years, declared:

"We must consider how to replace that ornament."

The next day they took the box which had contained it, and they went to the jeweller whose name was found within. He consulted his books.

"It was not I, madame, who sold that necklace; I must simply have furnished the case."

Then they went from jeweller to jeweller, searching for a necklace like the other, consulting their memories, sick both of them with chagrin and with anguish.

They found in a shop at the Palais Royal a string of diamonds which seemed to them exactly like the one they looked for. It was worth forty thousand francs. They could have it for thirty-six.

So they begged the jeweller not to sell it for three days yet. And they made a bargain that he should buy it back for thirty-four thousand francs, in case they found the other one before the end of February.

Loisel possessed eighteen thousand francs which his father had left him. He would borrow the rest.

He did borrow, asking a thousand francs of one, five hundred of another, five louis here, three louis there. He gave notes, took up ruinous obligations, dealt with usurers, and all the race of lenders. He compromised all the rest of his life, risked his signature, without even knowing if he could meet it; and, frightened by the pains yet to come, by the black misery which was about to fall upon him, by the prospect of all the physical privations and of all the mortal tortures which he was to suffer, he went to get the new necklace, putting down upon the merchant's counter thirty-six thousand francs.

When Mme. Loisel took back the necklace, Mme. Forestier said to her, with a chilly manner:

"You should have returned it sooner, I might have needed it."

She did not open the case, as her

friend had so much feared. If she had detected the substitution, what would she have thought, what would she have said? Would she not have taken Mme. Loisel for a thief?

Mme. Loisel now knew the horrible existence of the needy. She took her part, moreover, all on a sudden, with heroism. That dreadful debt must be paid. She would pay it. They dismissed their servant; they changed their lodgings; they rented a garret under the roof.

She came to know what heavy housework meant and the odious cares of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, using her rosy nails on the greasy pots and pans. She washed the dirty linen, the shirts, and the dish-cloths, which she dried upon a line; she carried the slops down to the street every morning, and carried up the water, stopping for breath at every landing. And, dressed like a woman of the people, she went to the fruiter, the grocer, the butcher, her basket on her arm, bargaining, insulted, defending her miserable money sou by sou.

Each month they had to meet some notes, renew others, obtain more time.

Her husband worked in the evening making a fair copy of some tradesman's accounts, and late at night he often copied manuscript for five sous a page.

And this life lasted ten years.

At the end of ten years they had paid everything, everything with the rates of usury, and the accumulations of the compound interest.

Mme. Loisel looked old now. She had become the woman of impoverished households, strong and hard and rough. With frowsy hair, skirts askew, and red hands, she talked loud while washing the floor with great swishes of water. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she sat down near the window, and she thought of that gay evening of long ago, of that ball where she had been so beautiful and so feted.

What would have happened if she had not lost that necklace? Who knows? How life is strange and changeful! How little a thing is needed for us to be lost or to be saved!

But, one Sunday, having gone to take a walk in the Champs Elysees to refresh herself from the labours of the week, she suddenly perceived a woman who was leading a child. It was Mme. Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still charming.

Mme. Loisel felt moved. Was she going to speak to her? Yes, certainly. And now that she had paid, she was going to tell her all about it. Why not?

She went up.

"Good-day, Jeanne."

The other, astonished to be familiarly addressed by this plain goodwife, did not recognize her at all and stammered:

"But—Madame!—I do not know—You must have mistaken."

"No. I am Mathilde Loisel."

Her friend uttered a cry.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! How you are changed!"

"Yes, I have had days hard enough, since I have seen you, days wretched enough—and that because of you!"

"Of me! How so?"

"Do you remember that diamond necklace which you lent me to wear at the ministerial ball?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, I lost it."

"What do you mean? You brought it back."

"I brought you back another just like it. And for this we have been ten years paying. You can understand that it was not easy for us, who had nothing. At last it is ended, and I am very glad."

Mme. Forestier had stopped.

"You say you bought a necklace of diamonds to replace mine?"

"Yes. You never noticed it then? They were very like." And she smiled with a joy which was proud and naive at once.

Mme. Forestier, strongly moved, took her two hands.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! Why, my necklace was paste. It was worth at most five hundred francs!"

DIPLOMAT'S SACRIFICE

A RACING STORY

By W. A. FRASER, author of "Mooswa," "Thoroughbreds," etc.

I AM "Jim," a cab horse. In the stables I am known as No. 17.

It seems queer, this London world, with its cockney slang—queer to me, for I was born in Australia twelve years ago. Bli' me!—there, you see, that's Larrikin; it will out—but it was different out *there*.

I was a prince, had royal blood in my veins; but still I didn't learn to write or anything till I came to London and got into the night school for cab horses. That's why I never told this story before.

I was two years old when Trainer Southall came down from Calcutta and bought me, and three other colts that could gallop a bit, from White—bought me to race in India. It was after I had made a big name in Calcutta that they sent me to England. But I never did much good here, and one day I was sold to the man who put me between the shafts of a hansom.

Southall had been in stables since he was a little boy, and knew all about us. He said I had sloping shoulders, was short-coupled in the back, long underneath, and well down in the hocks, had great quarters, a thin, bony head, and ears like silk. I didn't understand it all then, for I was only a colt, and had spent more time in the paddock than in the stable; but I knew he was praising me, and when he put his hand under my chin, and leaned his head against mine, I patted his cheek with my nose.

He laughed, and swore he would have me if I cost him a thousand guineas. He stuck his thumb under my upper lip, and, looking at my teeth, said, "Bless us! he's only a babe; but he's a whoppin' big 'un—nearly sixteen hands."

Well, he took me away to Calcutta. The trip on the boat was horrible—I don't want to talk about it. I hope no children of mine ever have to go through that; but they won't, for they are all in India now.

In India they kept me till I was four years old, before I was started in a race. Of course I galloped with the other horses that were in the stable.

Southall used to do all sorts of funny things with me. When he knew people would be looking at these stable gallops, he put a heavy saddle with two stun of lead in it on my back, so that I could not beat the other horses.

The people said I was no good; but Southall would laugh, and tickle me in the ribs, and say, "You're no good, my big buck; you're no good, d'ye hear? But, my word, you'll win the Viceroy's Cup in a walk."

The first race I ran was down at Hyderabad. It was the Nizam's Cup; and Southall, and my owner, and little Abbot banked their money on my chances in a way that made me nervous. How they knew I could beat Table Top I don't understand—but I did.

Such an uproar there was. I heard Southall tell the jockey, "Jim," to get away in the lead; so that every time the other horses started I jumped as quick as I could. After we had gone a half-mile Jim pulled me back and kept me behind Table Top until near the finish. When he let go of my head I shot past the other horse as though he were walking.

They threw a big blanket over me when they took the light saddle off my back after the race. Then I was led down to the stall and scraped with a steel band, and rubbed with straw until I was dry.

My word, but they made a lot of me. The ladies patted my neck, and the trainer said he wished I could drink a bottle of champagne with him. That was the way with those boys; when they won they drank champagne and played poker all night, and bullied everybody as though they were kings.

It was five weeks between the Hyderabad races and the Viceroy's Cup, and I heard my master tell the trainer that I should not be started again before that race.

Going down to Calcutta I caught cold in the train. Southall put a big felt pad on my chest when he put me in the box car, and I got very hot and wet from the perspiration. As I was moving a little the pad caught in a nail and was pulled to one side. I could not put it back; the night air struck cold on my wet skin, and in the morning I was coughing.

When Southall saw me he cried. "My poor boy!" he said; "here's the greatest certainty in the world gone wrong."

My owner and all of them had bet a small fortune on me for the Viceroy's Cup, and they were more solicitous about my health than if I had been the only son in my master's family.

My master had a daughter, Miss Jess. I liked her better than anybody, better even that Southall. Before I was in what they called "hard training" she used to bring me lumps of sugar, little pieces of salt, and sometimes a carrot. She was always scratching my ear, or rubbing my nose with her little hand, or doing something to show that we were friends.

"You are a gentleman, Diplomat," she would say, and would pull my mustache or pinch my arm.

After I got back to Calcutta from Hyderabad she came to the stable one morning, and took my breath away by saying: "My poor boy, you're sick; I'm sorry. It's a shame; they were careless—somebody was. But I don't feel as badly as I ought to over it, Dip, for I want another horse to win the Cup; but you don't know anything about that," she added, flicking at my nose with the feathery end of a carrot top.

Then she dragged my head to one side and laid her cheek against mine. I felt something wet trickle down my nose, and when she lifted her sweet face I saw that her eyes were blurred. I couldn't understand it at all; but I had horse sense enough to know that she was sorry for me. Besides, I had heard Southall say that nobody could understand a woman's way.

My cold got better; but the fever went down my legs. After a gallop on the hard, dry race-track my limbs would swell up, and I would go quite lame. The *putties* (bandages) they put on me did some good, but the tendons would swell and get sore. Southall was in despair. He played the hose on my shins after each gallop, and rubbed at them until he nearly took the skin off. But still the legs kept weak.

About this time I learned why Miss Jess didn't want me to win the Viceroy's Cup.

One morning, after a gallop on the course, I was waiting for the string to go home when I saw a horse I had known in Australia. He was in the stall next mine. It was Sting. We had been in the same paddock over there.

"What are you running in?" I asked him. "I didn't know you were in the country."

"The Trials and the Viceroy's Cup," he responded.

One of the other fellows entered in the Viceroy's Cup, Robin Hood, was on my right, and when Sting said this, Robin, who was seventeen hands high, gave a snort, and exclaimed, "What! a little sawed-off runt like you expect to beat all the long legs over a mile-and-a-quarter? My word, but you *have* got a fair-sized gall."

"No," answered Sting; "I don't expect to win, but my master, Captain Thornton, thinks I can."

"Well, you *can't!*" snapped Robin. "Diplomat here will give you a stun over that distance."

"Don't mind him," I said, speaking to the little horse. "Tell me what is the matter."

First Water had been travelling about in a circle in front of the stalls, led by a syce. The latter stopped to talk to the boy who was putting the putties on my legs, and the big chestnut heard Robin Hood sneer at little Sting.

"You big lob, you! why don't you leave the little man alone? You're seventeen hands high, and your thigh is as big as my neck, but you never won a race in your life—not since you came to India, anyway. Everybody knows what's the matter with you, too. You're fast enough, but when any of us squeeze you, you just quit. You funk it, and my trainer says he wouldn't have you as a gift—your heart's in the wrong place, he says."

This made Robin furious, for he was a bad-tempered brute, and he lashed out a vicious kick at First Water.

"What did Sting do in the Cau'field Cup, at home in Australia?" continued First Water. "Didn't we all pocket the little chap, and keep him there for a mile—and then, when we rounded the corner for home, he got through and made hacks of us, winning by as far as he pleased? Don't mind that big soft mushroom, Sting. We're glad to see you out from Australia. Did Teddy Weeks bring you over? You'll find the ground hard and dry here, and the heat'll crack your hoofs and burn your liver. My hoof is split so that I have got to wear a big all-round shoe on it."

Then the syce led First Water away, and a stable boy came to take Robin Hood for a spin.

When we were alone Sting commenced to talk.

"You were only a youngster when you left Australia, Dip," he said; "how have you gone on? I heard my master, the captain, telling people that you were favourite for the Viceroy's Cup, and that you were the only horse he was afraid of. And look here, Dip, I'll tell you a secret, for you'll not give it away, will you? The captain's awfully fond of your master's daughter, Miss Jess—I've seen them together and I've heard them talk. I've heard a lot of things; they think I don't understand, and the syce only knows the pagan language they have got here, so they talk.

"Last night the captain said to me: 'You've got to win the Cup, old man, for if you don't I'll make a mess of it. Besides, you'd like to have Jess for a mistress, wouldn't you?' And one morning your mistress, Miss Jess, came to me on the course, and, rubbing her soft little hand down my neck, said: 'You must be a brave little horse, and win the Cup for your master.' Dull spurs! but I laughed out at this—it was too funny. For my master, to be sure!—there I was to run and win, not the Cup alone, but a small fortune in bets, so that the captain could have your mistress, Dip. Do you see now what is bothering me?"

I nodded slowly for this had set me thinking. This was why Miss Jess had been unable to fret more over my illness.

"Well, you'll just have to win," I said to him. "You won three times in Australia, and ought to be good enough to beat these other fellows who should be running as qualified hunters. I'm sure I hope you do, for if my mistress will be happy through your winning that will please me."

"Yes, I won the Cau'field, Dip, but the getting through the crowd was just a little too much for me. When I gallop more than a mile now I get a pain in my side."

"That's what Robin Hood says," I ejaculated. "He says he gets a pain in his side; but we all laugh at him, and think it's because he's soft and cuts it."

"No, Dip, it's not that. You'll find his heart has been strained once, same as mine—has had to do too much. By Saint Gladiateur! when you're galloping there—the other fellows knocking you about, shoving you against the rail, and carrying you wide on the outside of the turns, or closing in on you in a pocket, and the dust is that thick you're breathing mud instead of pure air, so that the pipes leading to your lungs are all choked up, and a boy on your back, who doesn't know anything but to try and get in front, sticks the sharp steel into your flank, or hits you with a rawhide whip, what's a fellow to do? It's awful! but if a fellow's got any blood in him, any of the king's blood, he's got to make another try—just a wee bit more. That's what I did at Cau'field, and I got through, but something snapped. Everybody was saying that I'd won easy; but I didn't. I had an awful pain, but I just managed to stay in front, for the others were dead beat, too. That's why I get a pain when I gallop more than a mile. That's why my owner in Australia sold me. He said I'd turned lazy; but he didn't tell Captain Thornton. And now my master and your mistress are risking all their happiness on my winning the Cup."

I shuddered at this, for it was all new to me. The only race I had started in was the Nizam's Cup, and my jockey had used neither whip nor spur; had just kept me back a little with the bit, for I wanted to show them all how fast I could run; I liked it.

"I wish I could tell my master," sighed Sting. "He thinks I'm all right. A vet looked at me when I landed, and said I was sound as a bell. These men are such fools—sometimes."

Just then Sting's trainer came and ordered the syce to bring him out; the jockey, Archie, got up on his back, and they went on the course for a gallop.

"Who's that fellow?" said a big bay horse, Table Top, as we stood for a few minutes close together in the paddock.

"That's little Sting," I replied.

"Oh, I know," he answered; "Son of Grandmaster. Grandmaster was always blowing about his father, Gladiateur, who won the English Derby. He was a Frenchman, was Gladiateur, and that's why they boasted so much. We'll see what the breed can do out in this blazing hot climate."

It seemed to me they all had a pick on Sting because he was small, and my heart warmed towards the little fellow. As the days wore on I began to have doubts about being able to win myself. My legs got so bad that I had to give up galloping on the hard course. They gave me frightful long walks, and swam me for hours in a big pond to keep my muscles hard. This eased my legs, but it took away my appetite, and I always left part of the oats in the feed-box.

This made the trainer pull a long face; but he was *so* kind. He gave me raw eggs, and sorted the hay all over, picking out the best for me. He was a dear chap.

My owner was a pompous man, and when he came to the stables everybody jumped about as though they were going to lose their heads.

One day Southall said to him, "The horse is losing flesh, sir; he won't eat, and I'm afraid he'll break down before the race."

My master flew into a rage, and cursed everybody. He swore that somebody must have drugged me. Miss Jess was with him, and she broke in with, "Why, papa, nobody would do that; besides, Dip knows as much as a man—he wouldn't eat it. Why don't you do with him as the doctors did with me when I was run down, give him stout or something to drink."

Everybody laughed at this, even the father, who was so angry; but the trainer said, "My word, sir, that's a good idea; let me try it."

They had to do something, so the master consented, for he knew that trainers often gave whisky to horses who were a bit soft, when they were going to run a hard race. After that I had three quart bottles of beer twice a day. It was a funny way to train a horse, the knowing ones said—swim him, and feed him on beer; but I felt better.

We were a sorry lot, the whole of us. Sting had a weak heart; so had Robin Hood, as I could see now; First Water had a split hoof, liable to go at any minute; Table Top was so big and lazy they couldn't get him down to condition; Jack-in-the-Green had a splint; and I fancy all of the others had something the matter.

I kept thinking it over, and one day when I was out for a walk I met Sting coming home from the course. "Look here, little man," I said, "I'd like to see you win that Cup on account of my mistress."

"I can't beat you," answered the chestnut; "you're young, and fast, and sound."

"I'm not sound," I added; "but I think I can beat all the others. Do you think you are fast enough to do them up?" I asked him.

"Yes," he answered, simply; "if this pain doesn't choke me off I can beat them all, because I did it in Australia."

Then I did an awful thing, gentlemen; I turned traitor to my master. Even as I write it, it seems there is no excuse. But now I am only a cab horse in London and have no reputation to keep up, so it doesn't matter.

To Sting I said: "In the race, dash to the front with me just as we turn into the straight. I'll keep a place ready for you next the rail on the inside. As we turn the corner I'll bore out wide and close the others off. You rush up in my place and win. If you *can't* win, I *will;* for I have speed enough to gallop over these cart-horses. I'll teach those big lubbers not to despise a horse just because he's small."

"That won't be right," suggested Sting; but I could see him prick his small, silken ears eagerly, and his big eyes glistened with delight. I gulped down something at this, for I had never done anything mean before, and answered:

"I know it's not right, but my mistress will be happy if you win."

"Well," said Sting, "I suppose we have a right to arrange races among ourselves sometimes as well as the men have. Only the other day I heard a conversation between some of your people and the Nawab of Ballygunge. They advised him to buy me if I won the Trial Stakes. This race, you know, is a few days before the Viceroy's Cup. Then they talked among themselves, and I know that if they buy me I am to be run so as to allow you to win, for they've got a pile of money on you. But all the same I wouldn't do this if it wasn't for your mistress; for man's code of morals wouldn't do for us horses—it's not good enough."

Thinking over what I was going to do made me morose; I couldn't bear to rub the trainer's cheek with my nose any more. He said the beer was giving me a vicious temper, making me sullen, and, that as soon as the race was over, he'd make me take the pledge—he'd shut off my beer.

I knew they'd be furious with me if Sting won—all but Miss Jess.

Well, Sting won the Trials quite handily, and the Nawab of Ballygunge tried to buy him, but his owner refused point blank. He swore he'd stick to the little horse if it broke him. Sting told me about this conversation, for he'd heard it; we both admired the captain's pluck, and it made us a little easier in our minds over doing him a good turn.

The only man I felt really sorry for was the trainer, Southall. If I could only have told him to back Sting. I tried every way I could think of. I pretended to be very lame, and refused to take even the beer, thinking that he would become frightened and hedge on Sting. But he put the liquor in a strong soda-water bottle, and, opening my mouth, held my head high and poured it down my throat. I was forced to swallow it; so that failed. He got mad and said, "Damn you! you don't want to win, I believe." Wasn't it odd?

Then came the day of the Viceroy's Cup. Well I remember it; it was the day after Christmas, the 26th December. Early in the morning Miss Jess came to see me, riding on a black-legged bay Arab horse.

"Well, Dip," she said, flicking a fly off my rump with her riding whip, "I wish I could bribe you to let Sting win. Father doesn't need all the money he's going to land; but you're such an honest old chap I'm afraid you wouldn't lose the race even for me."

Then she slipped into my mouth a

little square of white sugar she had hidden in the palm of her glove. I had to laugh at the syce; he saw the Missie Baba fumbling for the piece of sugar, and turned his head discreetly away, pretending to be looking for my brush. Everybody let Miss Jess have her own way it seemed.

"That *is* a bribe," I said to myself, "to lose the Viceroy's Cup for a lump of sugar," and I made up my mind to take all the whip and spur Jockey Jim could give me, rather than show a nose in front of the captain's horse at the finish.

My! there was a crowd of people at the races. It was like Melbourne Cup day on a small scale. I had a host of friends, for I was the favourite. The story of the beer and the swimming had got out, however, and a great many had backed Sting to win, especially since the Trial Stakes.

As we walked around in a circle in the paddock before going out for the race, I manœuvred to get close behind Sting to speak to him.

"Don't forget," I said, "at the turn into the straight, just before we leave the old race stand, I'll be in the lead on the inside—come through next the rails; I'll pull out and carry them all wide."

The little horse switched his long bronze tail caressingly across my neck, and looked gratefully at me over his shoulder.

"How did you feel after the trials?" I asked.

"I had a pain in my side," he answered, laconically; "but I don't feel it now."

Plucky little chap, I thought. They say his grandfather, Gladiateur, was just like that, brave as a lion.

Then a cornet sounded the signal for the jockeys to mount. Archie swung up on to Sting's broad back, and Jim pressed his long, slim legs down my sides. How Jim would hate to miss riding the winner of the Viceroy's Cup. I felt sorry for him.

Captain Thornton led his bonnie horse out through the crowd and on to the course.

As I passed the end of the seats in the stand I saw Miss Jess. She didn't see me; her eyes were following my chum, Sting, and perhaps the man who was leading him. They had taken our wraps off, of course, and I could see that Sting outclassed us all in point of thoroughbred beauty. I wasn't jealous, for I knew that he was as plucky as he was good to look upon.

It was a mile and a quarter to go, so none of us bothered much at the start—we knew we'd have enough of it before we got to the finishing post. I knew the starter wouldn't send us off until I, the favourite, was in a good place; so as soon as I saw Sting had ths best of the start, I broke away. The flags fell, both of them, and we rushed along.

When we were standing, there didn't seem to be much wind, but as we tore through it, it roared in our ears and snapped and crackled at the jockeys' colours, like the sound of the lashing of whips. Archie was sitting quietly on the little chestnut, and Jim had taken a gentle pull at my teeth with the bit. On the back of the course, after we'd gone half-a-mile, two of our mates commenced to creep up on the outside. I could see that Sting had his eye on them, and so had Archie. Neither of us paid any attention to them. We could pass that pair whenever we wished.

Rounding the turn toward the old stand, half-a-mile from the finish, Robin Hood showed his nose close to my shoulder. I galloped a little faster, up on the inside of Sting. I knew if Robin Hood got in front his big, clumsy bulk might bar the road for the little horse's rush home.

Gradually as we came opposite the old stand, I worked my way on the inside past Sting.

"Keep close behind," I gasped, as we raced nose and nose past the old stand.

Neither of our riders had moved in the saddle yet. They were good generals, both of them; they knew that so far we two were playing the game for keeps.

Gradually I drew away from the little horse. I heard his rider, Archie, speak to him coaxingly once, but the little fellow did not respond; he had faith in me.

Just at the corner of the straight there was a mad scramble for places. Robin Hood's big thundering hoofs were pounding the course to dust at my side. I could feel Sting's hot breath on my quarters, and knew that his nose was pushing close up for the place I had promised him.

Table Top, Robin Hood, and First Water came with a rush on the outside; whips cracking, colours snapping in the wind, and a hurricane of sand being thrown up by the eager, crunching hoofs. That was where the race was to be settled they knew; if they could not swing into the stretch well in line with me, they were done for.

Suddenly I swerved to the left. With an oath Jim put all his strength on my right rein. Further out I bored, until I bumped up against Robin Hood. The scramble was fiendish.

Then the golden nozzle of my little friend showed on my right. I could hear Archie chirruping eagerly to the gallant horse. Next he was clear of them, and galloping a length in front of me, still on the inside close to the rails. Jim jabbed his sharp spurs into my flanks as I straightened out for home, but I paid no attention to that—I did not blame him.

Up the straight we raced like that—Sting's powerful hoofs driving the hot earth into our faces.

As we neared the stand I could hear the roar of voices; it was like the sound of the waves beating against the ship I crossed the ocean in. I kept my head just in front of Robin Hood; I could hear his rider cracking at the big horse's great sides with the whip.

Nose and nose, Robin Hood and I raced; slowly we were drawing up on Sting; inch by inch we gained on him. I thought of swerving again on Robin Hood, but Table Top was on my right now—his head lapped on my shoulder; I had to take care of them both. It was terrible.

Sting was gradually coming back to us. Would it all be thrown away? He had not far to go; surely he would last out long enough to win.

I saw him falter—Archie's whip went in the air; the gallant little horse swerved, pitched forward, and suddenly disappeared as we drove by him in our mad rush. The hot blood mounted to my brain—it was all Robin Hood's fault. *He* should not win, anyway.

The bit was loose in my mouth; there was no restraining pull. I shot forward as I had in the finish for the Nizam's Cup, a length ahead of Robin Hood.

When I pulled up and walked back, I saw a big crowd on the course. They were standing about Sting. I looked at the seat where Miss Jess had sat when I went out. Her face was buried in her handkerchief, and I wished that I had dropped instead of my gallant chum.

It was all thrown away, for Sting was dead—a dozen lengths from the finish. The vet said he had broken his heart. Game to the last—the Gladiateur blood.

I couldn't count at that time, but there was more than one heart broken—three I think.

BY CANOE

By WALTER S. JOHNSON

THERE have been, and there are still, thank heaven, certain unsophisticated folk whom we call conservative. They are persons often of an old school, or trained amid conditions less complex than those which now obtain. Upstart schemes they abhor—that make of beauty, leisure, nerves, a continued sacrifice to time and speed. Old ways and things, old times and books and friends they love, because these appeal rather to the heart than to the head; they are a habit of life not easily put off, not a wearisome approximation to progress and fashion. They move slowly, read slowly — live slowly, in a confident endeavour to glean, as they live, carefully and thoroughly, all those quiet pleasures which, hidden along the by-paths of life, are revealed only to them. The treasures of the great world road had long ago been lost in garish undistinctive light, and its travellers too often confuse its pleasures and its pains.

Hazlitt, with his staff, and Ruskin, with his coach, are truly conservative. For there are three, and only three, ways of travelling, by coach, by foot, by canoe. Coaching and walking are peculiar to the more thickly populated countries, for both depend on good roads and on decent and frequent hostels. But in a new land where towns and villages are far apart, roads poor, and the cosy continental inn unknown, we are thrown back upon a less conventional, still more delightful means of locomotion. The holiday spent in the canoe is the ideal holiday. Drawing us away from our constant surroundings and from civilization to forests unmeasured and unblazed, and streams untraversed, it involves a primitive kind of life, and therefore very simple. Surpassing even the letter of the law, the canoeist can, whensoever the spirit moves him, take up at once his conveyance, shelter, bed and carry-all,—and walk.

To hie away from the roar of the great city and the inexorable pressure of its life, ending the journey beside some peaceful lake cradled among primeval hills and forests, is a pleasure indeed. One cannot but feel a thrill of freedom and exultation in coming thus into touch with nature in her wild simplicity. It is an opportunity for idealists to get back, if only for a short time, to simple, immemorial means of life, to experience its actualities, its positive needs. To early realize these needs means happiness, on the personal side at least. Nature does her part lavishly. These autumn days are hers—days flushed with beauty, grace and splendour, filling the mind with images of loveliness which, remembered with "a recollected love," may be treasured through the coming years. Hills with their masses of colour flung together regardless of laws of art, banks of green picked out with intertwining wreaths of reddest vine leaves, gradations of maples with golden, brown and etiolated leaves, sumachs glowing with a deep rich wine-coloured red, pines dark and sombre, birches wan and leafless—the whole overspread by a pale blue sky flecked with clouds which cause wave after wave of succeeding light and shade, and bathed in the glow of an afternoon sun—these are nature's appeal to you to be joyous. This health-giving pleasure of closer contact with nature, which is so abidingly ours, opens to the student of books and life a world of fresh thought and experience.

Stealing along dusky banks under old-time elms and maples which have nodded over many a war-party of Braves, over *coureurs de bois*, zealous Jesuit eager to save souls, or Frenchman aspiring to the conquest of a continent, we may be not of this present time or circumstance, but *voyageurs* of an age and time more remote, of an age of boundless aspiration, faith and enterprise. We may be the trapper tracked by malignant foe, or relentless Brave hunting down the enemies of his race. We may live in imagination and in fact a life which, save to the devotee of canoe and wild, has faded forever into the past.

The impressions of a childhood spent in the country become bedimmed after long years of city life. "Shades of the prison-house" have closed about us. But the distinctive calls and flight of birds are eagerly heard or recognized anew, never now to be forgotten, for they are indelible by reason of an awakened and maturer interest. The infinite voices of solitude, the sifted silence of vast forests, have a new and graver import, carry a weightier message to the heart. Our knowledge of life is deeper now than then. We are not in a passive, receptive state merely; but learning, comparing past and present experience, filling in the lacunæ left by a one-sided life. To hear for the first time in years the whip-poor-will, some still night, thrash out its plaintive lonely call across some little cove, is like the striking on the ear of some rich voice from the past, flooding the mind with memories long since thick-blurred, but startled now into intense life as the bow awakes the strings—the memory of youthful pleasures and expeditions, older loves and losses, of hopes long since realized, forgotten, shattered. It is a voice from out the silence, from out the darkness renewing the past. Just as dream life is often more interesting than waking life, so this life of the woods, far removed from the conditions of ordinary existence, yet presents by subtle, often very illusory reflexes of thought, a more interesting side of the life we have left behind. This rustic life, scarce refined into simplicity, ever invites a new point of view: many an essay on social reform is conceived in the woods.

What pleasure can equal that of paddling along streams and lakes amid forests unknown to canoe or hunter, or woodsman ; of disturbing a repose so ancient, so stupendous! The giant awakes from his mighty sleep: by countless indications he expresses it. His thousand sentinels tremble and quiver and lisp with their myriad lips the message of your profanation ; his attendant beasts draw back deeper into his shaggy folds ; his birds both great and small—the emblem of his freedom and his choir by night and day—jar with discordant notes of surprise and mistrust. The giant never more may sleep; unending wakefulness must end in decrepitude at last, and no forest voice in all its purity be heard.

And those long days of paddling under alternating shade of passing cloud or friendly slope, or fully exposed to wind and sun; drawing slowly up to points whose sentinel trees beckon to you for miles, only to pass you on to the next, far descried in the distance ; slipping over shallows, past picturesque groups of cattle massed on sloping plaques of green, and trees ramparted by cloud on blue ; rousing great cranes which sail deridingly near you and away across the intervening wood to settle among the reeds of the stream's next bend (often enough indicating your general direction)—days of joyous expansive life, of myriad impressions of fancy, colour, shape !

Noon brings satiety of exertion for the time; hunger, importunate, demands a stop. This is the lazy interval of the canoeing day—it is the seductive Lotus-land of ease, of toil forgotten because much has been accomplished, and time or end presses not; of sweet languor so soft that sleep would deaden it into forgetfulness, but which the day-dream heightens into phantasy of whimsical, toying, far-faring thought. Will those summer flies, with forward-steady droning flight, never move on? Poised there, wings humming into haze, moving neither forward nor backward—are they lost souls straining ever thus on some bootless quest? Alas, no!

One moves, the spell is broken. The tired, heated wings cease throbbing; down, down it drops, hopeless, lost—still down and down—till with a hissing switch of a foot and a wing in your nostril it soars again to the Empyrean. Lying here, on this neck of land, gazing down the lake into the distance we have come, and forward into the unaccomplished distance—if it could be always noon, and the sun always shine, bees hum, birds thrill, fish jump; with canoe glistening in the sun and imaged in the water—sign of isolation and a link with past and future—an age would scarce suffice for our resting here—why ever depart?

But rich as is noon in dreamy rest, evening and night have a rarer suggestive power of gorgeous, or it may be sombre colour, of dumb intensity of mood. Cooled and refreshed by an evening breeze we paddle on and on, through water glowing like heaped-up diverse gems, into the ardent west. The hither side of hills take on a sable tinge, their crown of daffodil succeeds to sky of sapphire, star-pierced, the waters deepen to inky black and the hills to lapis-lazuli: and night holds universal sway. It is as though the great Master-dramatist, whose puppets we are, were using us as dummy pieces in this scene of his composition. For it reminds us strangely of some play-scene of marvellous creation and league-wide range. Dim knolls and tree-clumps stand like towers, square-buttressed, deserted, shadowy with age and lichen and decay. It is the enchantress Night at work, as she has been since ever the world began, enriching the imagination with intimations of an alien time chaotic or pacific, or presenting to man "gigantesques" of his handiwork.

All nature's children of the day are asleep. We lie down to rest, the air heavy with the fresh odour of pines and rustling with undefined night voices whose undertone is the rhythmic beat of waves. The senses grow more acute, the ear is flooded with pulsations unperceived before; with at last a sense of perfect peace, the overflow, and of an encompassing harmony, and —we are in oblivion.

DAFFODILS

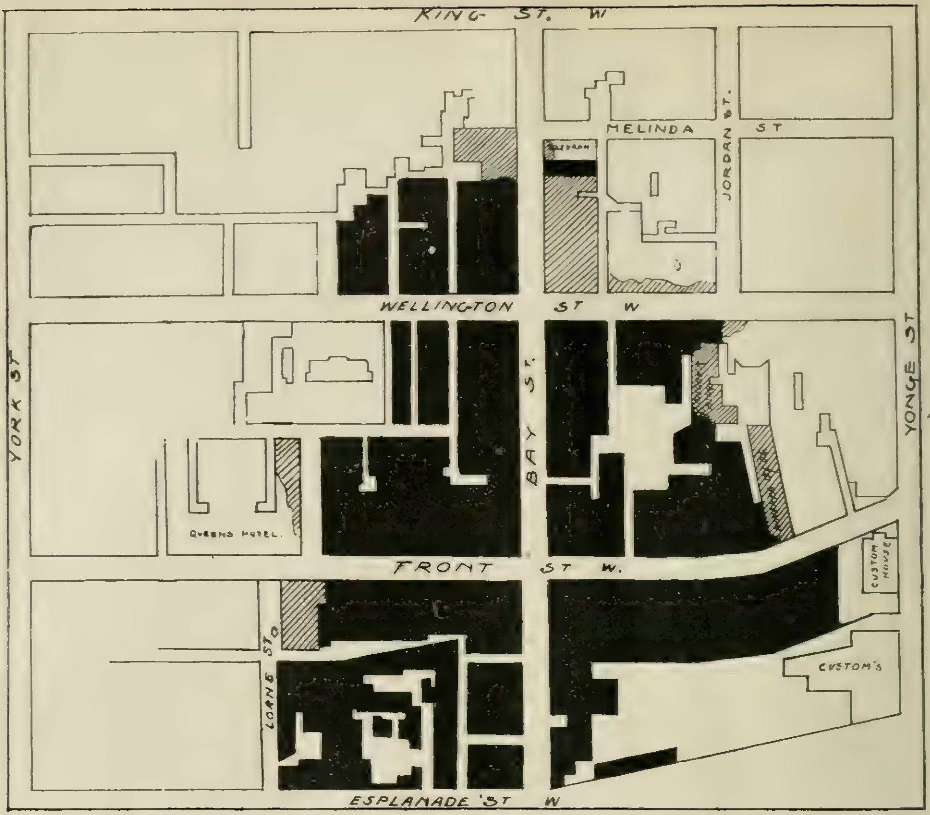
BY HERBERT L. BREWSTER

WHAT matter that the evening air is crispy yet, and chill,
What matter that the rim of snow still lies athwart the hill,
There are cadences of promise in the free-song of the rill;
And the daffodils are blooming in the lane.

The germs of balm and blessing that were sleeping 'neath the snow
Are coming forth in triumph where the swift March breezes go,
And hearts that love the sunny skies are bounding now to know
That the daffodils are blooming in the lane.

We think of hazy hill-tops in a a maze of summer light,
And dream of violets by the stream, and pearly dews of night;
Since Spring's caress has broken down the thrall of Winter's might,
And the daffodils are blooming in the lane.

Oh! the Northern ways are weary, and the Northern nights are long,
When the world is wrapped in whiteness, and the woods have lost their song;
But the heart-beats of a fairer time are pulsing full and strong
When the daffodils are blooming in the lane.



MAP OF THE DISTRICT BURNED—ESPLANADE ST. IS PRACTICALLY THE WATERFRONT—YORK, BAY AND YONGE STS. RUN NORTH. THE WHITE SPOT IN CENTRE BLACK BLOCK ABOVE WELLINGTON ST. SHOWS WHERE THE FIRE STARTED

TORONTO'S GREAT FIRE

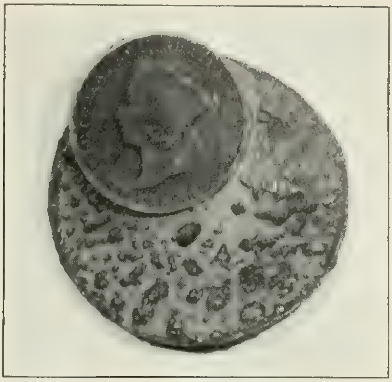
By NORMAN PATTERSON

TORONTO has had several large fires during the seventy years of her civic history, but the conflagration which occurred on the night of April 19th was the largest and most disastrous. The loss will amount to about fourteen millions of dollars, of which eight millions must be borne by forty insurance companies and six millions by the three hundred and fifty business firms involved. The total premiums collected by fire insurance companies doing business in Canada last year was about eleven million dollars, so that this fire makes it quite clear that the insurance business of 1904 will show a large deficit. The largest annual loss total ever paid out in this country was in 1877, when it amounted to eight and a half millions of dollars. The loss in this Toronto fire will alone exceed the losses of that record Canadian year. It is only by a full realization of the force of such a comparison, that one may get a correct and reasonable idea of the magnitude of this great disaster.

By recalling previous Canadian fires, it is possible to further emphasize this view-point. On June 20th, 1877, the great fire in St. John, N.B., destroyed

1612 dwelling houses and 615 business places, and made the fire losses of that year exceptional. The next greatest loss was in 1900, the year of the Ottawa-Hull fire, when the total losses paid the companies for the year were $7,774,000. The insurance losses paid in each of these two great fires will, added together, no more than equal the losses to be paid now in Toronto.

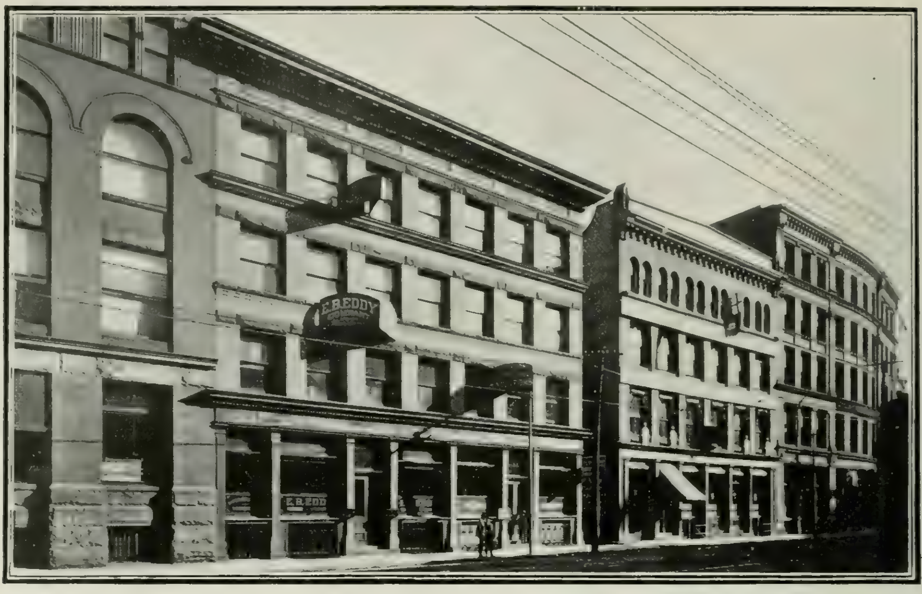
The St. John fire began at half-past two in the afternoon in a boiler-shop in the suburb of Portland. Close by there was an extensive rookery of old wooden buildings and soon an extensive conflagration had been developed. A violent north-west wind was blowing. The fire swept down upon the doomed city and in a few hours the entire business portion had been reduced to a mass of ruins, as well as the better class of dwelling-houses to the south and south-east. Public buildings, houses of business, hotels, printing offices, churches and theatres were involved in a common ruin with the residences of the middle-class and the humbler dwellings of the workingman. Thirteen thousand people were homeless that night in St. John, and $27,000,000 of property was represented by a vast mass of ashes, charred embers, and a dreary waste of ruins. The Toronto fire cannot be compared with that calamity for monetary loss or individual suffering.



A UNITED STATES SILVER DOLLAR AND A CANADIAN QUARTER—THE ONLY OBJECT WHICH CAME OUT OF BUNTIN, REID & CO.'S VAULT. BOOKS, TIN BOXES, ETC., WERE TOTALLY CONSUMED.

It was about half-past ten in the morning of April 26th, 1900, that a lamp was upset in a humble dwelling in the City of Hull, and the great fire started. As in St. John, a strong gale was blowing, but from the north-east. By twelve o'clock, the fire had swept over a great area of small dwellings in Hull and the Eddy factories were threatened on that side of the river, while the lumber yards on the Ottawa side were in danger. When it was all

THE FIRE AS IT APPEARED AT ONE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING—FROM YORK ST. BRIDGE, LOOKING EAST.—PHOTO BY D. J. HOWELL

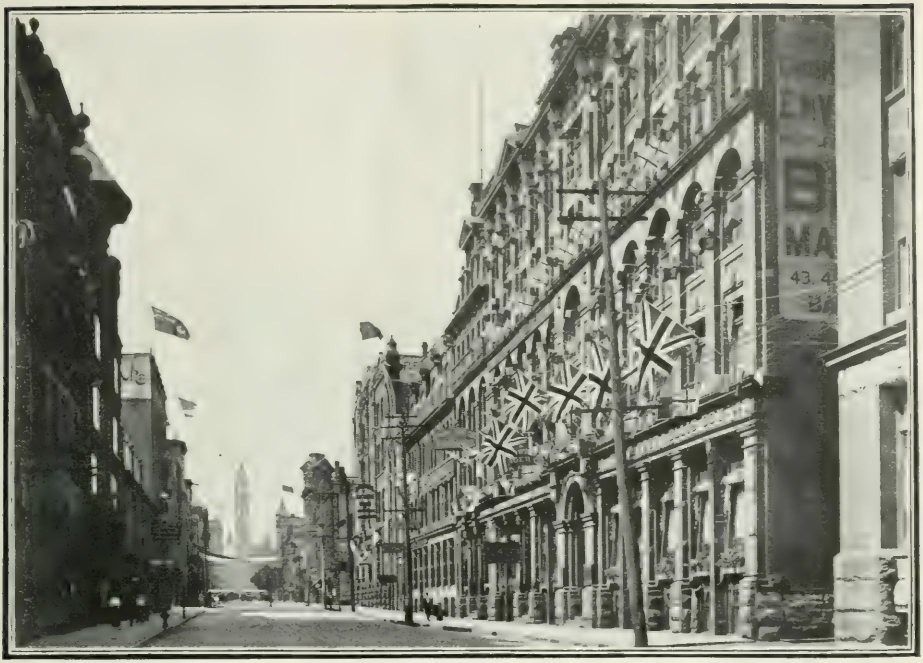


SOME OF THE EIGHTY BUILDINGS DESTROYED—FRONT ST., NORTH SIDE

over, there was a blazed path across both cities five miles long and a mile wide, from the public buildings of Hull across the industrial portions of both cities, and through a fine residential portion of the city of Ottawa, ending only at the bluff which divides the lower town from the upper town. Fifteen thousand people were homeless and fifteen million dollars' worth of property was destroyed. The Toronto fire cannot compete with that conflagration for individual suffering, although it equals it in monetary loss.

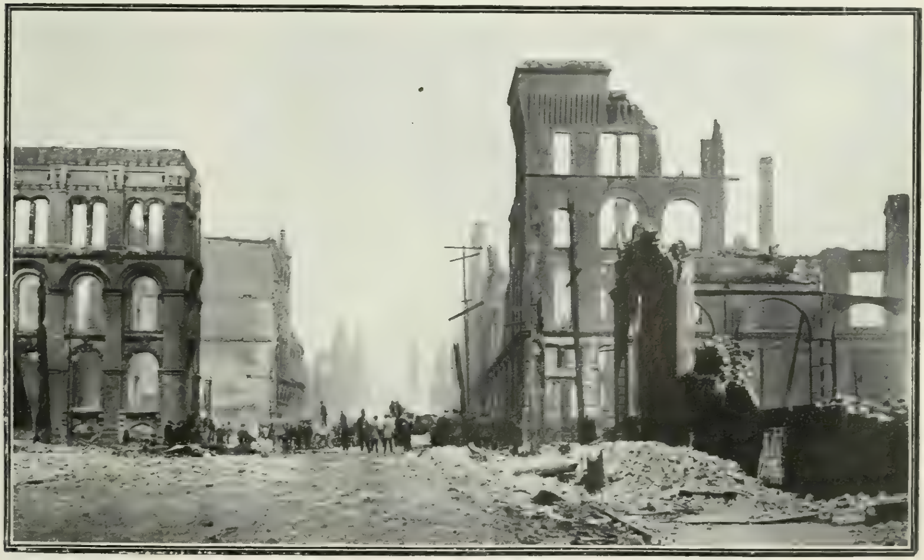
In St. John not one-fifth of the loss was covered by insurance; in Ottawa not much more than one-fourth; in Toronto fully two-thirds of the destruction will be made up by the insurance companies. In St. John, thirteen thousand people and in Ottawa fifteen thousand were homeless; in Toronto, no homes were destroyed. These two notable differences explain why there has been no necessity for public subscription nor outside assistance for the fire-sufferers in Toronto. The losers were business men who are well able to look after themselves, to rebuild the solid warehouses and large factories which were destroyed. Here and there is a firm who may find the balance between assets and liabilities swept away in the loss, and its members will, of necessity, begin their business lives over again. Here and there, a firm will find themselves without any records of their business, for many vaults and safes proved unequal to the fierce heat, and they will be so hampered by the loss that they cannot find heart to start in once more. There will be a few individuals whose insurance was not what it should have been, and they will be forced to compromise with their creditors and seek new vocations. The majority of the sufferers will be enabled to meet the disaster bravely, and to re-establish themselves on the old or on new sites. There has been mental suffering, sorrow, and anguish, but it is not the kind of sorrow that lasts, nor the anguish which keeps men long dismayed.

The district burned was the pride of the city, and some of the buildings were built since the latest wave of prosperity swept over the country. The beautiful buildings of Brown Brothers, The Copp, Clark Co., Dignum



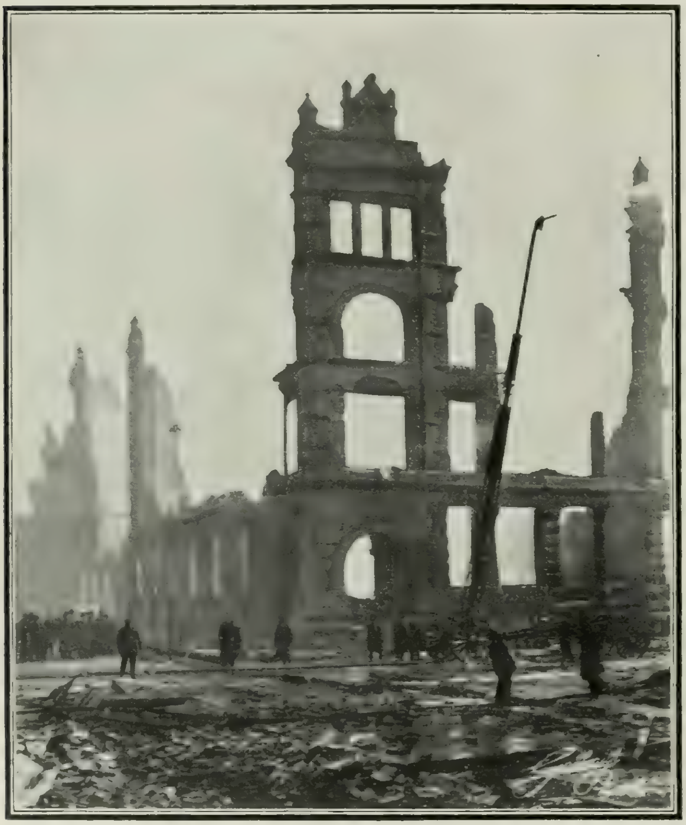
BAY STREET BEFORE THE FIRE—THE CITY HALL IN THE DISTANCE

& Monypenny, The Gillett Co., Westwood, Currie, and others, were recent structures of the modern type. None of the buildings were very old. Most of them were brick, many of them with handsome stone facing. The corners



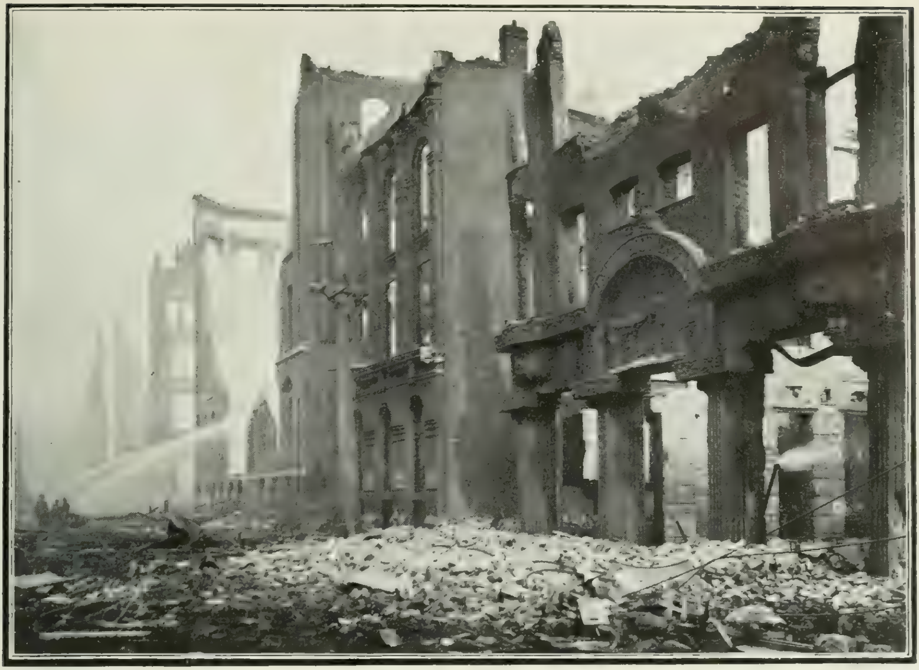
BAY STREET AFTER THE FIRE.—PHOTO BY GOOCH of Bay and Wellington and of Bay and Front Streets were the centres of the wholesale district, and more wealth was gathered upon the few blocks destroyed than on any other blocks in the city where there are not public buildings. The total number of buildings burned was about eighty.

The burned district is bounded on the south by the Bay, on the west by Lorne Street, on the east by Yonge Street and on the north by Melinda. All the buildings in that district did not become a mass of crumbling walls and twisted girders, but most of them did. A police constable had just received the passbook from the man he was relieving at the corner of Bay and Wellington Streets at eight o'clock when he saw flames shooting up the elevator shaft of the Currie building. He ran to Front Street and turned in an alarm. A citizen who had seen it about the same time ran to King Street and did the same. The policeman did not run fast enough, and he missed fame by a few seconds. The citizen won. Yet it was a sad night for both policemen and citizens.



CORNER OF BAY AND WELLINGTON STS.—WATER TOWER AT WORK

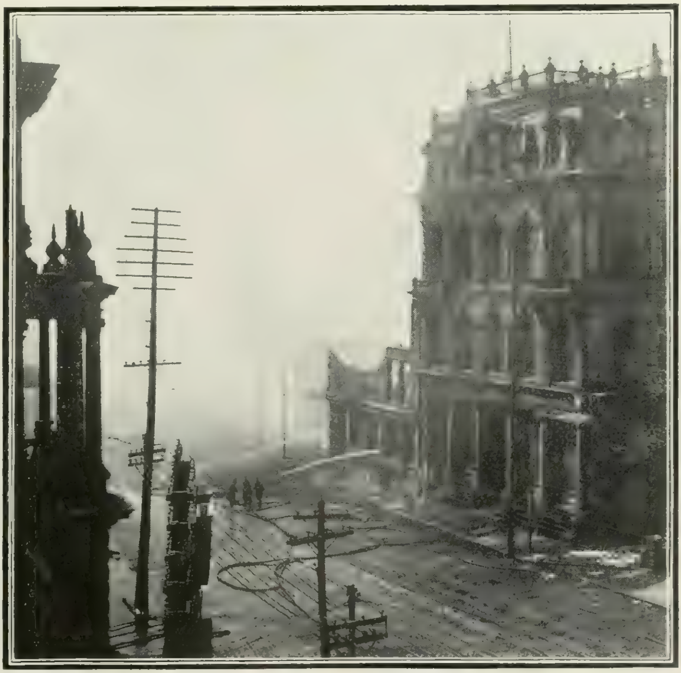
The fire should have been confined to the Currie building, but the water pressure was low and the building across the lane had unprotected windows. Besides, the general who is supposed to direct the Toronto firemen so far forgot himself as to do some scouting which should have been done by a ranker; the result was that he lost his way in one of the buildings, and slid down a waterpipe to safety and a broken leg. The army that fought the fire that night, fought it without its general, although perhaps the subordinates were just as good men. Finding itself unimpeded by the brigade, the fire leaped into the adjoining building to the east and then into the next. By this time it looked as if it would be a dangerous fire. Some people began to prophesy that it would jump across Wellington Street and eat up some of the buildings on the south side. It did and Brown Bros.' building was soon ablaze. Other buildings around the original seat of fire caught, and in a short time the conflagration was beyond control. Fanned by a fierce



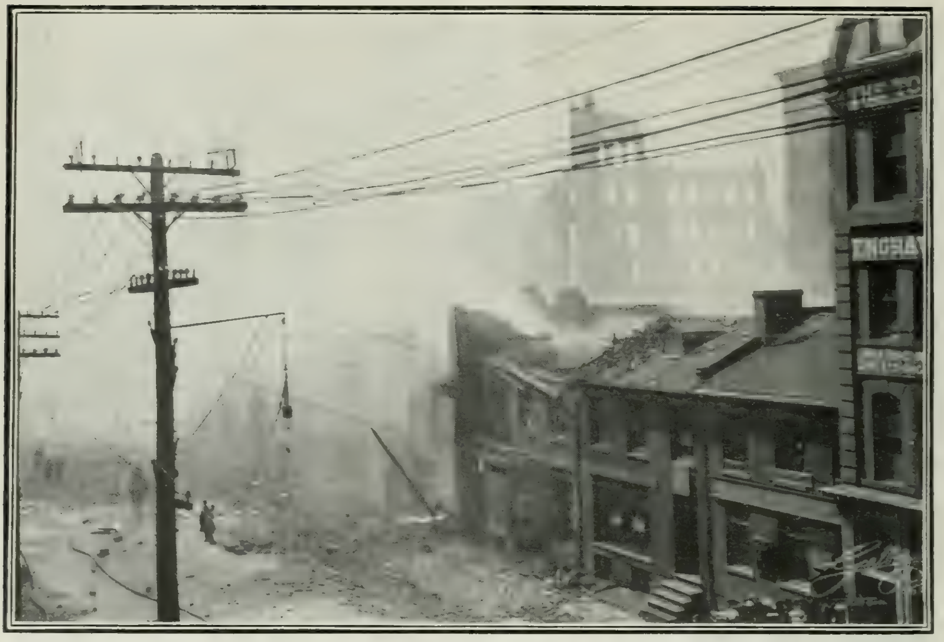
BROCK'S ROLPH, SMITH & CO. BROWN BROS.

SOUTH SIDE OF WELLINGTON STREET, WEST OF BAY

north-west wind, the flames raced south and east. They jumped from roof-top to roof-top. They reached from window to window across 66-foot streets. It went up Bay a bit and down Bay Street a considerable distance — to the railway tracks in fact. Before all the buildings on Wellington Street and Bay had caught, the blaze was eating up magnificent warehouses on both sides of Front Street, directly south of where the fire started. It was beyond control, and only dynamite liberally



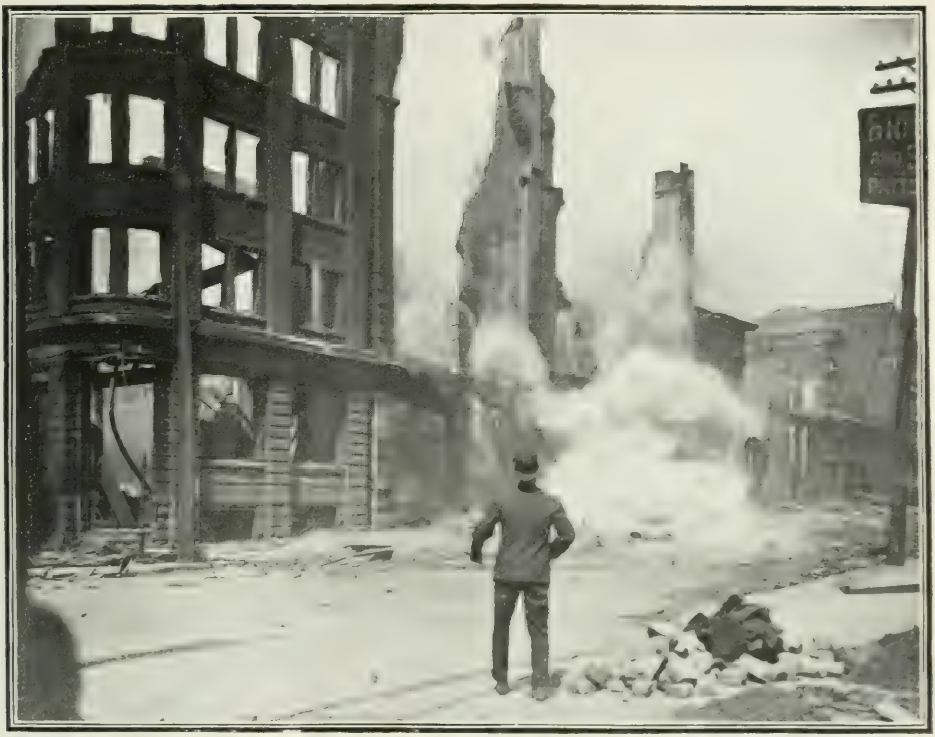
THE MINERVA BUILDING WHICH BARRED THE PROGRESS OF THE FIRE ON THE NORTH SIDE OF FRONT STREET, NEAR YONGE



THE FIRE SWEPT UP BAY ST. TO SOME LOW BUILDINGS NEXT TO THE TORONTO ENGRAVING CO. THESE LOW BUILDINGS ENABLED THE FIREMEN TO STOP THE NORTHWARD PROGRESS AT THIS POINT

used could have stayed its advance southward. The Mayor telephoned to surrounding cities, even to Buffalo, and soon assistance was on its way. The fire had been raging five hours when the Hamilton and Buffalo men arrived, but they were of great assistance for the home brigade were tiring in their valorous if discouraging work.

In the meantime the retreat of the fire northward had been checked at the *Telegram* and Toronto Engraving Co. buildings on Bay Street. Its progress westward was never serious because a favourable wind and open spaces saved the buildings on Wellington Street and the Queen's Hotel on Front Street. It had gone south as far as it could go—to the railway tracks and the Bay. The battle-ground lay to the east. From one o'clock until four the surging crowds of spectators speculated as to where the eastward limit would be. Would it be Yonge Street or the Market? Good buildings, water curtains and brave firemen checked it on Wellington Street before it had got half way from Bay to Yonge. On Front Street they were less successful. On the north side it swept along from building to building, roof to roof, window to window, cornice to cornice, sign to sign, until the huge Minerva Mfg. Co. building was reached. On the south side it licked up a score of closely-built warehouses until it reached the little strip of land which enables the Customs and Examining Warehouse to stand in their solitary grandeur. Here the fight was made, and the Minerva building and the Customs House mark the last trench of the great battle. Apparently satisfied with its playful frolic, the fire-fiend sat down upon the great area he had conquered and silently, sullenly, yet all unyieldingly, lulled himself to sleep. As the early morning broke, the weary firemen and the threatened merchants breathed sighs of relief, while the other citizens discussed and mourned the destruction which had come to the Queen City. A few heart-broken, discouraged men went home to talk over



DYNAMITING THE DANGEROUS WALLS AFTER THE FIRE--PHOTO TAKEN AT INSTANT OF THE EXPLOSION

their losses, only to return in a few hours with renewed courage to seek new offices, give orders for new machinery and to plan the rebuilding which will not be completed for, at least, two years.

The conflagration presents the same lessons that go unheeded by the public year after year—the lessons of faulty construction by the individual owner who builds his house upon the sand, of municipal neglect, of postponed precaution. To the lack of water pressure and an unorganized fire brigade may be assigned the spreading of the flames, but unprotected openings opposing each other, well-holes, wooden cornices, skylights, narrow lanes, overhead wires, all played their part in aiding the destruction. The manner in which Brock's and Kilgour's sprinklered buildings resisted the furious heat was strong evidence of the value of these equipments; two buildings in such a seething mass were of little avail, but they gave a breathing spell for the fighters, and one of them stopped the progress east on Wellington. The mercantile section of a great city, containing its millions of money value, should be constructed of fire-resisting materials only, and each building should be equipped with an approved automatic extinguishing apparatus.

Some valuable discussion has taken place since the fire concerning the fire-fighting system of Toronto. The pressure of the water in the mains in the burned district varies from 60 to 90 pounds to the square inch. In Buffalo, in the similar district it is 150 pounds; this is maintained by a special main, running up Washington Street, the water for which is pumped by a fire-tug carrying strong pumping engines. There is nothing of this kind in Toronto, or in any other Canadian city.

THE SCENE ALONG THE ESPLANADE

INCIDENTS AT A GREAT FIRE

WITH DRAWINGS AND SNAP-SHOTS BY THE AUTHOR

By FERGUS KYLE

CERTAINLY in the minds of the staring thousands who drifted about from one view-point to another, and feasted their eyes upon the sights of that wild night in Toronto, no impression, from amongst all that vivid spectacle, will remain deeper than that ever-recurring glimpse of an atom of a man walking about there in the midst of unquenchable fury. Watching the fire from the side was like standing beside a river in flood, so straight and swift swept the current of flame. There were wonderful pictures on every side, inspiring sights unnumbered; but always, as the onlooker crowded in to a new loophole of vision, his gaze found the same focus.

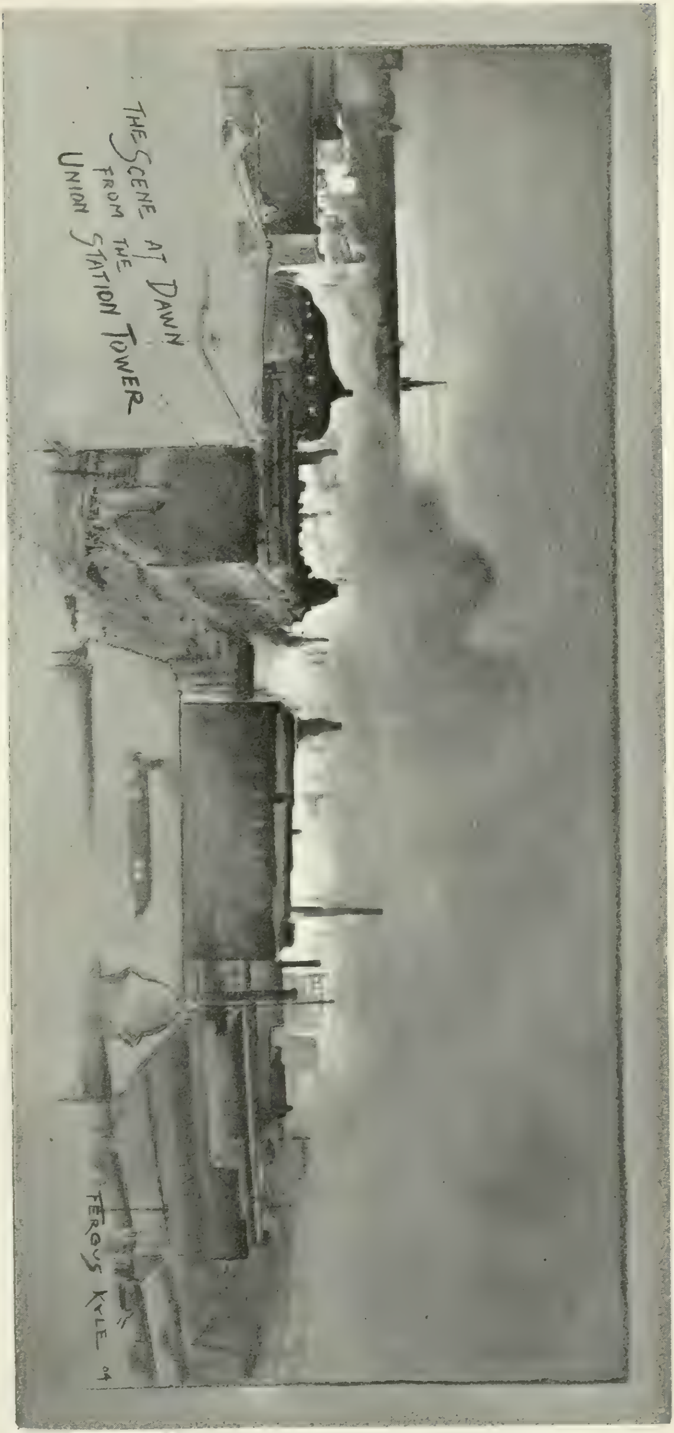
OLD CRONIES

From a distance, where the mass of humanity was held in check across the roadway, one looked away through an avenue of brick and stone fronts, one side brilliantly lighted, the other obscure in a dull gray; past the poles and sign boards standing out in black silhouette or glinting from their golden lettering; across the bare wet pavement where the hose ran in serpentine curves from the sputtering hydrant near by; and there, a block away, under the furious flash that swept from a hundred yards back straight over his head, was the man in the rubber clothing whom the people along the rope pay to look after these things for them, doing his regular work in the midst of a huge furnace. Not to stand on the outside with a long poker and rake the coals over so as to dissipate their strength; his business was to don a broad helmet and clumsy clothing, and to walk with heavy foot-gear right in among the embers; to choose from among the huge chunks of fuel one small piece upon which it seemed his work would be not entirely wasted, and to stay there with his miniature axes and thread of hose until the glowing mass crumbled and settled down upon the spot.

The people on the ropes see him away off there, one moment shut in by heavy, suffocating smoke; the next clear cut in a sudden glare, as the keen wind sweeps round a corner, bearing with it pieces of burning wood, lengths of tin roofing from the cornices above, and spray that makes the helmet shine like polished metal. They hear the roar and crackle and the curious unexplainable sounds, and feel the heat even at that distance, and some of them wonder whether the fireman thinks of his babies at home as he does his day's work there — or if he tries not to think of them. There was widely expressed thankfulness that no lives had been wasted in that disheartening sweep of fire.

■

Half way down Bay street, below



THE SCENE AT DAWN FROM THE UNION STATION TOWER

Wellington, when the fire was raging through the block behind them, sending showers of sparks and ashes down into the street, stood a couple of old cronies that have been through many a like experience—the team of horses belonging to the old "Boustead" fire engine. It was an off moment for them, and until their driver would come running to get them to move the engine from under some dangerous wall, or to hustle it around into a more advantageous position in front of the fire, they stood there alone in the smoky half-light without the slightest nervousness. Nothing of the fiery steed about them, barring their occupation; just two heavy, sensible old customers with only an occasional intelligent turn of the head, the distinguishing look of the fire horse, to tell that they understood or cared anything at all about it. Had there been an animal-study man among the two or three individuals who picked their way past there among the puddles and dangling wires, he would have heard the off-horse mutter, after a scrutiny of the surroundings over his mate's shoulder, "Billy, me boy, this is going to be an all-night job. What do you say if we take a nap while we have the chance?"

■

There were other equines engaged in tiresome work that night; old general-purpose day labourers that could ill afford the loss of a night's rest. Some of the bank clerks, who at one stage of the fire were looking for a waggon to move some valuables, tell of a couple of boys, the son of an expressman and a "pardner," who had "swiped out" the horse unbeknownst to the "old man," and at three-thirty in the morning had gathered together the sum of thirty-six dollars, most of it at the expense of the four-footed bread-winner, whom they urged to the limit of his public-spirited endurance.

■

His Majesty's Royal Mails are put to such curious uses at times, and the loyal servants of His Majesty and the people, the letter-handlers, are so accustomed to straightening out tangles and seeing that everything posted goes, that it was not astonishing, perhaps, or even amusing, to find the postman whose route lay in the burned district conscientiously peering into the box at the corner of Bay and Front streets on the second morning after the wreck, hoping like a patriot that no one had been absent-minded beggar enough (that was not exactly the expression he used) to put anything in there.

■

The activities of the picturesque telegraph linemen were the subject of much admiring comment on the two days following the big event. While the ruins were still smoking these fellows were heaving the newly-shaved poles up with their long pikes, dropping them into the holes from which the old roots of ruined timber had been expeditiously extracted.

■

There was an urgent call for experts to open the safes and vaults, and the local company, as well as those from elsewhere, had men at work as soon as the temperature of the bricks would permit. These "safe-crackers," as the irreverent workmen called them, were from among the most skilful of those engaged in lock-making, and where one of them was engaged he was al-

THE LINEMEN AT WORK

ways sure of an audience. "Let us know when you get to the stuff, old man; we'll keep an eye on the cops," and other pleasantries were fired at him. When the oven was opened, and, as in most cases, the batch was found to be not overdone, the waiting clerks busied themselves with passing out the books and papers, knocking and blowing the dust from them, at the same time sadly damaging their patent leathers in the mess underfoot, and keeping one eye open for additional contributions to the scrap heap from the crumbling projections overhead.

■

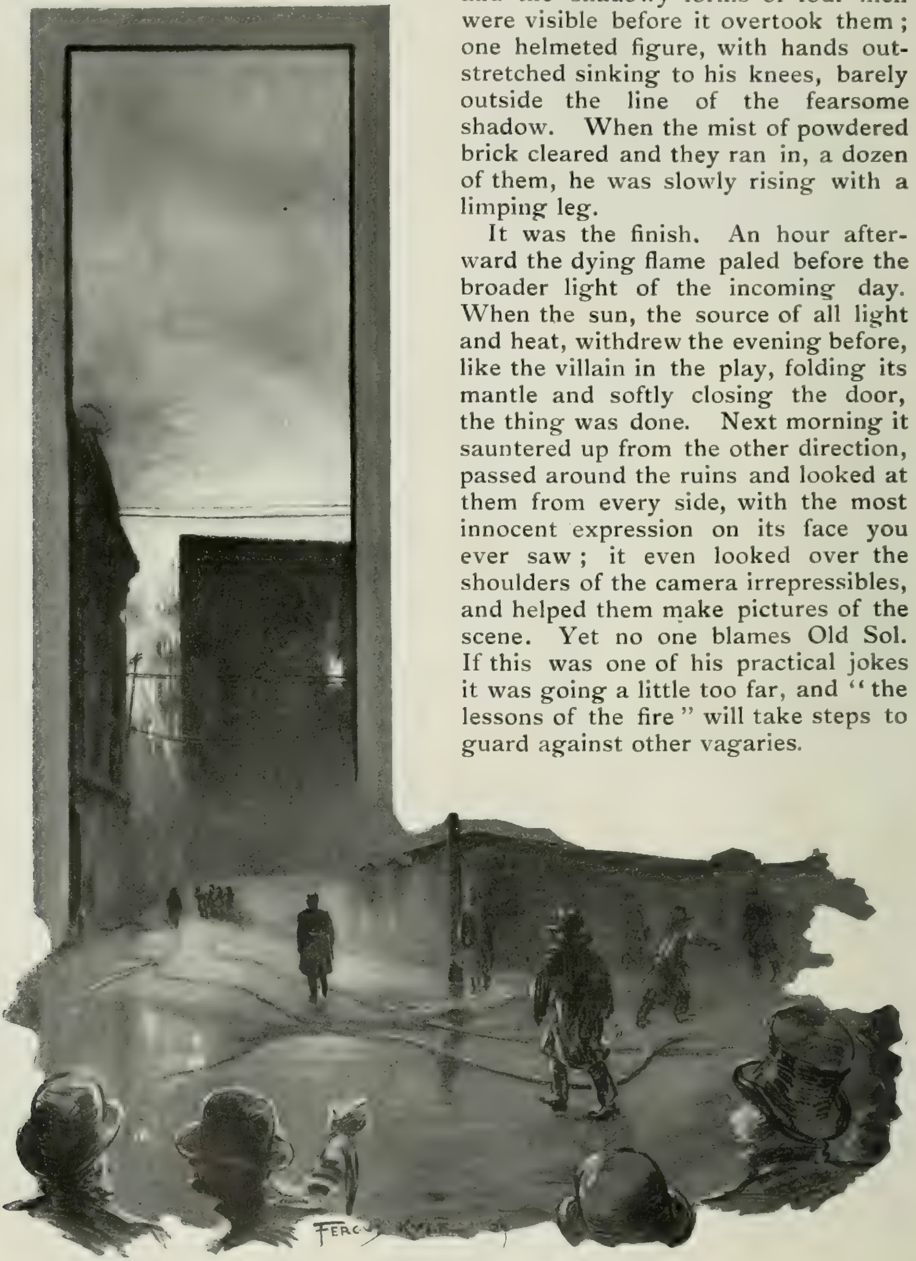
With the fall of the wall next to the Customs House buildings, the destroying passion of the fire was withstood. The stone walls and their austere isolation were an invulnerable combination, and in the doubtful places of proximity the ordinary resources of the protective system were a sufficient defence.

Here was a scene that included about all there is to be seen at a fire. There was the all-pervading glare, there were fierce tongues of flame, clouds of smoke and flying embers, the roar and crackle, the hum of the engines, bustling fire-fighters splashing about, in and out; tottering walls, a flight for life, and—the saving of the adjoining property. Inside that big warehouse the fire was making a thorough job of it, as could be plainly seen through the two windows, the only light spots in that immense expanse of black wall. At its foot, in the jog of the lane, three or four firemen were directing the force of a branch against susceptible portions of the rear wing of the Receiving House, whilst every minute or so a figure emerged from or disappeared around the bend of that dark tunnel, on business for the men engaged upon the roof or in the interior of the building upon which this hose was playing. It became a certainty that something must happen there soon. Everything behind the wall must have been eaten out long ago. There was a cry as a large part of the end fell down into the passage, and the men with the hose stumbled back a pace or two; but, as the freed flames reached across again, they turned their stream upward once more and stayed there. The people watched; they wondered if a wall fell inward or outward. Then the policeman who had undertaken to guard those fellows' lives uttered his strong cry. The

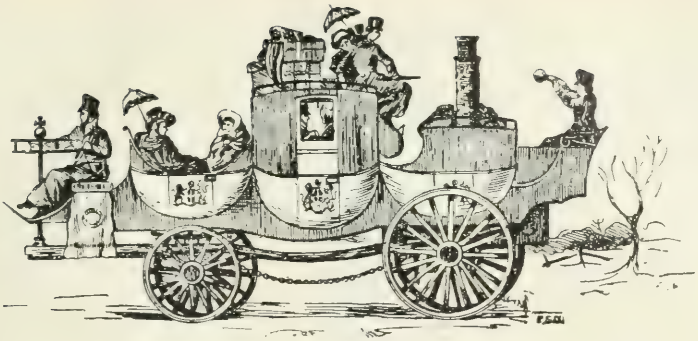
OPENING THE VAULTS

remaining end bricks had clattered out ; with them slid down some heavy crosspiece, the farther end first, burning fiercely with the additional draught, and the big flat wall was drawing out from its position, bulging a little and gathering speed. The hose was writhing on the ground as the men sped from the spot. There was a heavy sound like the launching of a big vessel and the belching wave was exactly similar ; with this difference, that it was of a sickly orange colour, and the shadowy forms of four men were visible before it overtook them ; one helmeted figure, with hands outstretched sinking to his knees, barely outside the line of the fearsome shadow. When the mist of powdered brick cleared and they ran in, a dozen of them, he was slowly rising with a limping leg.

It was the finish. An hour afterward the dying flame paled before the broader light of the incoming day. When the sun, the source of all light and heat, withdrew the evening before, like the villain in the play, folding its mantle and softly closing the door, the thing was done. Next morning it sauntered up from the other direction, passed around the ruins and looked at them from every side, with the most innocent expression on its face you ever saw ; it even looked over the shoulders of the camera irrepressibles, and helped them make pictures of the scene. Yet no one blames Old Sol. If this was one of his practical jokes it was going a little too far, and "the lessons of the fire" will take steps to guard against other vagaries.



THE FIGHT FOR THE CUSTOMS RECEIVING HOUSE



JAMES' COACH (1829), THE FIRST REALLY PRACTICABLE STEAM CARRIAGE BUILT

THE AUTOMOBILE OF 1904

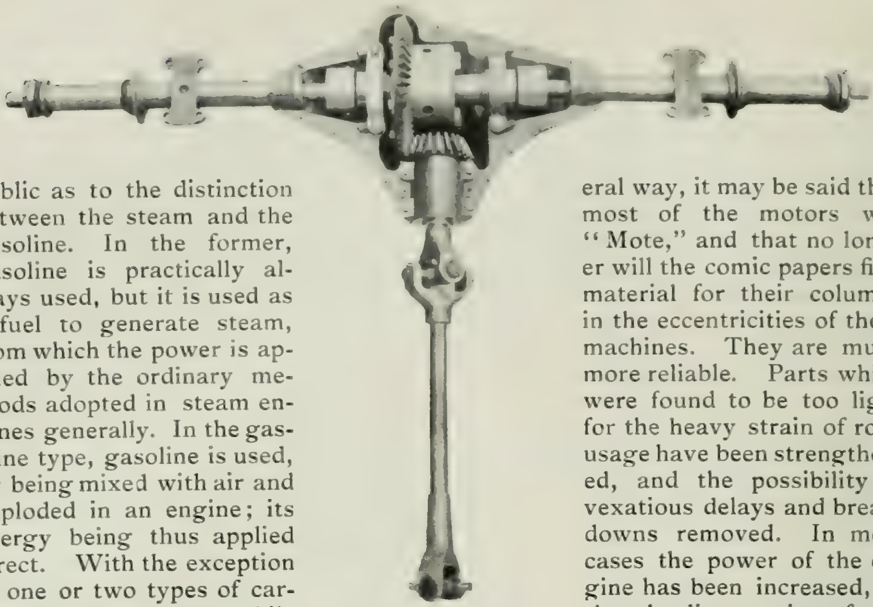
By T. A. RUSSELL

EVOLUTION, not revolution, may be said to be the feature of the progress of the automobile industry in 1904. The student of the automobile finds the carriage of 1904 superior in almost every detail to its predecessor of the last two or three years, although few new principles of construction have been applied. This season's vehicle surpasses its ancestors, not by some new invention applied, but by the application of the same principles along the lines which the experience of manufacturers, inventors and operators have found to be most satisfactory. The result is a greater uniformity of type in all vehicles, both in appearance and in mechanical construction. There are fewer freaks, and fewer carriages that are absolutely poor than ever before.

TYPES

Some three years ago the field seemed to be fairly equally divided between the steam, the gasoline and the electric carriages. Some confusion may arise in the minds of the general

A TYPE OF TOURING CAR FITTED WITH A 24 H.P., 4 CYLINDER MOTOR

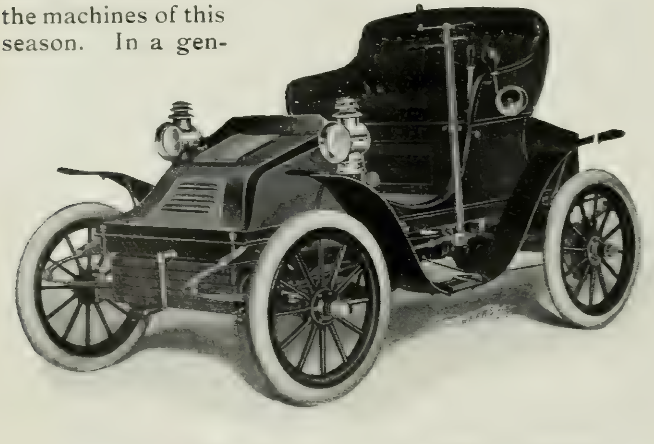


SHOWING HOW THE SHAFT DRIVE AND REAR AXLE ARE WORKED TOGETHER

public as to the distinction between the steam and the gasoline. In the former, gasoline is practically always used, but it is used as a fuel to generate steam, from which the power is applied by the ordinary methods adopted in steam engines generally. In the gasoline type, gasoline is used, by being mixed with air and exploded in an engine; its energy being thus applied direct. With the exception of one or two types of carriage, the steam automobile has not held its own, and has given way to the gasoline, which has at the present time by far the largest sale, although the electric carriage is a feature of the automobile market, and still remains easily the ideal carriage for city use.

GASOLINE MACHINES

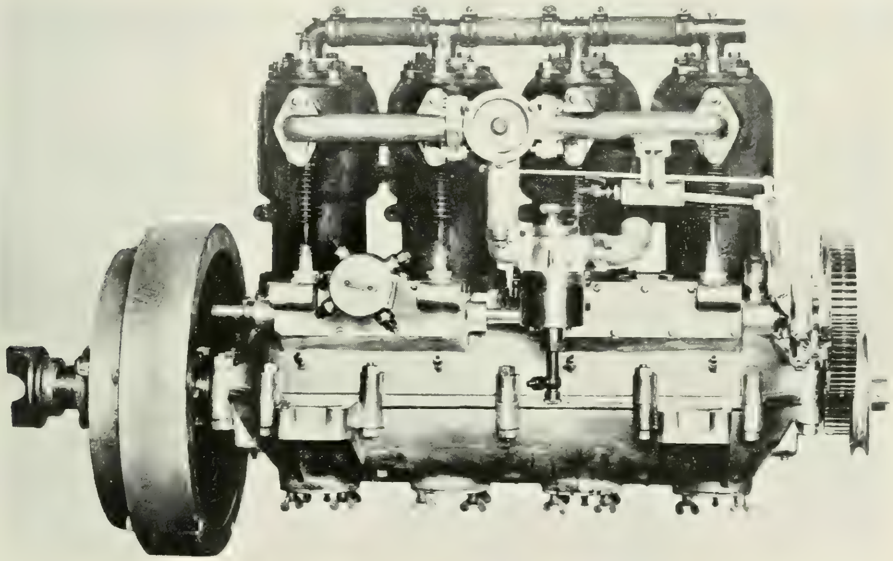
Turning then to the gasoline automobile. Many marked improvements have been made in the machines of this season. In a general way, it may be said that most of the motors will "Mote," and that no longer will the comic papers find material for their columns in the eccentricities of these machines. They are much more reliable. Parts which were found to be too light for the heavy strain of road usage have been strengthened, and the possibility of vexatious delays and breakdowns removed. In most cases the power of the engine has been increased, so that the dismounting of passengers on a steep or sandy hill is no longer a necessity. But, perhaps, most marked of all are the improvements which have been brought about in the reduction of noise, and the elimination of the vibration, which was a feature of the first carriages. The enthusiastic automobilist, who deserts his business to ride his machine, or to haunt the repair shops and showrooms of the automobile dealers, perhaps cares little whether his machine makes as much noise as a locomotive, or shakes and rattles as viciously as it chooses, so long as it has power to pass all others on the road; but with the general outside public and the people of refinement and taste, the case is different. They were not interested in a noisy carriage which frightened all horseflesh from the



TYPE OF A RUNABOUT CAR FITTED WITH A DOUBLE CYLINDER ENGINE road, nor in a vehicle which shook with all the vibration of the moving mechanism beneath; and so the designers and makers for 1904 have sought to produce a carriage in which noise as far as possible is eliminated, and from which all possible vibration of machinery is removed. Those who view the up-to-date models for 1904, will see how well in many cases this has been accomplished.

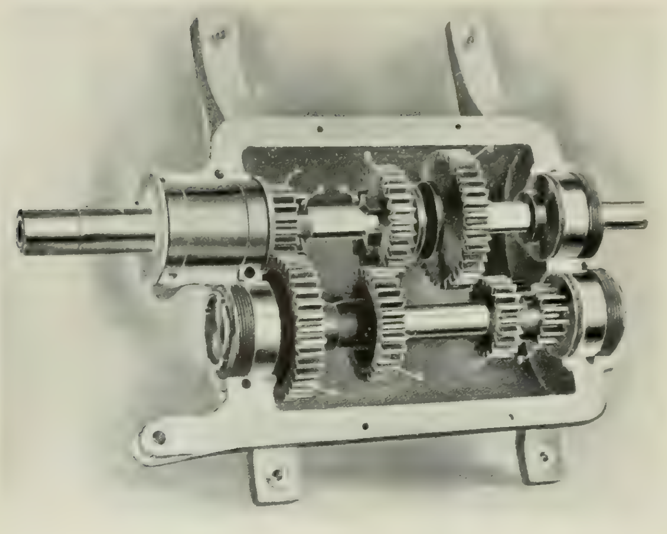
THE ENGINE

To show how these features have been brought about requires a review of the vital points of the automobile. The engine is essentially the heart of the machine. In it great improvements have been made; where possible weight has been reduced by machining down all unnecessary metal, and in the higher grade machines by the substitution of aluminum castings for iron. The bearings of the main shafts and the pistons have been increased and thereby strengthened. The design of the engine has been to a very considerable extent altered and improved. A year ago, practically every automobile of the runabout class had what is known as a single-cylinder engine, that is one chamber into which the mixture of air and gasoline was drawn to be compressed by the piston rod, and exploded. This year, in the medium-priced carriages, there is a marked tendency to use two-cylinder engines; that is two chambers similar to the one described above, situated opposite one another, the result being that when an explosion is taking place in one chamber, the foul gases are being driven out of the other, and vice versa. In this way it is unnecessary to have such a big, heavy explosion to obtain the same power; and, consequently, the two-cylinder machines obtain greater power, with a very material reduction of both noise and vibration.



A FOUR-CYLINDER ENGINE FOR AN AUTOMOBILE—24 HORSE POWER

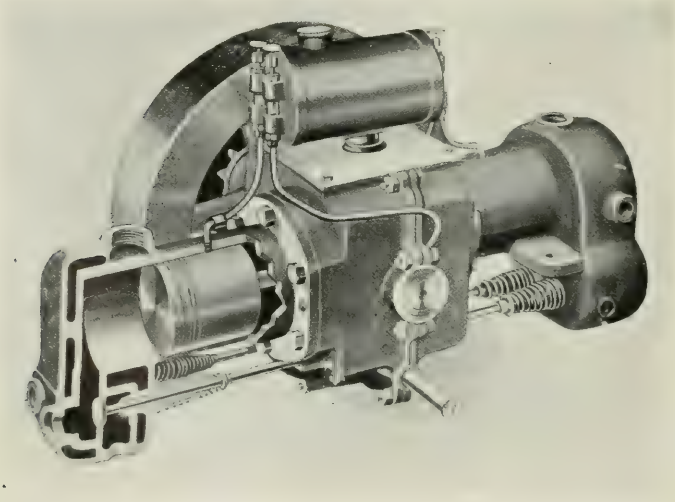
The engines above described are the type now used in the runabout classes of automobiles. Until this year they were also used in the touring cars, and larger vehicles as well, but the New York Show, in January last, showed that material advance had been made



THE SLIDE GEAR TRANSMISSION

For increasing or decreasing the speed of an automobile. The short shaft is driven by the engine and the longer shaft is connected with the wheels. When the large wheel on the long shaft is meshed with the small wheel on the other shaft, the slow or "hill-climbing" speed results; when either of the other two gears are meshed, the speed is increased.

in these cars to bring them in conformity with the styles and structure which had been worked out of the French models. Instead of one or two-cylinder engines being situated under the body, the larger class are mostly equipped with three or four vertical cylinders situated in the front of the carriage. This is a practical necessity in a large touring car, as the parts require attention, which it is hardly possible to give them, if the operator has to get under the machine or remove the passengers from the car in order to look over his engine. The location of these engines in front has been a marked improvement. The adoption of the three or four-cylinder engines has rendered possible wide variations of speed, and, at the same time, material reduction of noise and vibration. Hence the leading touring car models on the American market this year are representative of the very highest type of automobile construction.



EXAMPLE OF A DOUBLE-OPPOSED CYLINDER GASOLINE ENGINE

The power is increased, and the vibration off-set by this method

THE TRANSMISSION

By the transmission is meant the mechanism, of whatever description it may be, which transmits the power from the engine to the rear axle for driving the carriage. In this transmission must be provided attachments for changing the speed, so that at the one time in climbing a hill, the engine will be allowed to run at its full speed, but the gears be so reduced that the wheels will be moving somewhat slowly and the maximum of power applied. In the same way arrangements have to be made for higher speed under favourable conditions, and for reverse or backing up as well.

The runabout carriages are mostly equipped with what is known as a planetary system of transmission, and having generally two speeds forward and one for reverse. The touring cars are usually equipped with a sliding gear transmission, usually with a range of three speeds forward and one reverse. Its general plan is seen in the illustrations. Both of these systems of transmission for the season of 1904 show improvement in the way of strengthening the bearings, improving the lubrication, and reducing the noise.

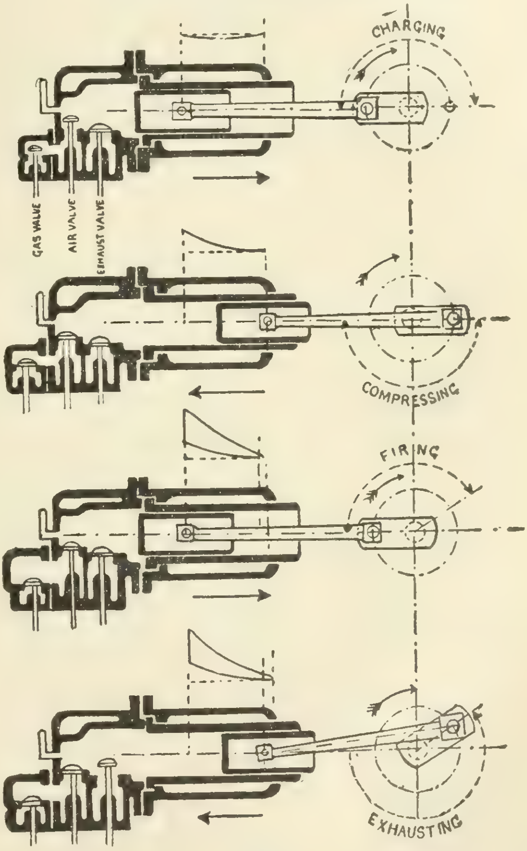
The control of the machines has been improved, most of them adopting the wheel steer device for steering, which gives the maximum power to the operator with the minimum of effort. Levers have been simplified, so that a very few minutes' instruction will enable the ordinary person to operate his own carriage.

The speed of the vehicles is controlled in three ways. First, by the transmission gear above described; second, by the throttle which regulates the amount of air and gasoline admitted to the combustion chamber; and third, by the timing device which regulates the rapidity of the explosion. All these are usually conveniently situated on or near the steering wheel.

THE LUBRICATION

Lubrication is one of the important features of an automobile. Lack of oil will not only cause temporary heating, and, consequently, stoppage of the machine, but very often serious damage to it. Formerly it was left to the operator to turn on the oil when he started his machine. Frequently he forgot to do so, with the consequent result of over-heating and damage. Most of the improved 1904 models have automatic oilers, which start the oiling when the machine starts, and stop when the machine stops, thus eliminating trouble in this direction.

FROM "SELF-PROPELLED VEHICLES" BY J. E. HOMANS 1902



THE CYCLE OF A FOUR CYCLE GAS ENGINE

Note the three valves, one letting in gas, one air, and the third releasing the exhaust. The position of these valves varies in each part of the revolution. The first outward stroke of the piston draws in gas and air. The back stroke compresses it. It is then exploded and the second outward stroke follows. The second back stroke drives out the resulting gases.

Frequently sight feed oilers are used in conjunction with the automatic attachment, so that the operator can see if anything is preventing the proper lubrication of the parts.

COOLING

The constant explosion of air and gasoline in the engine tends to create a heat which would prevent the further running of the machine if some means were not provided for cooling the engine. The result is that this has now been adequately provided for by covering the engine with a water jacket, which is connected by pipes with a radiator to the front of the carriage and with a pump operated by the engine, so that the moment the engine and the vehicle starts, hot water surrounding the engine is pumped through the pipes into the radiator in front of the carriage, where it is cooled by the air passing through, and again returns to the engine, and so is kept in constant circulation, cooling the engine as desired.

TIRES

All these improvements relate to the mechanical features of the carriage. Other improvements, which commend themselves to the operators, have been accomplished. Probably the most important is in the tires.

The pneumatic tire had never been applied to vehicles other than the bicycle, and its extension to the automobile was for many years the cause of trouble on account of its previous extreme lightness of construction. The tires have been so improved now that practically no more trouble should be given by an automobile tire than by a bicycle tire.

GENERAL STYLE

The body of the automobile has been improved both in appearance and in comfort. In appearance it has got away from the horseless look, and now stands as a type of its own as an automobile and not a horseless carriage. The seats have been made roomier, the upholstery improved, canopy tops and other devices for protection from the weather added, so that the comfort of the passenger is catered to in every detail.

The gasoline automobile is not yet perfect any more than the bicycle or the top buggy, or any other article of human contrivance is perfect, but this season sees it far beyond the experimental stage, sees it placed on a plane of reliability and excellence, where it will commend itself to that large public which requires a safe and speedy means of transportation, both for pleasure and for business purposes.

THE ELECTRIC CARRIAGE

The electric carriage has been materially improved for 1904. Some remarks which apply to the design of the body, strengthening of the running gear, improvement of the tires, etc., of the gasoline carriage, apply to the electric.

An electric carriage, outside of an ordinary vehicle, contains practically two elements, a storage battery, and, a motor transforming the energy of the battery into motion, which is in turn transmitted to the rear axle of the carriage. In other words, an electric carriage is an ordinary buggy with a storage battery, and an electric motor added.

The storage battery shows substantial improvement this year. It is made up of a number of cells from twenty to forty in number, depending on the style of carriage. Each cell is composed of a hard rubber jar, in which are placed a number of positive and negative plates, separated from each other by either wood or rubber separators, the spaces being filled with a liquid known as "Electrolyte." The positive plates for these cells are connected together with the negative of the other cells, and the whole complete connected with the motor.

The battery upon which Mr. Edison has been working departs from the present type of construction entirely. The jars, instead of being of hard rubber, are of iron and nickel. The plates instead of being formed of lead and lead oxides, of iron and nickel. The electrolyte used, instead of being of an acid solution, is an alkali. Great advantages are claimed for this battery in the way of durability and increased mileage. At present its objections are the low voltage of the cells requiring 50 per cent. more cells than a lead battery, consequently more room in a carriage, and, secondly, the higher cost. Some of these difficulties may be overcome in another season, but for this year the Edison battery is not a commercial proposition in Canada, at least. Meantime, however, the improvements in the present type of storage battery are such as to justify a largely increased sale of electric carriages for city use. They are absolutely noiseless in running, free from vibration, and are so simple in operation that a child can drive them. With a radius of 35 or 40 miles, they are the ideal city carriage.

The changes which have been outlined are the kind of changes which will give confidence to an intending purchaser. They are not new experiments to get at different results, but are improvements on methods and appliances well tested out, and should therefore be reliable in the extreme.

SONG OF TOIL

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER

O LISTEN to the bustle and the rustle in the street!
List to the click and clatter of ambitious, hurried feet!
O hear the steady voices
While fresh young life rejoices
In the raging, battle heat!

O how I love the gladness and the madness of the crowd,
That blinding, winding, finding goes a-hunting, where the loud
Incessant, rhythmic laughter
Fills bright hearts with the after
Peace, so free and love-endowed!

How like a mighty ocean is the motion of the tide
Of human beings, gaily, daily passing down the wide
Paths of hopes undiscovered,
Where sickly Pain oft hovered,
And where sorrow knelt and sighed!

O heart of mine! the rattle and the battle in the street
Fills thee with courage, proudly—loudly, while thy forces beat
Against its casement dreary!
Ah! life it is not weary
When the toil is glad and sweet!

THE FIGHT FOR NORTH AMERICA

BY A. G. BRADLEY

A HISTORY IN TWELVE INSTALMENTS

CHAPTER VI.—DIFFICULTIES IN FORMING A MINISTRY—PITT SUCCEEDS TO POWER—FRENCH ATTACK REPULSED ON LAKE GEORGE—ANOTHER BRITISH FORCE SAILS—LOUDON'S FUTILE EXPEDITION AGAINST LOUISBOURG—THE FRENCH CAPTURE FORT WILLIAM HENRY—THE MASSACRE BY THE INDIANS—1756-1757.

DURING the past autumn the dead weight of Newcastle's blighting hand had been lifted from British policy. His very friends could no longer be either bribed or flattered into his service, so with a groan of anguish like that of a miser parting with his hoard, the venerable intriguer and pettiest of Prime Ministers at last resigned. But it was no easy matter at that moment to form a fresh Ministry. The personal likes and dislikes of the king, his natural attachment to Hanover, and the mutual antipathies of potential ministers made a strong Government impossible, and even a compromise most difficult. Pitt was already recognized as not only the most popular but as the most brilliant of the group. But Pitt was most unacceptable to the king, whose knowledge of English was anything but profound, while his love of brevity in the discussion of business was notorious, and the Great Commoner had a habit of treating him in his closet to flights of oratory which were not only unintelligible to his Majesty but insupportable to his practical, drill-sergeant type of mind. Lord Temple was another unwelcome counsellor. His civility the king found only less offensive than his remonstrances, which at times he declared took the form of downright insolence.

The result of the lengthy and precarious confusion which followed the resignation of Newcastle, was the rise of Pitt to supreme power, a power so gloriously used as to make the epoch marked by it one of the most memorable in the annals of Britain. A notable feature, too, of the moment was the partnership of Newcastle with the man who had so mercilessly lashed him and so utterly despised him. Nothing but the greatness of the one and the insignificance of the other made such a combination possible. So Newcastle returned to office, but on the sole condition of abjuring all connection with great affairs, and of confining himself wholly to the dirty work of politics, which he loved, and which possessed at that time an importance not very easy nowadays to fully realize. Pitt had now a free hand, but when that happy consummation was reached it was past midsummer, and he could exercise but little influence on the year's operations which had been already planned. He had succeeded, however, in the face of some opposition, in raising the first of those Highland regiments which from that day to this have been such a conspicuous feature in our line of battle. Fifty-two thousand men had been voted in the recent Session of Parliament for the Army, and forty-five thousand for the Navy; while the militia had not been neglected. Eight thousand men were ordered to reinforce Loudon in America, and, adopting that general's very dubious advice, Louisbourg, with Quebec to follow in the event of success, was made the somewhat premature object of the main attack. It was an ill fate for France that the moment which saw the advent of Pitt to power in the councils of Britain almost coincided with the withdrawal from her own of the men who had been the chief support of her Canadian policy. Such forces as she had thrown into Canada were of excellent quality, and in Montcalm at least she possessed by very far the ablest soldier on the American continent at that time, while in her colonists she had a willing and efficient militia. Through the past winter of 1756-57, little could be ascertained in Canada about the intentions of the British. The bare rumour of a threatened attack on Quebec, would cramp Montcalm's movements and prevent him from fully concentrating his strength in an attack on Albany and the flourishing settlements of the Hudson. The tardy fashion in which news crossed the ocean in those days is hard to realize, and Quebec particularly, seated on its throne of snow and cut off from the Atlantic by endless leagues of ice and vast areas of frozen forests, awaited each recurring spring, in a state of more or less uncertainty, what fate might be in store for it at the bursting of the leaf. Vaudreuil wrote to his Government upon every opportunity long letters in praise of himself and his Canadians, and in depreciation of Montcalm and his regulars. Montcalm also wrote home, touching with good-natured contempt on Vaudreuil as an amiable man without a will of his own, and the victim of designing creatures. He speaks of the Canadians as useful behind breastworks or in the woods, but of no account for a front attack. Like every other European visitor of that day, he remarks on their inordinate vanity and boastfulness, "believing themselves to be the first nation on earth."

Vaudreuil confides to the French minister that one Canadian is worth three soldiers from old France, though the latter, he condescends to admit, are good in their ways, and it is significant he presses for more of them! His figures, when applied to the facts of a campaign, might almost be reversed without being very wide of the truth. He had a tolerably consistent plan of multiplying the enemy in every engagement by two, and their losses by three or four. Montcalm's victories, too, were all due to Vaudreuil's initiative and support; his reverses to neglect of Vaudreuil's advice. By this time, however, the French Government had probably begun to pigeon-hole the voluminous documents that emanated from Quebec. The Governor's childish vanity and hopeless inability to speak the truth did little harm. He had his uses, being amazingly energetic and really patriotic, while extolling everything Canadian at the expense of France was perhaps just now a fault on the right side. When it came to severe fighting, however, Montcalm generally took his own line, and it signified very little if the Governor filled sheets of paper claiming the credit of it, if credit were earned, and sent them to a remote Minister of Marine, who probably never broke the seal. If Montcalm had a fault, it was perhaps his temper, which seems to have been quick. Like Braddock, he, no doubt, had infinite provocation.

But the silence of this winter on Lake George was not to be broken only by the howling of wolves in the Adirondack Mountains and the roar of falling trees in the snow-laden forests. The outposts who guarded the temporary frontier of the two nations at Ticonderoga and Fort William Henry, respectively, amused themselves from time to time, and not unprofitably, in scouting for prisoners, whose information was highly prized, and failing this, for scalps. One really serious attempt on the British fort was made in March. It seems to have been designed by Vaudreuil, and was placed, morever, under command of his brother Rigaud, which sufficiently accounted in the eyes of the old French party for its comparative failure. Nor did he trust to the few hundred men who were wintering at the front for his enterprise, but pushed forward from Montreal a force that raised the attacking party to 1,600 men — regulars, redskins, and Canadians. They stayed some time at Ticonderoga making scaling ladders, and with these upon their shoulders they traversed the lake on the ice and crept close to the British fort on the night of March the eighteenth, to the entire surprise of the garrison. Major Eyre was in command with less than four hundred effective men. The British garrisons in all these cheerless, wintry stations made the most of anniversaries. Major Knox, in his day-to-day journal of dreary banishment among the Acadian forests, gives amusing accounts of the strenuous efforts at festivals which the feasts of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick, to say nothing of birthdays, called forth among the soldiers. At Fort William Henry the Irish saint had been done full justice to the day before in copious libations of rum, and the gallant colonial rangers, having as yet no Fourth of July to their credit, patronized indiscriminately the festal days of their British brothers in arms.

The French were just a day too late to gain what advantages might have accrued from any laxity after such festivities, and were received in the darkness by a shower of grape and roundshot from the garrison, who had heard the sounds of their approach while yet upon the ice. Vaudreuil had not only given his brother the command, but had put his notorious predilections into practice and pinned his faith on his favourite Canadians and Indians. Admirable in defence and in the woods, they now showed their incapacity for a front attack on ramparts manned by determined men. Two hundred and seventy-four regulars of the 44th regiment and 72 rangers kept this force of 1,600 men at bay for five days. They were offered lenient terms of surrender, and at the same time virtually assured of massacre by the Indians in the event of refusal. But these gallant men, though neither well found nor very well protected, refused the overture with scorn. It is significant, too, that these soldiers were the remains of one of Braddock's broken regiments, while the most active of Rigaud's officers in attack was Dumas, the hero of that fatal field. This time the tables were turned, and the French many fell back before the British few, not, however, before they had succeeded in burning the detached outbuildings round the fort and a considerable number of sloops, batteaux and whale-boats that lay ready or in course of construction for the operations of the coming season. On March 24th the whole French force disappeared down the lake amid a blinding snowstorm, having cost their Government fifty thousand *livres*, and inflicted a loss equal to perhaps a tenth of that amount. Eyre and his brave garrison marched out with their numerous sick a few days later, and were duly replaced by five companies of the 35th, under Monroe, whose name is indelibly associated with the more memorable events that in the coming summer made the spot famous in history for all time to come.

It was in this same month of March, 1757, that the gallant Knox commenced, as a lieutenant, that invaluable journal which he closed four years later as a major at the fall of Montreal. He was now at Athenry in charge of a detachment of the 43rd regiment, whose headquarters were in Galway. They were ordered to Cork, as part of the force of 8,000 men which Parliament had recently voted for Loudon's support. Six other regiments from various Irish stations were gathering at the western seaport, namely, the second battalion of the 1st Royals, a thousand strong, together with the 17th, 27th, 28th, 46th, and the 55th, each mustering some seven hundred effective men. By the end of March they were all collected, and lay awaiting the fleet from England that was to convey them to America, their actual destination—namely, Halifax—being not yet made known. Cork, at the present day, does not suggest itself as the port most likely to treat an Imperial armament destined for foreign service with special enthusiasm or an excess of practical sympathy. But Knox, who was a Scotsman, cannot express sufficient admiration for its attitude during the six or seven weeks in which the city swarmed with soldiers and sailors. It was one of cordial good-will and generous effort. There were neither the riots nor brawls common in his experience to the influx of a large force into a big town. Instead of raising the price of necessaries and lodgings on the poor soldier, under such great demand, as was the common custom, the citizens gave him of their best at the lowest prices, while large subscriptions were raised for the support of the women and children he left behind him. One is accustomed to think a somewhat brutal indifference in matters of this sort was characteristic of the Hogarthian period, and Knox's account of Cork at a trying period is pleasant reading. There were no meetings, such as we now see, to vote success to the scalping knives of the Shewanoes and Pottawattamies. Even if the blessings of free speech had been then sufficiently developed, the native sense of humour was still too strong to have tolerated in the alderman of the day such doleful exhibitions of clumsy malice. Sympathy with France, as a Catholic power, and indeed, for more solid reasons, might reasonably have been looked for in Cork at such a time, but Knox at least tells us of no such discordant notes. On April 25th the expected fleet of warships and transports appeared off the Old Head of Kinsale, and on the following day anchored in Cork harbour. There were fifteen battleships carrying nearly a thousand guns, and fifty transports, averaging some two hundred and fifty tons apiece, for conveying the troops, besides numerous other craft laden with stores, siege guns, and ammunition. It may be worth noting, too, that a hospital ship of five hundred tons accompanied the fleet. The force embarked was in all something under six thousand men.

It required about six transports to carry a regiment, giving, therefore, something over a hundred men, besides officers and a few women and children, to every vessel, while each one carried a pennon to distinguish the regiment it was helping to convey. The Admiral in command was Holborne, with Commodore Holmes as second. The long delay in reaching Cork had been caused by adverse winds, and it was this, in great part, and not mere official dilatoriness, as is sometimes said, that proved the eventual failure of the enterprise. French fleets, it is true, had got out promptly and were already across. But they were unhampered by convoys, nor does it follow that the conditions of sailing from the Bay of Biscay were always suitable to getting out of the Solent.

It was the eighth of May when the British fleet, numbering upwards of a hundred ships, with their white sails filled by a favouring wind, swarmed out into the open sea. Here three more battleships and a frigate put in an appearance, owing to a report that a large French fleet intended to intercept Holborne, and there was good ground for the rumour.

Knox gives us a vivid picture of life on one of these small transports a hundred and fifty years ago. They soon experienced bad weather, and their ship was separated from the fleet more than once, though they succeeded in finding it again. When a fortnight out, however, they lost it altogether, and were left henceforward to their own devices. What those of the skipper were likely to be soon became unmistakable. Indeed, Knox and his companions had shrewd suspicions that, if this worthy mariner had not actually contrived their isolation, he was in no way depressed by it. On their urgent demands and with some reluctance he opened his secret orders, which proved Halifax to be their destination, as was generally suspected. The course he proceeded to steer, however, struck even infantry officers as having a strangely southern bias about it for the coast of Nova Scotia. It was more than suspected that he had letters of marque, for privateering was just then immensely profitable. The skipper's cabin, too, bristled with cutlasses and firearms ; the ship mounted seven guns, and with a force of a hundred soldiers besides his crew on board, the temptation to get into the track of merchant vessels and engage in a little profitable diversion seems to have proved altogether too strong.

They sighted several ships, and each time the decks were cleared for action, but in every case a closer inspection proved the hoped-for prize or suspected enemy to be a neutral or a friend. One really humorous encounter is related. A Massachusetts privateer approached our bellicose transport in threatening fashion, the only sign of her nationality being the apparently convincing one of the white uniforms and pointed hats worn by French soldiers, plainly discernible upon her decks. Having cleared for an encounter that looked remarkably unpromising for Knox and his friends, the true nationality of the stranger was disclosed, and the mystery of the French uniforms was solved by means of a speaking trumpet. They belonged, in fact, to a number of French prisoners whom the Yankee had captured with a French ship. She, on her part, had made precisely the same mistake in regard to the British transport. It seems to have been an economical custom of that day to make the soldiers wear their uniforms inside-out on board ship, and those of the 43rd having white linings, it gave them all the appearance, at a distance, of French troops. On their mutual errors being discovered, the officers politely asked the captain of the privateer to dinner, but the amenities were extended even to the ships themselves, which got so fast locked together that for a short time they were in a somewhat serious predicament. The Yankee skipper, says Knox, went down on his knees upon the deck and called aloud to Heaven, while his British confrere jumped into the rigging and soundly cursed both crews at the top of his voice till they had effected a separation—much the surest method, according to our diarist, of getting the job done. Another little incident is, I think, worth relating. Though Divine service was punctiliously performed on the deck of the transport, the first mate was accustomed to introduce a most scandalous novelty into the ritual. No one, we are told, was louder or more devout in the responses than this excellent man ; but the ship had to be sailed, and he had to sail her. In the usual course of business, therefore, it became necessary for him to lift his eyes from his devotions and from time to time shout directions to the sailors on duty. These he gave with no mitigation whatever of his week-day phraseology, returning in the most imperturbable fashion after each discharge to his responses. It was not easy, says Knox, for the soldiers to preserve their decorum, particularly if one of the mate's eloquent broadsides was intermingled with the responses of the latter half of the Litany. Fogs and icebergs, whales, dolphins and "grampuses," and all the wonders of the deep, were encountered and duly chronicled by this observant soldier, till on June 30th they slipped into Halifax harbour the first of all the fleet. There they found Loudon with his troops just landed from New York by Admiral Sir Charles Hardy, and hastened on shore to give him such news as they could—which was little enough—of the armament he was so anxiously awaiting.

Loudon, of a truth, whatever his shortcomings, had passed a most unpleasant winter. The sense of failure rested upon him as upon the whole British interest in America. There was even more soreness than usual, too, between the army and the colonists, the trouble this time lying in the much-vexed question of quarters. Seeing that Loudon and his soldiers were employed in the immediate interests of the colonies, it was not unreasonable to expect their people to show some concern for the comfort of their defenders. Boston, New York, and Philadelphia were naturally selected by the commander-in-chief for the winter quarters of his army. But the first of these cities showed much backwardness in providing shelter, while the two last were still more inhospitable and provided none at all till they were forced to by threats of coercion. Loudon swore that, if New York would not house the troops he had placed there, he would compel them to accommodate double the number. The men were suffering and sickening for lack of shelter, and the fierce Northern winter was already upon them. The Assembly at length gave in as regards the men, but held out in the matter of the officers. Loudon responded by sending half a dozen of the latter to the house of a prominent townsman, with a threat of sending twelve if he declined to receive them. These amenities were not conducive to good feeling, and there were probably faults on both sides. The old English constitutional dislike of soldiers and a standing army was in the blood of the colonists, and the comparatively rigid habits of life made them dread the easy notions of the British soldier of all ranks. Still, without the British soldier the colonists would have been helplessly exposed at this time, both in person and estate, to their active enemies, and had some cause to be grateful. True, the performances of the army had not so far been brilliant, but such organization and initiative as had been shown was due in the main to British soldiers and British money. The colonial militia, according to Loudon, had an airy way of simplifying difficult operations, and talked glibly of "taking Ticonderoga" or "marching to Canada." The tendency to inflated talk is part of the atmosphere of new countries, it is almost natural to their life. Any one who has lived in them nowadays can well fancy the discourse that was often heard around the camp-fires of New England regiments or in blockhouses on the frontiers of Virginia. But the colonies had so far shown no capacity for united effort, and without co-operation, and perhaps even with it, Montcalm, with his veterans and his mobile Canadians would have swept the country from end to end. At any rate, the refusal to find shelter for their defenders was singularly churlish. Philadelphia hastened with joy to make the dispute another cause of wrangle with their much-harried Governor, Hamilton, whose duty it was to assist Loudon in finding quarters for His Majesty's troops. Philadelphia, however, was finally settled very much after the fashion of New York. Another cause of annoyance at this time was the persistence with which provisions of all sorts were secretly sold to Canada. In this the Dutch of the Upper Hudson were the worst offenders. The greed of their traders had been a fruitful source of trouble with the friendly Indians, and now they were active in supplying—though by no means alone in doing so—those sinews of war which Canada needed much more than arms and troops, so dismally had she failed in the primary objects of colonial enterprise.

On Loudon, however, falls the onus of having recommended for this season the Louisbourg scheme. It was not its immediate failure which redounds to his discredit so much as the tactics which left the northern colonies in the gravest peril, and the western frontiers of the others still reeking with Indian ravage. General Webb, with Monroe, a brave Scotch colonel, under him, had been left with three or four thousand, for the most part raw troops, to hold the frontier against the able Montcalm and the whole power of Canada, while the great effort of the year, occupying a powerful army and a powerful fleet, spent itself on the shores of Nova Scotia, and never even saw the first object of its attack. The important conflict of the season was reserved for the remnant Loudon had left behind him, and resulted in inevitable disaster. For while he was occupying a force of nearly ten thousand regular troops in sham fights, and cultivating vegetables where Halifax now spreads its streets and wharves, Fort William Henry succumbed to Montcalm under circumstances of such horror that its capture has rung down the ages in reams of prose and verse.

Montcalm, too, in Canada, had his winter troubles. His officers, for one thing, were continually falling victims to the charms of the Canadian ladies, which seem, according to all contemporary accounts, to have been more adapted for husband catching than for intellectual edification. What chiefly annoyed him was that most of these girls were comparatively dowerless, a sufficiently grievous sin in the eyes of a Frenchman who was also the temporary father of a large military family. Vaudreuil, it seems, secretly encouraged these matches, not merely to spite Montcalm, but with an eye to possible settlers for his beloved Canada. Gambling, too, was a passion with the wealthy clique who lived by plundering the country, and the impecunious young nobles who swarmed in Montcalm's French regiments took to the sport like ducks to water in the monotony of their ice-bound quarters at Quebec and Montreal. Balls, dinners, and receptions, though on a limited scale, and attended by more or less the same circle of guests, went merrily on. Montcalm entertained freely, to the detriment of his already encumbered estate and his ten children, not so much from inclination, apparently, as from a sense of duty. In his letters to his wife and mother he jokes about his growing debts, and alludes with humorous despair to the capture by British ships of certain table luxuries consigned to him by their loving hands. Nor did the French soldiers and the Canadians outside the small social circles of the capital coalesce much better than did the British regulars with their colonial allies. Indeed, such jealousies were, aye and still are, inevitable, though greatly softened and modified by altered conditions. No intelligent colonist, or Englishman who has lived in colonies, would regard this statement as anything but a familiar truism. The difficulty of the home-staying, or even globe-trotting Briton, is to realize the colonial's point of view, or that Englishmen and colonial-born Englishmen, as a class, are apt to jar upon each till time and intercourse have rubbed off the angles, which, by the way, they sometimes fail to do. The exuberant and splendid loyalty of our colonies, at this moment above all, obscures these smaller matters. They are not questions for high politics, or public speeches, but of everyday life. One would call them unimportant, but for the fact that they have been the unsuspected cause of much that is not unimportant. How much greater, then, in most respects, must have been the lack of sympathy in these old days between the average individual of either stock.

As the spring advanced, Loudon had concentrated all his troops at New York in preparation for their removal to Halifax. His information from England had been scanty, but his immediate business was to get to Nova Scotia and there await the reinforcements he had been told to count upon. But if his home news had been vague, he knew of a certainty that three strong French squadrons, with Louisbourg as their ultimate destination, were already on the coast, while he had only Admiral Sir Charles Hardy, with a weak squadron, to serve as escort to his own transports. In brief, if a French fleet caught him in the open sea, he was ruined. Secrecy was now Loudon's only chance, so he laid an embargo on the shipping of all colonial ports, with a view to preventing news of his movements getting abroad. This movement was necessary, but naturally irritating. He then lingered on, hoping for tidings of Holborne's fleet, but none came. To move without such a security seemed, as in fact it was, a prodigious risk. But in the meanwhile May had passed away and June had half gone. His sailors were freely deserting in order to join privateers, whose profits just now were proving an irresistible temptation, and he made a curious effort to recover some of these deserters by drawing a cordon of bayonets round the whole town, and concentrating to a centre. Loudon and the admiral at length made up their minds they must risk both their men and their ships, and on June 20th they sailed out of New York harbour. Fortune, however, favoured them, the French never guessing how great a prize lay within their grasp, and by the 30th of the month they were safe in Halifax, and in time enough to receive Holborne and his still more tardy flotilla, which arrived on July 9th.

Loudon had now some eleven thousand men, nearly all regular troops. He was greeted by the news that there were assembled behind the formidable ramparts and batteries of Louisbourg seven thousand French soldiers, two-thirds of whom were regulars, in addition to some fifteen hundred Indians; while in the almost land-locked harbour lay twenty-two ships of the line and three frigates, carrying nearly fourteen hundred guns. Louisbourg stood alone amid the fogs of the northern seas, upon Cape Breton, which, as I have said, was an almost barren island, just severed by a narrow channel from the unsettled regions of Nova Scotia. It was a great naval station, however, as well as an important town for the period, and was of vital import to the French. It was garrisoned direct from France, and was practically out of touch with Montcalm and Canada. Later on we shall be before its walls, and have much to say about it, so will here content ourselves with remarking that these same fortifications, with seven thousand men behind them, and an overpowering fleet outside, were adjudged by Loudon and a council of war to be impregnable to the force at their disposal. So the general, after having spent six weeks at Halifax, re-embarked on August 16, with seven of his regular battalions and his provincials, and sailed for New York, leaving the 27th, 28th, 43rd and 46th regiments to garrison Nova Scotia.

Those that he took back with him were the 17th, 22nd, 42nd, 44th, 48th, 55th, and two battalions of the newly raised Royal Americans. Loudon, in short, performed upon the ocean a very similar manœuvre to that executed, according to the familiar rhyme, by the "noble Duke of York" upon the hill. He carried his force, that is to say, to Nova Scotia, and brought it back again without even firing a shot or seeing an enemy. The French fleet, by its promptness in crossing the Atlantic, had saved the situation; while the British Government, by its dilatoriness, due in part to weather, had been the chief sinner. Loudon, though devoid of genius, can hardly be blamed for this fiasco. His crime was rather in initiating an expedition which stripped the colonies of their chief military strength and left vital points exposed. He received his punishment before he reached New York, for while still on the sea news was brought out to him that Fort William Henry had fallen. Great ridicule has been cast on Loudon for his Louisbourg failure. A colonial wag had already likened him to the figure of St. George upon a tavern sign—always in a hurry, but never getting forward. He had certainly no genius for war, and was a depressing, unenterprising person, but neither the delay at New York nor at Halifax was his fault. At the latter place, in order to occupy the large body of troops there collected, he exercised them continually in drills and sham fights—an admirable method, one might well suppose, for improving their discipline and keeping them away from rum and out of mischief. He also occupied them in the planting of vegetables, with a view more especially to the prospective sick and wounded; and seeing that the lack of these very things was a common cause of scurvy and an indirect one of drunkenness, it is not easy to understand the jibes and taunts cast in Loudon's teeth for employing the leisure of his none too well disciplined army in these useful and profitable pursuits. General Hopson, who brought out the division from England, was second in command to Loudon at this time. Lord Charles Hay was third, the same officer who made the famous request at Fontenoy that the French Guards should fire first. He must have possessed some vein of eccentricity, for he made himself so conspicuous for open ridicule of Loudon's "sham fights and cabbage planting"—in which he declared the nation's money was squandered—that he was placed under arrest, but died before his trial. With this same division, too, there came to America another titled officer whose character was also out of the common run, though of a loftier and very different type, and, in like manner, was doomed to an early death. This was the young Lord Howe, of whom we shall hear anon.

Nor was it only failure in a military sense that marked this Nova Scotia enterprise, but the naval force engaged in it met with something more than failure, though, like the army, it exchanged no shot with the enemy. For Holborne, being reinforced on the departure of Loudon, sailed up to Louisbourg and challenged the French fleet to come out and fight him. La Motte, the admiral, felt no call to take such unprofitable risks, nor was it his duty. So Holborne, like Loudon, proceeded to sail home again. But he was not so fortunate as the general, for a hurricane struck him off that iron-bound and desolate coast and drove him with irresistible fury against its cruel, surf-lashed headlands. One ship, with nearly all its crew, foundered on the rocks; the rest were saved within an ace of destruction by a timely change of wind. Eleven lost all their masts, others all their cannon; and the cripples found their way eventually, as best they could, into the various North American harbours, La Motte, happily for them, remaining in ignorance of their plight.

When Montcalm discovered that Loudon was really withdrawing the larger and the better part of his army from the continent, his joy was hardly greater than his surprise, for he could now strike with his whole forces at the feeble garrisons on the New York frontier. He recognized, of course, that an attack on Quebec was the ultimate intention of the Louisbourg force, but Louisbourg was not an Oswego or a William Henry—it was an embattled town of the first class, strongly garrisoned; and no enemy would dare to move up the St. Lawrence and leave it uncaptured in his rear. If Quebec should, peradventure, be threatened in the autumn Montcalm could fall back to Lake Champlain in ample time for its protection. He might, indeed, have been pardoned for deeming it more probable that he and his Frenchmen would be descending the Hudson on New York enriched with the plunder of Albany. But Montcalm, too, like Loudon, had to eat his heart out waiting for an Atlantic fleet. It was not men, however, that the French commander waited for, but stores and provisions, whose scarcity was the perennial curse of Canadian military enterprise. Nor was it in this case lack of human foresight or a prevalence of western winds that kept Montcalm impotently chafing till the close of spring, but the inevitable ice-floes that impede navigation on the St. Lawrence. Throughout the whole winter Indians had been gathering at Montreal from all parts of the west and northwest, eating French bullocks and drinking French brandy till their hosts — especially the regular officers among them — seriously doubted if their tomahawks were worth the price in money and annoyance paid for them. Unlike the semi-civilized and so-called Christian Indians of the east, these others were all heathens, all cannibals, all naked, and armed only with bow and arrow; though, for that matter, in the days of muzzle-loaders used at short ranges in the forest, the silent, rapidly fired arrow was not to be despised. The story of Oswego and the fame of Montcalm had spread to the farthest west. The painted and be-feathered orators from the shores of Lake Superior and the prairies of the Illinois professed surprise at the pale-faced hero's scanty inches. They expected to find the head of so great a warrior buried in the clouds, but with true Indian breeding they hastened to declare that his stature was quite atoned for by the lightning of his eye. Montcalm was terribly bored by the endless ceremonies necessary for retaining their regard. He had no natural turn for Indian diplomacy, like Johnson, but endured it from a sense of duty with heroic fortitude, and proved, in fact, a remarkable success. Bougainville took some of the physical labour off his hands, and humorously relates how he sung the war song in solo fashion for an indefinite period, repeating in endless monotone that he would "trample the English under his feet." The Mission Indians, too, under the influence of their priests, were gathering in full strength. The orgies of these so-called Christians were as wild as if they had never so much as set eyes upon the cross. They went clad, it is true, but they dyed their clothes instead of their naked bodies, while their faces grinned hideously through thick layers of red and yellow and green paint, smeared on with grease and soot. All alike wore the tufted scalp-lock on their shaven heads, decorated with nodding plumes of feathers; while heavy rings dragged their ears down on to their shoulders. A gorget encircled their neck, and a profusely ornamented belt their waist, whence hung the tomahawk and the scalping knife. The chief entertainment at their feasts may be described as boasting competitions, in which one performer at a time, striding up and down the line with a gory bullock's head in his hand, exhausted the whole Indian vocabulary in describing the feats of valour he had performed, and would perform again. It is probable that the boastful language of the Canadians, which so much amused the French officers, was a sort of unconscious imitation of the Indian habit. Indeed, its influence was not confined to Canada, but coloured the eloquence of the Alleghany borderer for several generations, and perhaps is not yet dead!

The store-ships arrived in due course from France, but it was the middle of July before Montcalm had collected all his forces, Indians, regulars and Canadians, amounting to nearly 8,000 men, at Fort Carillon, better known in history as Ticonderoga. Preparations for the coming attack on Fort William Henry and the British frontier had been proceeding here this long time, and the scene, in this romantic solitude of lake, mountain, and forest, was a busy one. Since the melting of the ice in April, Lake Champlain had been alive with fleets of boats and bateaux and canoes, carrying men and material of all sorts to the narrows down which the waters of Lake George came leaping in a succession of shallow rapids. This channel was some six miles in length, a mile only at either end being navigable. The rapid portion of the river took a wide bend, and a road was cut through the woods in a straight line from the deep water which flowed into Lake Champlain at one end, to that which gave access to Lake George upon the other. Across this rough three-mile *portage* the entire material, boats included, for the operation on the upper lake, had to be laboriously carried.

By the end of July everything was complete, and the whole flotilla was launched upon Lake George ready for a start. Unwary scouting parties from the English forts had been already captured. Scalps and prisoners had stimulated the zeal of the Indians, among whom no less than forty different tribes were represented. From the far regions of Michillimackinak and the still remoter shores of Lake Superior; from the oak and chestnut forests beyond Lake Erie, where the finest farms of the fattest province of Canada now thrive among a network of railways; from the deep prairie lands of Michigan and Illinois came bands of howling and painted pagans to "trample the English under their feet," to drink their rum, plunder their settlements, and hang their scalps around their belts, or nail them on their wigwam posts. Independent bands, too, from the neighbouring and professedly neutral Six Nations were there, and even from the harried borders of Pennsylvania and Virginia some warriors, red to the shoulder in British blood, came to seek fresh fields of spoil. To mention Hurons, Ojibways and Ottawas, Iowas, Winebagoes and Algonquins would be naming but a few of them, while the Abenakis, Micmacs, and the Mission Indians were there to the full limit of their fighting strength.

On the shores of Lake George, however, before the final departure, Montcalm had to submit to one more solemn function, and address, with simulated passion, the mass of hideous and painted humanity that he was obliged to call his children; and, after all, if he had but known it, he had far better, upon this occasion, have been without a single man of them. He explained to them his plans, which was only reasonable, and then launched out into those astoundingly mendacious periods which, according to the code of the time, were looked upon as entirely venial. He said how pleased he was to see them—which in a sense was true enough—and then proceeded to inform them how he and his soldiers had been especially sent by the great king, Onantio, to protect and defend them against the English. When his voice gave out and his stock of backwoods rhetoric was exhausted, he presented his savage allies with an enormous belt of wampum, and possessed his soul in patience while their chiefs replied in high-flown and ambiguous metaphor, amid the solemn gruntings of the gaudy assemblage. Another whole day was consumed by the savages in propitiating their several deities, the Mission Indians going in whole bodies to confession, the unconverted warriors hanging dead dogs and old leggings on trees and "making medicine," according to each man's special fancy. The last day of July saw the surface of Lake George ruffled by the splash of thousands of oar-blades and hundreds of Indian paddles. Two hundred and fifty boats were there, carrying five thousand men, and swarms of savages in bark canoes glided in the van. The cream of French Canadian chivalry was here, and famous regiments from old France, with officers and men now hardened by American campaigning, flushed with former victory, and conscious many of them, that war here meant something more than a great and bloody game. The battalions of La Sarre, Guienne and Languedoc, La Reine, Bearne and Royal Roussillon were all with Montcalm, and only as yet in the second of those five years of war and hardship which were to close, for them, at least, in a defeat only less glorious than victory. Provisions for some weeks had been shipped; and heavy siege guns, mounted on platforms slung between boats lashed together, brought up the rear of this motley armament. Montcalm had not boat accommodation for his whole army. So Lévis, with Indian guides and twenty-five hundred men, was detailed to push his way, as best he could, through the trackless forest that overhung the western shores of the Lake. At a spot some twenty miles on, and eight short of Fort William Henry, he was to display three fires as a signal of his whereabouts. The movement was successful, the British scouts having been all killed or captured, and it was not till Montcalm's whole force, by land and water, had arrived within two miles of the English fort that their approach was discovered.

Nearly all the available force for resisting the French lay in the two forts at either end of the fourteen-mile carrying-place, between the lake and the Hudson river. General Webb, now commanding in America, was in Fort Edward at the latter point; while Colonel Monroe was in charge of Fort William Henry, where there were some two thousand five hundred men of various corps, namely, six hundred of the 35th, eight hundred of a Massachusetts regiment, with some rangers, and five hundred militia from the Jerseys and New York. Webb on this very day, the second of August, had reinforced Monroe to the limit of his ability, having no more than sixteen hundred indifferent troops now left with him, and a weak garrison or two on the river route to Albany. Fort Edward, too, might be attacked simultaneously with William Henry, and that by another route, namely, the long stretch of water running from Champlain southwards and parallel to Lake George, known as Wood Creek.

Fort William Henry lay close upon the shore of Lake George. It was square in shape, with corner bastions, and walls of hewn logs laid as cribs and filled in with heavy gravel, impregnable to rifle fire or small artillery, but a poor defence against heavy cannon. There was not room for the whole force within the fort, and a great part of the provincial troops were intrenched on some rising ground six hundred yards away with marshes upon either side. Montcalm was able at once to cut off the whole position from either retreat or succour, by sending de Lévis round behind it with three thousand men to occupy the road and only route to Fort Edward, where a famous partizan leader, La Corne, with a portion of the Indians, soon after joined him. Montcalm now proceeded to examine the fort, and came to the conclusion it was impregnable to ordinary assault. He prepared, therefore, to reduce it by regular siege, an apparently easy matter with his heavy guns and large forces, which numbered in all something like eight thousand men. As a preliminary, however, he sent the faithful Bougainville to offer Monroe terms for surrender. He pointed out that help was impossible, which was quite true; that his own numbers were overpowering and his guns to match; above all, that a large part of his Indians had come from the wild west, and that when the surrender came—which was inevitable within a few days—and blood had been shed, he might be unable to restrain their diabolical ferocity. Monroe briefly replied that it was his duty to hold the fort, and he should do his utmost to maintain himself. Montcalm then opened his lines across the south-western corner of the lake at a range of 600 yards. Hundreds of men worked in the trenches night and day under a fire from the fort that, after the first few hours, could do them but little damage. The Indians proved refractory and of little use. Montcalm wanted them to scout southwards towards Fort Edward and the Hudson, but they were sore at heart because they had not been consulted as to the operations, and the greater part of them hung about behind the lines, or lolled in their canoes or fired futile shots at the fort. Monroe, in the meantime, was sending eager messages to Webb for help, and Webb has been blamed for not responding. His previous record has, perhaps, made his critics unfair. He could not help Monroe, for his weak force alone barred the way to Albany, and to detach a portion of it would have been to sacrifice that portion either to the strong forces of de Lévis in the woods, or at the almost inevitable surrender of Fort William Henry.

In three days the best of Montcalm's forty guns were in position, and in two more were advanced to within 200 yards of the fort, whose ramparts were flying in fragments before their fierce discharges. Two sorties were tried, both from the fort and the intrenched camp beyond, but were easily repulsed. Webb might have done something in this way, but messengers could no longer get through to Fort Edward and arrange for simultaneous action. Smallpox, too, had broken out in the garrison, and was spreading rapidly. Monroe seems to have had some vague hope that provisions, the chronic difficulty with all French Canadian armies, might fail the besiegers, for in that wilderness every ounce of food had to be carried. But Montcalm had this time made special efforts, and, moreover, had the good luck to capture 150 head of cattle belonging to the garrison.

Bougainville was again sent to propose terms, and conducted blindfold into the fort, but again the brave Monroe, though he was shown an intercepted letter to himself from Webb to the effect that assistance was hopeless, refused to treat. Another twenty-four hours, however, saw such warm work that a council of war was called, and the white flag was at length raised upon the walls.

For the whole French artillery was now intrenched at close range. Many of the English guns had burst, and only about half a dozen were fit for service, while their ammunition was nearly exhausted ; so Colonel Young, commanding a detachment of Royal Americans, or 60th, then newly raised, was sent to arrange terms of capitulation.

The garrison were at Montcalm's mercy ; they had no alternatives but death or surrender, and there were many women among them. It was agreed that the troops should march out with the honours of war, all ranks retaining their personal effects. Everything else in the fort was to be given up. Prisoners of war in actual fact they could not be, for food was much too scarce in Canada for Montcalm to indulge in such luxuries ; indeed, the people themselves were, at that very moment, on something like half rations. The British were to be escorted to Fort Edward, and remain on parole till an equal number of French prisoners should be delivered safely at Ticonderoga, each batch of the latter as they came in setting free from their obligations an equivalent number of the British. In recognition of the bravery of the defence, the garrison were to take with them a single gun, a six-pounder. The loss had been inconsiderable—some hundred and twenty men on the British and half as many on the French side. It was understood, however, that these articles could not be signed until the savages had given their consent. This, however, they were induced to do, and both sides proceeded forthwith to put them into execution.

The fort was evacuated at mid-day on the 9th, when the garrison, together with the women and children, marched out to the intrenched camp, which was, of course, included in the surrender, a French regiment being detailed to secure them against interference on the part of the Indians. De Bourlamaque, entering the fort with a party of regulars, set a guard over the ammunition and stores. Everything else was abandoned to the Indians, who gave an earnest of what was coming by instantly murdering a dozen or more sick men, who had been left according to the articles of agreement in Montcalm's charge. There was not much plunder in the fort itself, so the intrenched camp, where all the British were huddled without arms save the bayonets of the 35th, soon swarmed with bloodthirsty demons, baulked of what they regarded as their lawful prey, and with hands twitching viciously at their tomahawks. Numbers of Canadians, whose morals in warfare were little higher than those of the savages, mingled with the now excited throng, and showed unmistakable sympathy with its temper. There was great confusion throughout the whole afternoon, the Indians jostling and insulting the prisoners, and making attempts from time to time to wrest their personal baggage out of their hands. The liquor was either under guard or destroyed, else no efforts of Montcalm and his officers, which individually were considerable, could have prevented a general massacre before night.

But these efforts of the French officers, though sincere enough, were not intelligently directed, nor were they backed at the right moment by proper force. The whole business, in fact, was grossly mismanaged. Canadian militia were stationed at some points as a protection to the prisoners, though the Canadian militiaman looked on plunder or scalps as the rightful price to pay for Indian assistance, and was by no means averse to taking a hand in it himself. The restraint which Montcalm had exercised over the Indians at the capture of Oswego in the preceding year was regarded by all Canadians, from the Governor downwards, as a pernicious European prejudice. Mercy and pity had no place in backwoods warfare, and it is only fair to say that the New England rangers often paid the savage and the Canadian back in their own coin. But the responsibility on Montcalm was very great, and his failure to estimate its gravity is a lasting stain on his memory. Bougainville writes that his chief himself used every effort and made urgent appeals to the Canadian officers who had personal influence with the savages to avert the threatened catastrophe. It would have been far better if he had promptly called up his 3,000 French troops with fixed bayonets, who would have overawed with ease any attempted outbreak of the Indians. On this means of protection, however, he drew most slenderly, and seems to have contented himself with appeals to Canadians and interpreters, many of whom would have been inclined to look on a general massacre as something rather of a diversion than otherwise.

The afternoon and night of the 9th were passed anxiously enough by the two thousand British of all ranks, besides the women and children, within the intrenchment. They were to march in the morning, and as soon as the escort of 300 regulars, an absurdly weak one, seeing the temper of the savages, should arrive. Seventeen wounded men lying in a hut under care of a surgeon were the first victims. The Indians brushing aside the sentries, dragged the wretched men from their beds, and butchered them within a few yards of a group of Canadian officers, who did not trouble even to remonstrate. As the defenceless column of prisoners began to move, the savages fell to indiscriminate plundering. The men strenuously resisted this attempt to rob them of their personal effects. Monroe protested loudly that the terms of the capitulation were broken and appealed to the French officers of the escort which was drawn up close by. The latter seem to have been cowed by the turmoil around them, and had not even the presence of mind to send for support to the army which lay a few hundred yards off. All they did was to urge the British to give up their property for the sake of peace, and to get away as fast as possible. Many indignantly refused this mean advice. Others followed it, and a certain amount of rum from private canteens thus found its way down the throats of the yelling savages and made them still more uncontrollable. No sooner had the column got clear of the intrenchments, and started upon the forest road to Fort Edward, than all restraint was thrown off, and the Indians fell upon the rear, stripping both men and officers to their very shirts, and instantly tomahawking those who showed resistance. The war whoop was now raised—by the pet converts of the Canadian priesthood from Penobscot it is said—when the rear of the column, rushing forward upon those in front, a scene of horror ensued that has been described by many pens. Women and children were dragged from the crowd; some were tomahawked, others carried off as prisoners to the woods. Their shrieks and cries, mingled with the hideous yells of the Indians and the shouts and curses of the impotent British, made an unforgetable scene. Montcalm and the French officers threw themselves among the savages now half drunk with rum or blood, and did all that men armed only with authority and not backed by force, as they should have been, could do. The small French escort in the meantime looked on helplessly, the crowd of Canadians approvingly, as the scene of blood and plunder and outrage continued.

At length the exertions of Montcalm and Lévis, Bourlamaque and other French officers, had some effect; but it was only by promising payment for the captives seized by the Indians that some sort of order was restored. The precise number of both sexes thus butchered under the eyes of the French, while unarmed, captives of war, is a matter of dispute. Lévis counted fifty corpses on the field, while sick and wounded men to half that number had been murdered in their beds, and numbers more dragged off into the woods. It seems probable that a hundred would be a fair estimate of those slain.

Over six hundred were made captives by the savages, and it required the utmost exertions on Montcalm's part, with a considerable outlay of money, to recover about half of them. The Indians would not give up the remainder on any terms, and eventually took them to Montreal, where Vaudreuil, who, in his character of Canadian, looked with much toleration on Indian outrage, had to pay for the amusement this time with large sums out of his scant treasury by way of ransom.

There is absolutely nothing to be said in defence of the French in this affair. That they did not dare to run the risk of offending and alienating their Indians is, of course, the explanation, though surely no extenuation of such ignoble conduct. It is one of the worst stains upon the annals of their arms in America. They would have been bound by humanity only in the storming of a fort, but after a formal capitulation, they were bound not merely by humanity, but by the most elementary rule of military honour, and it is satisfactory to think that they paid dearly for it. The British Government, as a matter of course, repudiated their part of the contract, and not a French prisoner was sent to Montreal, nor was the parole of the garrison taken any account of. The memory of the massacre drove many a bayonet home in the coming years of British success that might otherwise have been stayed in mercy, and many a Canadian sued in vain for his life at the hands of the New England Ranger who might formerly have been spared. *Remember Fort William Henry* became a terrible war cry in many a battle and in many a bloody backwoods skirmish. The French knew it well and felt that it added a fresh terror to defeat. The first impulse of a disarmed or captured Canadian was to protest by voice and gesture that he had not been present at that accursed scene.

The growing scarcity of food in Canada saved the forts on the Hudson and, probably, the flourishing town of Albany itself, from being captured and sacked by the French. Word was sent that it was of the first necessity, that the now ripening harvest should be gathered, and there were not men to do it. So the French turned their attention to the destruction of the British forts and all its dependent buildings. Great bonfires were made of the logs forming the ramparts, and into them were cast those bodies of the dead which had not been buried. As a fortress the place ceased to exist. Great armaments, some of them as luckless as the garrison of 1757, were yet to camp on its ashes, and again to break the silence of the forests with the din of war. But for the present solitude reigned over the devoted spot; the sounds of human life gave way once more to the weird cry of the loon and the splash of the summer-duck upon the lake, the boom of the bullfrog in the marsh, the drumming of the ruffed grouse on the hill. The waves of conflict fell back for a brief space, and left the charred logs and fire scorched stonework, and the trampled, stump-strewn cornfields of William Henry, as the sum total of a year's success and failure.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE LAST SHOT

By MARGUERITE EVANS

"There is a remedy for every wrong, and a satisfaction for every soul."
—*Emerson's Immortality.*

"IF you won't shoot that ram, I will; but I'll be durned if I thought you was such a coward."

"A what!" and the handsome, stern-faced Englishman's steely-blue eyes flashed with a dangerous light.

"A coward! Ain't my articulation plain enough?" replied the other, a rough, old, sour-dough miner. "There ain't a blamed thing wrong with that English kid but just pure homesickness, an' there ain't no cure for that but just 'git home.' I kin set a broken lim', an' I kin pull a man through a bad case of fever; but when it comes to homesickness I either put my hand in my pocket an' yank them out enough spots to take them home, or I turn my head the other way, an' just let them die. Many a big, strong fellow I've seen just pine away an' die from that very thing."

The Englishman had pushed his chair into the shadow, and shaded his face with his hand; but the observant Yankee saw tears trickling through the browned and hardened but still shapely fingers, and he pursued the subject, not because he was anxious to do so, but because the need was so urgent.

"We're so dead broke we haven't money enough between us to buy a plug of tobacco, an' we can't git a cent of credit. You can't cable to the kid's mother for money, an' if your Englishy pride would let you there wouldn't be time to wait to git it, for the kid's dyin' in there; anyone with half an eye kin see that. He ain't got no appetite, an' he can't sleep; an' he just lies there starin' out of them big, hollow eyes of his at the trail over the mountain; an' I know durned well what he's thinkin'. I'm a hardened old sinner, goodness knows, but many's the night the tears roll down these grizzled cheeks of mine to hear that kid cryin' for his mother when he thinks we're asleep. He's got to be sent home to England inside a week, or there will be a corpse in this shack that will haunt it while there's one log left on another."

"Granted," returned the Englishman icily, "still, what has the ram to do with it?"

"Damn you! you know well enough; the last time I was over at the town I met a young fellow from the east who asked me if I ever saw any Mountain Sheep out this way. Said he wanted a ram's head with good big horns in the very worst way to send down East. Said he knew they were scarce now an' hard to git, an' that he would give two hundred for an extra large one. My opinion is that the tenderfoot wants to let on he shot the animal himself; but I suppose it's none of my funeral."

"Well?" queried the Englishman, brusquely.

"I lied like a lord, said I hadn't seen any rams for years; they were gittin' mighty scarce. But, great hickory! if I'd told him that we had a pet ram here that you had raised; that it had come back to you for a few weeks spring and fall for the last fifteen years, an' was here now, an' could be shot just as easy as rollin' off a log, wouldn't that young easterner have been up here on the jump?"

"If you had told him that," said the Englishman coldly, "I should have killed you."

The Yankee chuckled, and unconcernedly cut some tobacco and filled his pipe. The Englishman rose abruptly and went outside, where the short winter day was dying.

Below him lay a dark, undulating line where oak and cedar had made their last stand in the upward march; nearer, the spectral ranks of the stunted firs showed the outposts of forest advance. Above him dazzling white peaks cut strange, solemn shapes, like silver cameos on a ground of indigo sky. The sunset glory streamed up almost to the zenith, lighting and glorifying peak after peak with flames of gold and amethyst and faintest opaline green. Later, the vivid orange of the afterglow burned with a transient splendour, as the dying smile of a day that is going to its eternal rest, and all the mountain world around him was one vast evening primrose of palest gold sprinkled with star dust.

Then the golden glow faded, and all the wintry world in its glittering livery of ice lay white and cold and still, wrapped in peace as profound as that which reigned in the primeval ages.

For a long, long time the man stood with folded arms, gazing with eyes which seeing did not see, at the ever changing panorama, as memory unlocked her gates, and left him free to wander in the realms of the past, and among very different scenes.

Solemn, mysterious, tremendous was the picture before him; but memory showed him a very different one, in the foreground of which was a beautiful, dark-eyed woman, the one love of his life, and in the background an old English castle with ivied towers and battlements, ancient trees, and a green turf soft as velvet beneath the feet.

Back over the winding trail among the mountains, back over the weary miles of railway-spanned prairie, back over the rolling blue waves stretched the land of "might have been."

Surely he had been pursued by a malignant fate! The old castle which should have been his, the woman who should have been his, the boy who should have been his, the unstained name which should have been his; home, love, country, wealth, freedom even, all lost, and lost through another's deep-dyed villainy.

And now! an illiterate Yankee miner had dared to call him to his face a coward because he refused to shoot a noble animal which loved him, trusted him; and all for what? To save the life of a puling, homesick brat, the son of the man whose treachery had taken from him all the sweetness, all the joy of life. And yet! the boy had his mother's eyes.

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Slowly, drearily, hopelessly, three leaden-footed days and nights dragged themselves by, and still both men were waiting, like Micawber, for something to "turn up," and still the boy, wasted to a shadow, lay listlessly on his rude couch, gazing with hungry eyes at the narrow trail, which wound itself like a mighty, sinuous serpent around the steep mountain passes, and vanished in the distance like the ghost of a buried hope; and still the ram, secure in the friendship which he had proved so long, came and went at his own sweet will. Now bounding from boulder to boulder, barely touching the rocks with his padded toes; now browsing off dainty tit-bits on the mountain-side, and now lying at the door of his friend's shack, gazing with kindly, golden-brown eyes in their faces as they came and went.

But!—On the morning of the fourth day the end came. The boy must be roused by being told that he could at once start for home, or he would never rally from the stupor into which he had fallen during the night. Both men realized that.

Outside, in the glad, free air, the ram, quivering in the fulness of his life and happiness, was leaping from boulder to boulder, every movement the perfection of the poetry of motion. Inside, the boy lay motionless, scarcely breathing, gazing with dull, unseeing eyes at the blank wall, and refusing to touch the food which with great care had been provided for him.

One or the other must die, but which?

Was it chance, or was it the "destiny that shapes our ends" that made Yankee at that moment sing in his high, cracked falsetto, "And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'll lay me down and dee?" Who can say? But it decided the Englishman's course. To "dee" for his Annie Laurie, that were easy, for what was life but a burden which he would fain lay down? But to betray the trust which a noble animal reposed in him—that was a very different thing! Still he would do it!

"Go up to town, Yankee, and bring back they oung fellow you spoke of," he said. "I must see my thirty pieces of silver before I make a Judas of myself. Go, for heaven's sake go! What are you waiting for?" he continued, as the other lingered.

"I'll do it, if you like," replied Yankee, hesitatingly, pointing significantly from his rifle to the ram.

"I don't like! damn you!" roared the Englishman, "I'll ask no man to do my dirty work for me."

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It has been said by someone that each human soul is dowered with an inherent adaptability to its environment, and no weight is ever imposed upon it which cannot by heroic effort be sustained; and the Englishman had found it so.

Falsely accused, and unjustly condemned, he had fled like a hunted beast from the land which had given him birth; and, hounded by the blind zeal of the officers of the law, had sought refuge in the loneliest retreat in the loneliest region of the Rocky Mountains, and had, like the eagle, built for himself a nest on the face of a cliff.

Humanity had turned its back upon him, but the unaccusing world of Nature, with the glory of its ever changing days, and the soothing witchery of its solemn nights, had ministered healing to his wounded spirit for a time.

Then, the beauty and the awful loneliness had palled upon him, and the terrible monotony of his life had become unbearable; and one bright June day, as he watched a mountain sheep grazing contentedly with her lamb skipping about, and wagging its tail by her side, the contrast between the full, satisfied life of the beast and the empty, unsatisfied life of the man had smitten him with bitter, unreasonable anger. "Why," he questioned fiercely, "should an animal have something of its own to love and care for when I, a human creature, have nothing?" And, with a pure savage desire to destroy the happiness he could not share, he had raised his rifle and fired. The shot sped with all too fatal sureness, and without even a quiver the sheep lay dead.

When too late he cursed himself for his brutal cruelty and, kneeling beside his victim, wept over the ruin he had wrought, while the poor little lambkin, knowing no fear, had bleated pitifully over the body of its dead mother.

Filled with remorse he had carried it to his shack and fed it with milk from his own cup, and wrapped it at night in softest furs, and the little thing had grown and flourished, and filled his life at a time when, for want of some living thing to love, reason was tottering on her throne.

True to his animal instincts, the ram had, in the course of time, sought out his own kind, but he had always come back, fearing no evil, and now! he was to be offered a sacrifice on the altar of an old sentiment. And yet! the boy had his mother's eyes!

. . . .

The hours had worn on. It was high noon now. Yankee would soon be back. Yes! even now, through the mountain stillness, he could hear the rattle of the waggon over the rocky road. There were voices, too! Then there was no hope, for the young easterner was there—and the ram must die!

But he would give him a chance for his life, and God grant he would take it! He should fire three shots. The first two should just miss him, no more; the third and last should not miss, if the ram still remained within range.

The rumbling of the waggon came nearer, the voices became more distinct, and inside the shack the boy moaned feebly.

The ram was browsing happily, not fifty yards away. The Englishman took steady aim, and fired. The ball grazed the grass under the ram's nose. He looked up for a moment in surprise, and went on feeding, while the mountains mockingly took up the echo of the report, and tossed it back and forth, and back and forth, as skilful players toss a tennis ball.

The waggon and voices came nearer and nearer. Heavens! how fast that fool of a Yankee was driving! The boy moaned still more feebly, and again the despairing, desperate Englishman fired. The ball knocked the stone from below the ram's fore foot; but he did not run away. Instead, he turned his brown eyes in startled questioning on his friend.

Great drops of sweat stood on the Englishman's forehead, and his heart thumped like a sledge hammer, but his hand was steady. And—the boy had his mother's eyes!

In another minute the waggon would be there, for Yankee, curse him, was driving like Jehu! He must get it over while he was alone. Yet, great heavens! how could he do it? How kill in cold blood the friend of fourteen years, the preserver of his reason? But! the boy had his mother's eyes! His finger is on the trigger, it is half snapped, when an unearthly yell from Yankee causes him to drop his rifle, and "The Last Shot" goes harmlessly speeding down the mountain side.

"Great hickory! thank your stars you haint done it! Oh great hickory! I say! I never was so glad about anything in all my durned life! Here's the kid's mother!"

The ram with glad bounds came down close to his friend, and laid his head against his arm; and, with dazed unbelieving eyes, the Englishman gazed at the beautiful apparition in the waggon beside the uncouth, gesticulating, tear-begrimed Yankee.

"Aren't you going to assist me to get out, or must I jump?" asked the sweetest voice, belonging to the sweetest lips, in the world.

Then his inherent English pride and breeding reasserted itself, and with his old-time courtesy he assisted the lady to alight, and in his old-time tones, without a trace of his recent emotion, said: "You are just in time, Lady Hinton. I was afraid that youngster of yours wasn't going to pull through; but with such a nurse, and such medicine, he can't do otherwise than get well at once." He led her to the door of the shack and left her.

. . . .

"For all the durned coolness and high mightyness, in this earthly sphere, give me a dogoned Englishman!" soliloquized Yankee a few hours later, as with his arm around the ram's large curved horns he lay in the sun on the mountain side. "You'd have thought he had seen that woman every day for the last ten years, he was so durned cool and polite. Sat at the head of that durned table, without a cloth or a durned thing on it but the dishes an' the grub, as unconcerned as if it was loaded with china, an' flowers an' silver, an' had a flunkey behind each chair. But!" with a wicked grin, "I fixed him, didn't I, Rammie? I made his little cake of high mightyness dough, durned if I didn't, old Rammie! I don't believe in flyin' in the face of Providence, an' what else would it have been if I hadn't improved my opportunities this mornin' in that long drive I had with my Lady, to tell her how much store he set by her kid for her sake, an' how he was goin' to shoot you, old Rammie, an' sell your head to get money to send her kid home to her. Catch him tellin' her a durned thing about that! Even if he had fired that last shot at you, and killed you, old chappie, he'd have let on it was just because he wanted to, an' never hinted that it broke his heart to do it.

"But I fixed it up! Durned if I didn't, old Rammie. He is heir to an earldom, an' his innocence has been proved, she said; an' I never let on that he had been so durned close; he had never told me what he was accused of, but since he didn't do it, an' didn't shoot you, old Rammie, it doesn't matter"; and the ram blinked his eyes as if to say: "Them is my sentiments too."

"I rubbed it in well; what a desperate store he must set by her when he was willin' to fire the very last shot at you, old chappie; an' if she don't take him back with her, an' marry him, an' leave you an' me monarchs of all we survey here, old Ram, I'm no judge of dark-eyed widders—an' it's me that knows how they play the devil with a man, Rammie."

But subsequent events showed that Yankee was no false prophet.

AMUSEMENT IN STATISTICS

By STAMBURY R. TARR

THE preparation of mortality statistics is not primarily an amusing occupation. But even tombstones have contributed their quota to the world's fund of humour. So it is not inconceivable that a mortality investigation should give rise to occasions for smiling or even for hearty laughter. Data was collected recently from the leading life insurance companies of Canada and the United States, for a specialized mortality investigation by the Actuarial Society of America. This necessarily involved the reading of thousands of old application papers, and from some of these the following material has been culled.

. . . .

Frequently the reports of private friends, sent in connection with the applications, contain amusing comments. One acquaintance writes in the following candid manner of an applicant: "Fairly temperate—takes an occasional bust." Asked whether a friend was active or sedentary, another writes: "Both—he rides a bicycle."

But among the private reports perhaps the most noteworthy is the following: "He is an extraordinary man for eating potatoes, but his other habits are good. He is a born teetotaler."

. . . .

One of the company's agents, in reporting to head office upon an applicant who happens to be his own son, makes this reply to the question as to whether he is acquainted with the person proposed. "Very intimately—as I am in a measure responsible for his appearance on this sublunary spheroid." Questioned as to an applicant's habits, a conscientious agent states: "Temperate, though since his return from Germany he seems to think that a pipe with four feet of stem is the right thing." One of the company's representatives, himself evidently possessed of poetic tastes, reports that a certain applicant's reason for taking out a policy is that "the youth dreams this will be an *assurance* more grateful to his mistress than 'a woeful ballad made to her eyebrow.'"

One of the questions on the report form to be filled out by the agent reads as follows: "Is there anything in his manner, conversation or appearance which indicates ill health, irregular habits, etc.?" A comprehensive answer supplied by one agent declares: "He can take a standing jump of 5 ft. 7 in.—his manner is good—his conversation modest, though I have heard him swear when he lost a bass."

. . . .

A somewhat precarious state of domestic bliss is thus described by a medical examiner, in reply to a question as to the applicant's habits: "Said to be somewhat wild at one time. Is now married and living steadily. He lives with his mother—or mother with him. It is hard to say which—but the mother has the means."

Upon enquiry from head office as to the cause of an applicant decreasing in weight from 162 to 150 pounds, the local medico replies: "Mr. A. informs me that the only way he can account for loss in weight is that last July he was selling oil for one dollar and twenty cents per barrel, which had a fattening effect on his system; while at the present time he gets only eighty-five cents for same commodity." The "fattening effect" of petroleum has seldom been more forcefully illustrated even in the advertisements of patent emulsions.

It is, however, the statement of applicants themselves that prove of most interest. It is not surprising to find that the man who states his father is "in good health, aged 70, and alive," is an Irishman, though another who declares his mother to be "in fair health and not deceased," is English.

Another surprising piece of information is conveyed in the statement that "Five children died in infancy, three being boys; the rest were girls." The emphasis of the man who affirms "I am single—not married," must carry conviction to every reader. Paternal pride glows strong in this statement by a fond father: "I have one child; he is in good health, and a perfect little devil!"

That one applicant "left the family at the age of ten in a huff," is not remarkable—every boy has done that more than once. But in this case, unlike the generality, Johnny did not turn up at supper time, nor ever again, and, in consequence, no information is now given as to ages of parents at death. A somewhat noteworthy family it must be of whom one of the members says: "My brothers and sisters are both whole and half brothers and sisters."

. . . .

In another family circle the "grand maternal parents are still living," while one less favoured man doesn't know "whether there ever were any near relatives or not." Recognizing the bearing of heredity in deciding upon applications, one intending insurer emphasizes the fact that "although my own mother died young my stepmother is alive and in good health." Another is less impressed with the importance of ancestral longevity, and complains in writing, "If it is absolutely necessary to answer all these questions—which requires a person to have a knowledge of his forefathers from Adam down—please cancel my application."

An applicant of over sixty remarks concerning his mother that she is living at the age of about one hundred years, "health being good, but not very active." One can imagine the carefulness with which the medical directors would feel compelled to examine into the application of a man whose mother ceased doing housework after a mere century of mundane existence.

Statements with regard to the cause of relatives' deaths are sometimes so oddly put that the reader forgets the pathos underlying them. A pathetic enough series of facts is told in a vivid but rather an unusual way by one applicant in this manner: "My brother fell down a well and was drowned; was brought back to life again; lived seven months, took a fever, and died."

Those who may doubt that the capacity for intense passion has survived to these prosaic days will be interested in the statement of one applicant that his brother died at the age of twenty-three, of no particular disease, but of a broken heart from being disappointed in love."

. . . .

A rather complicated state of affairs it must have been which led to death "from inflammation induced by swallowing knife, fork and spoon." The applicant who states that his father "took cold and died, as judge of a horse race," undoubtedly does so as proudly as if he "died as a scholar and gentleman." Credulity is somewhat stretched in reading of a mother who "died at the age of 5," but on referring to a supplementary memo. it is found that the omission of a mere zero has made a perceptible difference. One parent "had a leg taken off which healed up, but fell from a chair and never got out of bed after"—altogether a somewhat complex case to diagnose if paralleled by the difficulty in analyzing the sentence itself. Little less complex is the culinary achievement of the man who "took a mixture of onions, buckwheat and milk of his own compounding, which resulted in an illness."

. . . .

A whole novel *in parvo* is to be found in the following legal statement, found within the outer envelope containing the insurance papers of the applicant:

"I, John Dash, of the Town of Dashford, the assured under policy No. 00000, granted by the Blank Life Assurance Company, do by this instrument revoke the benefits intended to be conferred by declaration, dated 3rd August, 189 , endorsed upon said policy, upon Miss Jane Nemo, my then intended wife, she having since married Another ; and do divert the entire benefit of the said policy wholly to myself, my executors, administrators or assigns."

Could a more up-to-date revenge than this be imagined? The possibilities of thrilling romance are by no means exhausted when everyday life contains so moving an instance of what a desperate lover can do. To contemplate the fate in store for the said Another "must give us pause."

. . . .

But the finding of more or less amusing statements, such as those mentioned, is only one incident in a task which in other ways constantly reminds those engaged in it that they are dealing with the records of individual lives — each of them with its own world of interests, its own strivings, its own joys and sorrows.

Sometimes in the bare statement of family history the collator of facts instinctively sees between the lines glimpses of individual or family pathos and suffering—some closet skeleton that seldom sees the light of day, a tragedy even that forces upon him the realization that everyday life is made up of the same elements from which dramatists evolve their most moving creations.

THE LAND OF LONG DAYS[*]

By EDWARD F. STRANGE

ONCE upon a time in the Land of Long Days, it happened that all the people were grown up, and so there were no children.

Then the men said: "Now there is no one to wake us up when we fall asleep after meals, or to ask us questions that we cannot answer."

And also the women told each other that at last they should have peace, for there would be no children to scold and things would keep clean.

So they were all glad and set about their work with cheerfulness and a good temper.

But because the King was very old and very wise he said nothing.

Now the first trouble came this way. The men went far afield in the morning to work and by noon were faint and hungry; but no one brought food as of old, so some had to waste their time and labour in fetching it for the others. And that was a cause of sorrow and wrath, and the oldest of them went to the King and complained.

The King thought the matter over in silence for three days and nights; then he sent for the messengers and said: "Take by lot one from every ten of you, and let him serve the others; and he shall be called a child by the law."

Again there arose strife among the women, for they wearied of talking to each other while the men were at work and when the spinning was done; and they grew sour and spiteful and slovenly in their attire, having no need to set a good example. And again the messengers came to the King.

This time he debated with the Queen for six days and nights, and sent for the messengers, and said:

"Take by lot one woman from every five—seeing that there is need of many—and let her follow the example of her elders, and do as she is bidden without question; and give her toys, and let her be a child by law."

In that land also there were many wise men by reason of the days being so long; and they also came unto the King sadly, for they said that wisdom was now of no account, since there was no one to be taught.

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[*] By permission of *The Outlook* of London, Eng.

At this the King's heart became heavy with sorrow, for the wise men of his land were very wise. Twelve nights and days did he ponder, and then called them to him and said:

"Lo! you are my people, and I am King; therefore must I help you as I may. I will become as a child for you, and you shall teach me, and I will learn, so that you be content!"

But all that the King did was of no avail, and the cry of the people became sadder and sadder.

One day a poor man stood in the King's gate and spoke aloud.

"O King," said he, "I am but a poor man and in pain with toil; yet if a child's hand were laid on my brow I should be well."

And the King said, "What of thy law-child?"

But the man answered—sadly, for he had forgotten how to laugh—"O King, she is older than I, and her hand is not as the hand of a child." And thereat he went away, for he loved the King.

And many things like this befell daily.

Once the King walked alone in his courtyard trying to think. But or ever he saw the end of his thoughts the song of a starling on the roof brake in upon them and scattered them. At last in bitterness the King cried out:

"O starling, why dost thou mock me?—thou hast thy little ones, but we are a barren nation and our hearts are breaking."

But it seemed to the King as he spoke that the song of the starling was this:

> Help cometh for thee
> From the tears of a little child.

And he hastened forth and gathered his ambassadors together with gold and silver and rich presents, and bade them go far into the next country to the King thereof, bearing a message:

"To our cousin, greeting and good health. We are old and would fain hear the voice of a child before we die. Send, therefore, one unto us for a little space."

Then the ambassadors went on their journey and laid this message before the King of the next country. He, thinking to do well, straightway called for his eldest daughter, and clothed her in her robes of State, and sent her forth with the ambassadors to greet his neighbour. And the embassy set out and made haste to return.

As they came near to the palace the news of the coming of a child spread through the country, and all the people hasted together to see her. But when they saw the rich robes of State and the proud face of the Princess some wept and some were angry, for they said:

"This is naught but a law-child from the next kingdom!"

And also the Princess looking about her saw some of the law-children, men and women of all ages, at their games and duties. At first she wondered and then laughed aloud in scorn.

"O King," she cried, "are thy people mad? for I see men of many years playing with toys, and grown women also." And she laughed in the King's face.

The King's anger rose in his countenance, but for courtesy's sake he treated the Princess with due ceremony.

But on the next day, at the hour of audience, the labourer stood again in the Hall, and cried to the King to ease him of his pain.

Then the King turned to the Princess—and the Queen also—and entreated her to lay her hand on the man's brow that he might be cured.

But the Princess turned aside. "Not so," said she, "diamonds touch not clay lest they be soiled."

Again was the King wroth: and this time he called together the ambassadors again and sent her back with them to her own land, saying:

"This thy daughter is verily a Princess, but I have need of a child. Send now one, or I will come with my armies and destroy thee."

At this the other was much perplexed, for he feared to give offence. But his Chamberlain bethought himself and said:

"There is a cripple child that playeth about the gate of the Palace, and hath not father nor mother. Let my lord send her just as she is, and perchance the king of the South will be appeased."

So that was done with all speed, and the embassy returned home again bringing the cripple child.

This time, however, the people took no heed, having been saddened before. And the cripple came unto the King without notice and stood beside him in the Hall of Audience.

And again the labourer knelt before the King, but ere he could speak the child looked upon him and saw his sorrow. And she placed her hand on his brow, weeping for love of the unknown man whose countenance was so sad.

Then the man stood up straight before the King and thanked him, for he was healed and his face shone with happiness.

And a glad cry rang throughout the land like the sound of sweet music, and behold in every house was heard the laughter of children and tears of women whose hearts were filled with joy. Everywhere the children came trooping by thousands, and their faces were shining like gold and their eyes like diamonds.

And instead of a cripple there stood before the King the most beautiful child that ever was seen.

This is the end of the story.

FROM KOBE TO CANADA

BY EDWARD A. WICHER

THE black smoke traileth o'er the heavens low-bow'd,
The leaden waters silent part and close
Where moveth from the harbour's smooth repose
The *Empress of Japan*, serene and proud,
Toward *Kii channel, where the currents crowd,
Toward the fierce Pacific just beyond,
Where heave the myriad leagues of dark despond,
Toward the light that breaketh through the cloud,
Toward the land that gave me life and light,
And hope and love and every perfect good.
Land of the North, land of ascending might,
Dear homeland, land of God's own fatherhood,
Far homeland. How the exile's heart is sore!
I look and long. When shall I see thee more?

*Pronounced Kee.

Current Events Abroad.

WE are the spectators of one of those great revolutions which influence the world for all time. A race towards whom the white man was loftily inclined to assume the position of arbiter and destiny-provider has suddenly shown that it is fully his equal both on land and sea. It may be a rude and barbaric standard, but it remains a fact, that the nation which is ready to enforce its views with men and guns must be admitted among the first rank of the nations. The Yankee captains, who, fifty years ago, used to set out with a single ship and deliver ultimatums at Yeddo, may earnestly hope that these incidents are forgotten. Nations which are disposed to hold the Japanese as an Ishmaelitish race, who may be excluded at the ports of entry or refused equality of rights with other peoples, will have to revise their rule of conduct towards these competent, efficient and indomitable little men of the East. Thanks to the firmness of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Canada has steadily refused to exclude them from our shores. With customary prevision the Canadian Premier has noted the rise of these neighbours of ours on the Pacific, has sent commissioners to study their wants and their commerce, and last year made a point of making a special display of Canadian products and manufactures at the first great international exhibition held in Japan. To it he also sent Mr. Fisher, Minister of Agriculture. While making these approaches he has been careful to veto all British Columbia legislation intended to exclude the Japanese from Canada. Far better to let them in hospitably than have them breaking in with their torpedo boats. As a result of all this Canada and Japan are on the most friendly terms, and Mr. Nossé, the Japanese Consul at Ottawa, is no doubt able to report to his emperor that the Japanese cause has nowhere warmer partisans than among our people.

BACK TO THE MINES! THERE'LL BE NO STRIKE TO-DAY
SHOHA!
RUSSIAN MINE

RUSSIA: "My mines are working great. Now if I could only get a Japanese ship over one of them!"
—Detroit *News.*

❧

Naturally enough those who concern themselves with the signs of the times are asking whence this "arrival" of the Japanese race leads. The significance of it is not confined to the people of Japan. Is there not a possibility of a similar evolution among the four hundred millions on the Asian mainland? Not only

FRANCE AND RUSSIA

FRANCE: "Oh give me, oh give me my millions back again."—*Nebelspalter.*

will they have the example, but they may even welcome the leadership and initiative of Japan. That there are hundreds of thousands of men in the Chinese Empire capable of being turned into as good soldiers as those which bayonetted the brawny Russians on the Yalu can scarcely be questioned. The people of the Chinese Empire are not of one race, and therefore they cannot be spoken of as possessing uniform characteristics. The Mongol of the north with his friendliness towards strangers, his talkativeness and love of showing off, is surely the very stuff of which soldiers are made, whatever the silent, suspicious, secretive Chinese of the south may be. Whether the Chinese like it or not, and whether Europeans like it or not, Japan inevitably assumes the leadership of the East. China will be forced to turn to her in any moment of perplexity or danger, and her island neighbour will accept the responsibility with all its risks and vista of possibilities.

❧

Is there anything to be deplored in this? We of the English races are only concerned that China shall not be dismembered, shall open her doors and shall preserve order throughout her borders. In these aims Japan sympathizes. Japan has flourished because Western progressiveness and efficiency have become her ideal. Her influence will be thrown in the direction of making them the ideal of China also. Just how difficult it may be to bring about such a change we, in our ignorance of what is behind those oblique eyes, can only vaguely guess. Fifty years ago when Britain, Holland and the United States were threatening and coaxing Japan to open her doors, no one could have guessed the transmutations which now we see. While the influence of Japan will undoubtedly be cast against the pretensions of nations intruding on Chinese territory, it will also just as surely be employed against Boxer uprisings, brigandage, exclusiveness, retroaction and retrogression.

TIBET'S DILEMMA

"HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER," ETC.

RUSSIAN: "You leave her alone; she is mine, and mine only and wholly!"

INDIAN JOHN BULL: "That remains to be seen!"

—*Hindi Punch*

THE BRITISH BUDGET

THE RECKONING

MR. BULL: "You're a charming companion, my dear Arthur; but I really don't think I can let you order the dinner again."
—*Punch*

An Asian Monroe doctrine may be proclaimed, by which the status quo will not be disturbed, but which will forbid fresh aggressions or the enlargement of the existing European footholds on the Asian coast.

* * *

The consummateness of Japanese strategy and the superhuman courage with which it is being carried out, has challenged the admiration of the world. The only points which one would be inclined to question is the policy which entailed on thousands of men the exhausting marches from Seoul to Ping-yang over the execrable Corean roads. The ice-bound state of the coast, the necessity of impressing the Coreans, the bad effects of inaction, might all be put forward as reasons for this decimating march. They will hardly be felt to be sufficient, and if the troops were those of a European power in command of the sea this useless expenditure of flesh and blood would have been much condemned. The retort can of course be made that whatever the trials of the march may have been, the troops were able to send the enemy to the right about when the testing-day arrived. The sea operations before Port Arthur, the timeliness of the arrival of the army landed at Pitsewo, the immediate subsequent isolation of Port Arthur, the persistency of Gen. Kuroki's divisions in the pursuit of Gen. Sassulitch's beaten army, all show the almost dæmonic courage and energy of the new people. The spirit of self-sacrifice exhibited in blocking the entrance to the harbour at Port Arthur is unexampled, unless it can be paralleled among Mahommedan peoples, who see the nymphs of Paradise beckoning to the heroes who die for the faith on bloody battlefields.

* * *

How is it going to end? People will have difficulty in believing that a mighty military power like Russia can be overwhelmed by an antagonist so much inferior in population, wealth and resources. Indeed, we all realize that there must be some earth-shaking conflicts before any acknowledgment of defeat could be wrung from the proud and arrogant Muscovite. It can scarcely be held even by the friends of Russia that her business has been managed well. Fallen human nature is too apt to enjoy the humiliation of that pride which goeth before a fall. During the negotiations Japan was treated with the easy superciliousness that would have been accorded to the representatives of some of the wandering Tartar tribes that have successively been brought into the Russian system in the march across Asia. Contemptuous delay and immovable and resistless ponderosity were expected to impress and subdue the little people. But to the giant's evident surprise and dismay he finds his pigmy antagonist angered by the one and not intimidated by the other. Since the opening of hostilities, we have had from the Russian side a great deal of bluster and a great deal of bounce about signing treaties at Tokio; from the other not a word, but an amazing lot of deeds. The situation suggests several images in nature —a great blundering, lumbering buffalo with an up-to-date wolf alternately at his heels and at his head; or a puffed-up whale spouting and blowing while an acrobatic sword-fish whips his bony rapier into him every few seconds.

❧

Unquestionably the main Russian troops will be forced to retire on Harbin. It is quite unlikely that the Japanese will follow them there, unless it turns out that the tales of Russia's strength in effective troops have been as much exaggerated as everything else. If Russia can assemble half a million men there within the next few weeks it would be folly to go up against them. Japan's game then is to choose an impregnable position at some convenient place between Harbin and Port Arthur, and invite her enemy to come and see her. She can afford to wait now much better than Russia can. The latter will have Port Arthur and its starving garrison, battered every once in a while by a hostile fleet in the offing, on her nerves. She will have moreover a disillusionized and murmuring Asia in her rear, the very stomachs of her army in daily dependence that no unfriendly hand will blow up a bridge or culvert along the 500 miles of railway that traverses the soil of those that hate her. The position is a desperate one, from which only the mightiest efforts which a country has ever put forth can rescue her. Has she the financial resources to meet such a crisis? That is a matter of much doubt. In view of it all I will venture to predict that should her generals score anything that looked like a rehabilitation of Russian prowess, France would soon be conveniently on hand with offers of mediation.

❧

The visit of the King and Queen to Ireland has been cordially received by the people. The feeling between the two countries is undoubtedly better than it has been for years. There is more promise in that fact for the ultimate attainment of what thousands of Irishmen yearn for than in any other one circumstance. Why do Englishmen refuse the boon of self-government to Ireland? Because they believe the power would be used to sever the political tie altogether. As soon as this conviction leaves the Englishman's mind his reason for withholding that for which the Irishman craves will disappear. Home Rule would not be synonymous with separation if Irishmen were content to remain within the Empire. Once he felt he was free to go or stay he would perceive that even his material interests pointed out that it would be better to stay. We detest things, however good, when we are compelled to have them.

John A. Ewan

WOMAN'S SPHERE

Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

GO, LOVELY BIRD

(The "bullfinch hat" is in evidence....and a leading ladies' newspaper tells its readers that this is to be a bird season.—Daily Paper.)

Go, lovely bird,
Speed from my lady warily,
For she hath heard
That finches dainty decking be,
And her sweet charms mean death to thee!

Cares she that's young,
And seeks to have her graces spied,
That thou hast sung
In woodlands where the violets hide?
She loves thee better stuffed and dyed!

For at the sight
Of ruffled breast and stiffened limb
Her eyes grow bright.
A wreath of death will bravely trim
The circlet of my lady's rim!

So fly! For she
Would claim in service all things rare,
Including thee.
And thy short life she will not spare
When Fashion says that thou art fair!

—*Punch.*

◆

JUNE used to be, as from time immemorial the impassioned poets have told us, the month of roses and rare days and sweet communings with nature, but now this month of months is associated in our minds with another idea, and "the month of weddings" has become a synonym for "the leafy month of June."

No longer do the covers of the ladies' magazines bloom this month with many-hued roses. They have long since been swept aside to give place to bewitching June brides in all sizes and poses.

Not long ago I came across the following rather interesting paragraph in an old English paper:—

"I suppose there are few people nowadays who do not know the origin of the word 'honeymoon,' or the month of honey, which can be traced back to the ancient Teutons, inhabitants of Northern Germany, whose custom it was, whenever there was a wedding in immediate prospect, to make a special brew in honour of the marriage festivities. This mead, or metheglin, was drunk for a period of thirty days after the celebration of the wedding; after that time the beer became, in a measure, undrinkable, turning sour and bitter. Of course, in some cases it kept sweet and wholesome a little longer, and sometimes it became a little bit 'off' *before* the thirty days had expired. Like many other things besides marriage, it was too sweet in the beginning, and fatally bitter in the ending!"

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With the revival of the full skirts and short-waisted gowns of the early Victorian period comes a revival also of the dainty lawn and muslin undersleeves which our mothers and grandmothers embroidered long ago for their adornment. They will doubtless masquerade to-day under a more pretentious name than plain undersleeve, since these be times when there is much in a name, and no self-respecting society reporter dreams of designating a skirt otherwise than a *jupe*, while a plain "dress-waist" is unknown in her vocabulary.

But whatever it may be called, the undersleeve is here, and into the trunk of the summer girl who is given to fine needlework will go a supply of sheer lawn and linen destined to be converted

MURRAY VILLAGE—ONE OF THE PICTURESQUE SPOTS ON THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

PHOTO BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL

during *dolce far niente* days into these dainty little articles.

Fashion decrees that they are to be decorated with the hand embroidery which our grandmothers did so exquisitely, and there is much ransacking by ambitious maidens of grandmother's treasure-chest for old silver embroidery stilettos, and yellowed linen sleeves which may be used as patterns for Fashion's latest fancy.

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Another Arts and Handicrafts Exhibition has been held recently in Toronto under the stimulus of the Woman's Art Association of Canada.

Since this Association first interested itself in the various branches of handwork which are done by the women who have come to live amongst us from many different countries, it is interesting and gratifying to note the great improvement in the work which is now being done compared with that of a few years ago.

With the careful instruction as to designs and colouring, the practical help with regard to obtaining proper dyes and a market for saleable articles, and the constant encouragement being given by the Association to the various women hand-workers in different parts of our country, there is no reason why Canadian arts and handicrafts should not on some not too far-distant day attain to as high a standard of excellence as the work of the skilled "craftswomen" of the old-world countries.

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Now that once more the "spring-cleaning" is an accomplished fact, and the furs and winter garments are safely stowed away under the protection of camphor balls or other similar evil-smelling compound, in whose neighbourhood no self-respecting moth would deign to linger, it is time for the busy Martha of the household to turn her attention to the question of where the family will go for its summer outing.

Before deciding hastily that one really must seek mountain air in the Adirondacks or White Mountains, or that it is positively necessary to fill one's lungs with the salt breezes that fan the coasts of Maine and Massachusetts, would it not be rather a good idea to ascertain first if it is not possible to find in Canada both mountain and sea resorts where the air is as salubrious and invigorating as that of Maine or New Hampshire?

Not long ago a girl who was going out to the Pacific Coast for the first time, said: "I wonder why it is that people are always so anxious to fly to other lands before seeing anything of their own. Summer after summer our whole family troops off to the continent, and yet until this year my knowledge of Canada was confined to Toronto and Montreal and what I have occasionally read of it in C.P.R. guide books or an illustrated magazine article. People I have met abroad have often embarrassed me by talking about the beautiful scenery in different parts of Canada of which—to my shame be it said!—I knew nothing. Hereafter, for some years at least, my travelling is going to be done in my own country. I never dreamed that there was such wonderful variety in Canadian scenery — such grandeur and such magnificence, such scenes of turbulence and riotous splendour, such idyllic pictures of pastoral peace and Wattean-like daintiness."

The train was swooping down into Kicking Horse Canyon as she spoke, and a young Irishman who had been hanging half out of the car window, drew in his head a moment to declare impressively: "Well, it's just five years to-day since I left Ireland, and in that time I have been pretty well over the world—Germany, Switzerland, Spain, Africa, Borneo, Ceylon—all sorts of places, but I have never anywhere seen anything to equal this. Yes, it's worth a year of a man's life to take this trip!" and with the last word out went his head again.

For those who prefer quiet scenes of lake and stream and woodland, there are the Thousand Islands, all the attractive spots in the ever-popular Muskoka district, the Kawartha Lake country, Massanoga, and the countless other summer resorts in Ontario; for those who long for high altitudes and mountains there are the superb Rockies and the other ranges of western Canada; for the sea-seeker there is an *embarras des richesses* in the myriad charming seaside resorts in the Maritime Provinces; while for those who would fain combine sea and mountain air there are all the delightful little French-Canadian watering-places on the St. Lawrence below Quebec, where the salt air from the River and the breezes from the Laurentians meet and mingle their health-giving properties.

Surely with such a rich variety and such a wealth of places to choose from, one should not find it difficult to spend a thoroughly delightful summer in Canada, where one could, while storing up strength for the winter, be learning at the same time much of the charms and natural resources of one's own country.

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Mrs. Langtry, whose youthful grace and beauty have been the wonder of her sex through several decades, has been talking recently on the ever interesting subject of the retention of health and beauty. Her remarks are worth considering.

"To a great extent," she declared to the newspaper woman who was interviewing her, "a woman's beauty is measured by her vitality. The keystone of physical beauty is perfect health. Work, sunshine, exercise, water and soap, plain, nourishing food, lots of fresh air and a happy, contented spirit—there, as you say, 'Honest and true'—is my working rule for youth, youthful spirits and youthful looks. But the profoundest secret of my keeping young is that I have learned to keep my thoughts young . . . . I believe in the importance of pure food simply cooked, but pure air in unlimited quantities and knowing how to fill the lungs with oxygen, not only while doing breathing exercises, but every moment of one's life, waking or sleeping, is the vital acquirement. . . . Whatever a woman's circumstances are she cannot look her best unless she has learned to breathe correctly. Until a woman has learned that her spirits, her health, her amiability and

HELL'S GATE, FRASER CANYON—A MAGNIFICENT SCENE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

PHOTO BY EDWARDS BROS., VANCOUVER

her good looks depend upon her using her lungs to their fullest extent she has not learned her most important life lesson. Without money and without price she can learn the surest way to acquire a clear skin, bright eyes and youthful face. . . . . I look back on my pictures showing my hour-glass figure with positive amazement. How could I ever have thought I was getting my share of life in these prison corsets! The greatest difficulty the woman who has worn the tightly laced corset encounters in her efforts to breathe correctly is through the impairment of the waist and abdominal muscles, which have been for years unused. . . . Deep breathing should not be a matter of five minutes a day. It should be continuous; but until one has learned how, it is better to make a practice of regularly going through several deep breathing movements two or three times a day. . . . Walking is the best exercise for women. It brings into play every muscle without straining, and is one that poor women as well as rich can take. The girl who is in the habit of walking is easily mistress of the drawing-room graces. She is free in movement because she has had plenty of the best exercise. I sleep with windows wide open and all heat turned off. We can't get too much fresh air. There is no sleep so sweet, so refreshing, as that which follows a busy day spent in happy, exhilarating work."

Mrs. Langtry is right, and the women of the city and the town are beginning to learn the lesson. In England they learned it some time since.

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MOTHER

BY ZONA GALE

I wish I had said more. So long, so long
About your simple tasks I watched you, dear;
I knew you craved the words you did not hear;
I knew your spirit, brave and chaste and strong,
Was wistful that it might not do the wrong;
And all its wistfulness and all its fear
Were in your eyes whenever I was near.
And yet you always went your way with song.

O prodigal of smiles for other eyes
I led my life. At last there came a day
When with some careless praise I turned away
From what you fashioned for a sweet surprise.
Ah, now it is too late for me to pour
My vase of myrrh—would God I had said more!—*Selected.*

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

PARTY FIDELITY

WHILE Professor Goldwin Smith is uttering protests against the party system and its evil effects upon government policies, the Parliament of Canada has been giving a stirring example of party fidelity in connection with the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway proposition. Before the Bill was brought forward, resolutions endorsing an amended agreement previously entered into by the Government were introduced. The debate on these resolutions covers 403 pages of *Hansard*, containing 604,500 words. And yet that debate did not result in changing a word in the resolution, a line in the contract, or the vote of a single member. The country would have been much richer, in fact, had the resolution been passed without discussion.

Viewing this incident dispassionately, one cannot but conclude that debates in the House of Commons under present conditions are a farce. The Government whips its followers into line by saying that the policy it has laid down must be upheld or there will be no distribution of patronage by the members who oppose it. And, after all, what is the position of a member of the ruling party without patronage? The money to be spent in his riding is divided and the offices distributed on the advice of a local politician who has ambitions concerning the member's shoes. True, Mr. Blair opposed the Grand Trunk Pacific project and received a Government position, but the circumstances were exceptional.

On the other hand, the Opposition speeches were all along one line, all breathing forth the misfortunes which must follow the building of a new railway on such lines as the Government laid down. There was little honesty in the criticism, no desire to give the Government credit for what was good in the bargain, only a combined attempt to beat a noisy drum.

This party fidelity extended to the newspapers. The Conservative journals throughout the country echoed the destructive words of the devoted members who support Mr. Borden; while the Liberal journals boldly proclaimed that the wisdom of the Government was the wisdom of High Heaven, and that not one word of the bargain was faulty, not one feature open to a moment's discussion. It does not follow that one side was wrong and one side right. It is not certain either that the Grand Trunk Bargain was improperly conceived, or that it was the best that could have been secured. It is not apparent that wisdom has her home among one party or the other. The conclusion to be drawn from the episode is that party fidelity is destructive of common-sense and of a desire to find out what is best in policies enunciated by governments or to discover what is honest and forcible in opposition criticism.

There are some members of parliament, some publicists and some journalists who are struggling against this undue exercise of party fidelity. Notable among these independent influences are the *The Weekly Sun* and *The News* of Toronto. In its issue of April 23rd, *The News* objects to seven features of the Grand Trunk Pacific bargain, the chief of which are the lack of government oversight concerning the first mortgage bonds and the price at which the common stock is to be sold at, and the lack of a provision making the Abitibi to Moncton sections contingent on the finding of a suitable route. Having thus explained its objections, *The News* goes on to say that the new railway "ensures to our country the broad, simple and immensely important advantage of a second link between the East and the West. . . . New areas of stupendous size and of incalculable possibilities will be opened for development. . . . We will gain a new footing on the Pacific, and the Pacific is the ocean of the future. . . . The West will gain a new outlet." Then this admirable summing up of the whole question is ended with the following paragraph :

> "It is worth while paying for benefits so enormous. It is sound policy to pledge the country's credit to help so pregnant an enterprise. The pledging may be done in a reckless and unbusinesslike manner, and yet in the broad outlines be wisely done. Some undeserved fortunes may be made, some unnecessary burdens may be laid upon the people, the freight rates may be more burdensome than is justifiable. But these drawbacks constitute a price which the country is able to pay. We disapprove many of the details, and approve the general lines of the bargain."

It is a pity that party politics could not be carried on in the admirable spirit displayed in this editorial. Such a state of affairs is easily possible if Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Borden, and those in like positions, were to loose the reins which they now hold so tightly over their followers. It would also be possible if the journalists of Canada were to place the good of the country before the success of the respective political parties. Why should Canada not have a parliament of freemen instead of a parliament of party-bound slaves and conscienceless adventurers? Why should men, who in private and business life bear the marks of honour and dignity, walk into the House of Commons and become as brass-mouthed graphophones and voting puppets ?

The party system may be good in the main, but in Canada we are suffering from the abuses not the uses of it. Every party worker admits the abuses but finds it easier to go with the tide than against it. The result is lamentable.

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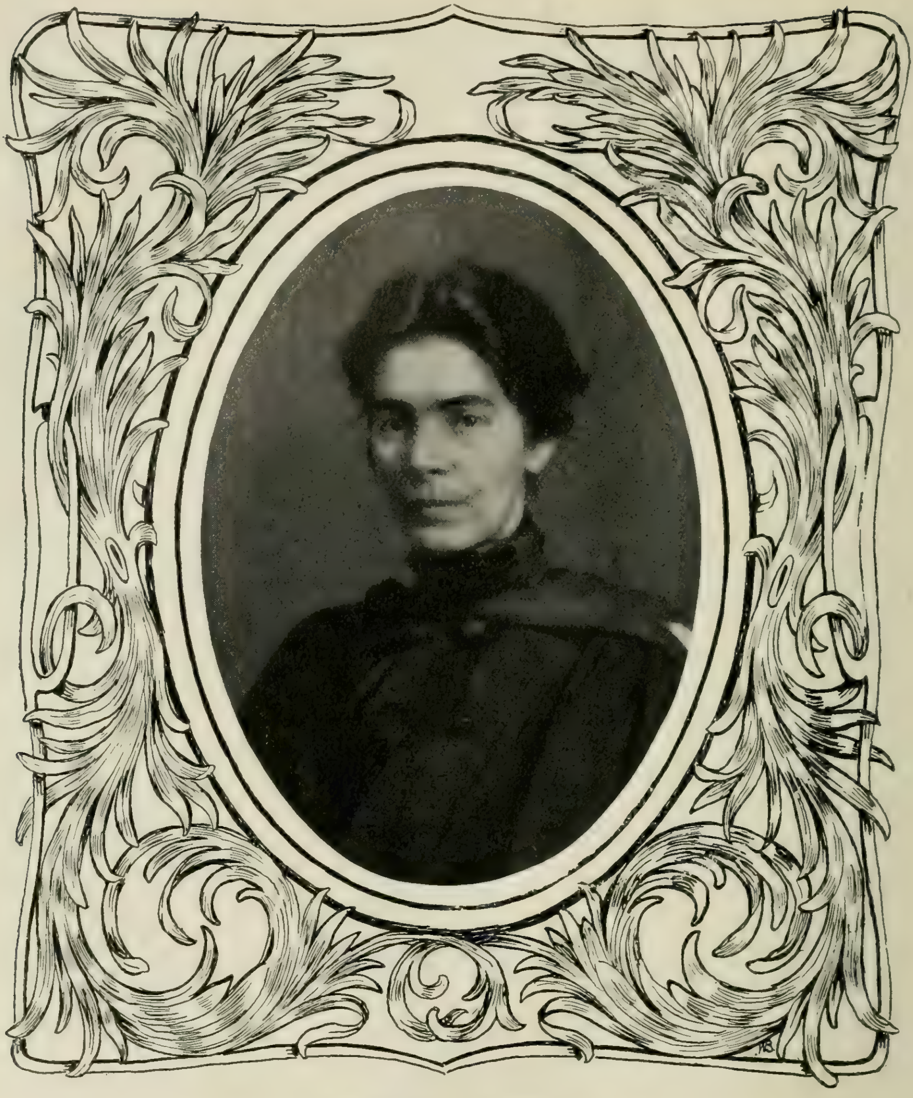
PROHIBIT MATCHES AND ELECTRICITY

NOW that the Dominion Alliance has found that the total prohibition of the liquor traffic is an impossibility for the present, it might turn its attention to the prohibition of matches and electricity.

On April 23rd, children playing with matches in Berlin Ont., caused the death of a two-year-old girl whose clothing caught fire. On the same day in the city of St. Catharines, a little boy, two and a half years of age, climbed out of bed, secured some matches, set his clothing on fire, and was burned to death. These are not unusual occurrences. Hundreds of lives are lost annually because of matches. Surely it is time that the prohibition of matches was a feature of our legislation.

On the evening of Tuesday, April 19th, an electric wire set fire to a building in the city of Toronto and destroyed fourteen million dollars' worth of property, throwing six thousand people temporarily out of work. Almost every week electricity is setting fire to something, or causing the death of a lineman or other unfortunate who comes in contact with the deadly current. Why not prohibit the production or use of electricity ?

He was a wise man who said, "Be sure you are right ; then think it over." I quite agree with those who believe in the total prohibition of the liquor traffic ; but I have thought it over, with the result that I believe that it is impossible at this stage of civilization. People must first be taught that whiskey is harmful when taken as a beverage, that its use should be exceptional. Indulgence in strong drink is a sign of weakness, and all the boys and girls in this country should have that fact impressed on them every day in the week, every week in the year. Edu-



HILDA D. OAKELEY

Warden Royal Victoria College for Women and first female member of McGill's Arts Faculty.

cate the people, and prohibition will come gradually and naturally.

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WOMEN AND UNIVERSITIES

IT is not so many years since women were admitted to Canadian Universities on an equal basis with men. To-day, many of them are found in the classes of all the larger institutions. They do fairly well in the classes and occasionally find a brief period of usefulness as fellow or assistant. Now McGill University has gone a step farther and made the Warden of the Royal Victoria College for Women a member of the Faculty of Arts. This is a notable triumph for Miss Oakeley and the weaker sex.

Hilda Diana Oakeley who has achieved this notable innovation is a new-comer to this country, and the credit therefore lies rather to English education than to Canadian. She is a daughter of Sir Evelyn Oakeley, formerly chief inspector of training colleges in England and Wales. From a Manchester School she went to Somerville College, Oxford, whence she graduated a Bachelor in Arts with honours, and a first-class in Literæ Humaniores. She then spent some time in political science and constitutional history, in the meantime lecturing on logic and engaging in other educational work. In 1899, she was awarded a research studentship at the London School of Economics, but resigned it to come to Canada to take up her present work. McGill gave her an M.A. in 1900, and now bestows this further honour upon her.

McGill has gone farther than any other Canadian University in providing for its women students, although Victoria College, Toronto, recently added a splendid residence, Annesley Hall. This will shortly be supplemented by a new residence for women which will probably be a part of University College. Now that Trinity College has become a part of the University of Toronto, St. Hilda's will probably be used as a women's residence. Thus shortly the University of Toronto will have three residences for its women, Annesley Hall, St. Hilda's, and the new one that is to be erected shortly.

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MORMONISM

THE *Christian Guardian* does not like the article on Mormonism by James L. Hughes which appeared in the May CANADIAN MAGAZINE. Among other things, it says:

"Neither of the 'peculiar institution' of polygamy, nor of the hideous superstition of 'sacraments for the dead,' nor of any other of the well-known immoralities and blasphemies of Mormonism has Inspector Hughes a single word of deprecation. The culture, the music, the woman suffrage, the education, the zeal, the wealth, the amusements of the Mormons, inspire his pen and fill his paper. But there is another side, and a terrible one. Those who are infinitely better qualified to judge of Mormonism and its results than Mr. Hughes; those who have known it not as flattered visitors for a week, but as long residents in its centres and profound students of its workings, have far other tales to tell. There are families in this very Canada of ours broken-homed and broken-hearted because of this thing which is so bepraised in the article before us.

"For many long years the leading statesmen, educationists and religious workers in the United States have recognized Mormonism as one of the greatest menaces to the political and social well-being of that country. We are surprised that a high educational functionary of Canada shows no more sympathy with them, and with the vast majority of the people of the great republic, in their efforts to rid themselves of what they believe to be a social pest-house and a source of moral contagion and national danger and disgrace."

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IMMIGRATION

The opening months of 1904 have witnessed a continuation of the immigration movement which last year brought us 129,000 new citizens. The Anglo-Saxon race is always expanding. It has spilled over into America until the United States is comfortably filled; it is now overflowing into Canada. We have six millions of people to-day. Mr. Lightall estimates that we have room for nine hundred millions. The number required is therefore 894,000,000. If they come at the same rate as in 1903, six thousand years will be required to secure them. Even if we received a million a year, it would be nearly nine centuries before the country is filled up. In view of these figures, the labour unions and trade councils need have no worry about the country filling up too rapidly.

John A. Cooper

About New Books.

CONCERNING THE HONOUR OF BOOKS

SINCE honour from the honourer proceeds,
How well do they deserve that memorize
And leave in books for all posterities
The names of worthies and their virtuous deeds:
When all their glory else, like water-weeds
Without their element, presently dies
And all their greatness quite forgotten lies,
And when and how they flourished no man heeds!

How poor remembrances are statues, tombs,
And other monuments that men erect
To princes, which remain in closèd rooms
Where but a few behold them, in respect
Of books, that to the universal eye
Shew how they lived; the other, where they lie.

—JOHN FLORIO

A CANADIAN IN KOREA

REV. JAMES SCARTH GALE, author of "Korean Sketches" (Revell, 1899), and "The Vanguard, a tale of Korea" (Revell, 1904), was born near the village of Alma, Wellington Co., Feb. 19, 1862, educated at Elora High School, St. Catharines Collegiate Institute and Toronto University, where he graduated in the spring of 1888. He went to Korea in the autumn of the same year as lay missionary, supported for four years by student contributions. He then transferred his allegiance to the American Board, and has been in the employ of that body since then. In 1896, while home on furlough, he was regularly ordained.

A specimen of a Korean prayer is given in "The Vanguard.*" Near Ping-yang there is a famous shrine, famous for its mysterious power. "On the first day of the moon and the fifteenth day, the people of the town brought food and money and paper, and spread it out on the ground before the spirit and said, 'O spirit! here is this offering, take it, eat it, inhale it, do what you like with it, only be good, and give us money, and rice, and sons, and good grave-sites, and long life, and nothing to do, Amen.'" Korea is a place of great ignorance, of great immorality, of great depravity, if "The Vanguard" is a true picture. It should be left in Japan's hands, now that she has once more taken possession, and perhaps it may be improved. No doubt it will take many years of desperate education.

This story turns a new page in fiction; it shows the picturesqueness, humour, romance, and grim struggle of the life of a young Canadian who elects to be a missionary to the Koreans. In view of the present war, the location in itself is enough to make the book interesting, but its interest does not rest on that only, nor does one need to be a mission enthusiast to be taken with the story,—it is a recital of telling incident that grips attention from first to last. The Western characters are all unique, and also the natives from Ko the thief, gambler, and general thug, to Jay the insurrection leader, who got his price out of the government. Underneath all is the romance of the hero's life, with its dramatic and happy finale.

"Korean Sketches," by the same author, is a series of semi-humorous, semi-descriptive tales about the hermit nation, its people, and their four-footed companions. Mr. Gale has crossed the country twelve times, has penetrated into its most remote sections, and has lived with princes and coolies.

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*Chicago and Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Co.

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CROCKETT'S LATEST

THERE is a certain vigour in the novels of S. R. Crockett which is disconcerting to the reviewer, who finds that writer's novels flowing in with unceasing regularity—if there is such a form of motion known to the human mind. "Strong Mac"* is the story of a simple-minded young giant, who at the opening of the story is attending the Lowran schoolhouse and living with his poacher-father at the tiny freehold House of Muir, in the Galloway country. Adora Gracie, the young schoolmistress, shares the honours of the story, and the romance that is woven about the two by this skilful author seems very real and decidedly intense. Crockett strongly delineates his characters, so that there is no mistaking their identity. He describes their moods, their feelings, their ambitions, their actions, with much nicety of phrase and picturesque expression, until the heart of each is laid bare to the sympathetic reader. As these characters lived away back in the time when Canada defended herself from the United States and when Wellington fought in Spain, they did not live and speak as we do now, hence there is an added quaintness in the romance. The times were ruder and sterner and justice was differently interpreted and differently administered. Might was more nearly right in the individual, and the strong man needed his strength. Yet, even strong men had difficulties from which they barely escaped, as the story of Strong Mac most plainly shows.

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A PROBLEM STORY

Doctors and students of science will find in "The Narrow Enigma,"* by Melvin L. Severy, a book worthy of a spare hour. This kind of problem-story is an oasis in the desert of monotone romantic fiction. This feature adds a piquancy and intellectual exercise to an interesting tale—though not in all cases.

JAMES S. GALE
Author of "The Vanguard," and "Korean Sketches."

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TWO VOLUMES IN ONE

"Dorothea,"* by Maarten Maartens, is entitled "A Story of the Pure in Heart." It is as ambitious as a sermon, as long, and as interesting. The reader who ventures to ramble through its pages will require much patience, which will not be without reward.

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NOTES

JUSTIN McCARTHY, the novelist and historian, has recently been placed upon the civil list of the British Government to receive an annual pension of £250 ($1,250). A prominent English publication expresses surprise that an author whose works are so popular wherever the English language is spoken should be in need of a pension. A score of editors have sprung forward with the information that Mr.

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*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

McCarthy has been as generous in the spending of his money as he has been indefatigable in earning it, that he is now old (in his 73rd year), and that for the last five years he has been almost blind, requiring the services of his daughter, with whom he lives, as amanuensis.

Mr. A. C. Swinburne, who was sixty-seven on Tuesday, April 5, is stated to have completely recovered from his recent severe illness. It was in 1857-8 that Mr. Swinburne's earliest writings (says a writer in the *Westminster Gazette*) were published in the "Undergraduate Papers," edited by John Nichol, who, with Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Sir James Bryce, T. H. Green and Dr. Birkbeck Hill, was a contemporary of the poet at Balliol College, Oxford. Mr. Swinburne's first volume, "The Queen-Mother and Rosamond," was issued in 1860 by Pickering, but before many copies were sold it was transferred to Moxon, who issued the work with a new title-page. His "Poems and Ballads," which has had the largest sale of any of Mr. Swinburne's works, dedicated to "my friend Edward Burne-Jones," was originally published in 1866.

In his recently-published reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Ellesmere tells how punctilious the great Duke was in the matter of paroles, and he never forgave an officer who acted dishonourably in this respect. On one occasion, he recounts, a Colonel Walters who had been captured by the Spanish appeared at the dinner table. The Duke's first impression was that he had broken his parole; those who were present never forgot the awful expression of his face. It was not until the officer explained that he had made a daring and entirely legitimate escape that his superior's brow cleared.

There was a tragic occurrence in the Lake of the Woods district in 1736, when a son of Lavérendrye, a missionary and a score of voyageurs were massacred by the Sioux of the Prairies. A complete account of this affair is given in a paper recently contributed by Lawrence J. Burpee to the Transactions of the Royal Society. To the same series C. C. James contributes a record of the Second Legislature of Upper Canada, 1796-1800. The four sessions of that body were held in York, but Mr. James does not describe what was done, contenting himself with biographical notes on the men who made up that historic body. (Ottawa: James Hope & Sons.)

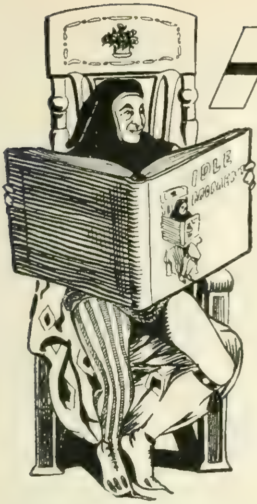
The Royal Astronomical Society of Canada have issued a volume of selected papers and proceedings for 1902 and 1903, edited by Arthur Harvey, F.R.S.C. This is a valuable volume, although regret must be expressed that the poor ink and the imperfect press-work have spoiled what is otherwise an attractive publication. This society is successor to the Astronomical and Physical Society of Toronto, which title was considered "too local for a body which had valued members in other cities and desired to bring together for their general good all Canadians who were interested in astronomical science." (Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Paper, 144 pages.)

There will be issued this month in the United States and Canada a volume of racing stories by W. A. Fraser, under the title "Brave Hearts." These stories are probably Mr. Fraser's best work, as he appears to be more at home with the horse than with any other animal. These tales have all his accustomed vigour, with a reality which makes them vivid and convincing. The scenes range through Canada, England and India.

The McGill University Magazine for April (Vol. 3, No. 2) contains, as a frontispiece, a fine portrait of the Hon. Charles Dewey Day, Chancellor of McGill University, 1857-1884. Most of the contributions to the number are worth reading, the weakest being the lecture from the pen of Professor Macnaughton. The poetry is above the average. (Montreal: A. T. Chapman.)

Edwyn Sandys has a new book ready which will be issued early in the fall. It is entitled "Sportsman Joe," and is a combination of fiction and woodlore.

IDLE MOMENTS



THE STRATEGY OF BIGGS.

BIGGS sat at ease in the "Queen's" verandah chair.

Hidden among the cedars at the brow of the long gentle slope leading into the village, is a pretty red brick cottage; neat, bright flower beds in front, a well-kept garden at the rear. There Biggs lives. But energetic, little Mrs. Biggs and son Jack deserve the credit for establishing this cosy home. Biggs is their free boarder. Scheming for free drinks at the "Queen's," and posting himself in politics from the hotel copy of the *Daily Bugle*, are his chief occupations.

Curtin, the cattle buyer, came driving along the Main Road. 'Twas his first trip north of the Townline. That summer, cattle were scarce, high-priced and hard to buy, and he was widening his territory.

Curtin's gig drew up at the door of the village hotel.

"Buyin' cattle?" queried Biggs.

"Yes, any to sell?"

"Mebbe," was the guarded reply. "Aren't you coming in?" he continued, scenting the probable treat.

"What about them cattle?" asked Curtin after a couple of rounds of "something" at his expense.

"'Cross the bridge, 'bout a mile out," he was informed.

They drove out.

"There they are," pointed Biggs a few minutes later, and they halted at the crossroads. Half a dozen steers looked lazily at them from the corner field.

Curtin climbed the fence and examined the bunch. Biggs, from the gig, dilated upon the fine condition of each animal.

"What's your price?" asked the buyer.

"You're buyin'," was the curt response.

"Well, I'll give you forty apiece for these four and thirty for the others. What d'ye say?"

"It's blamed hot here. Let's go back and talk it over," was the reply of the thirsty man in the gig.

"Say thirty-five apiece for the two-year-olds, then," raised the drover, continuing the discussion in the Blue Room of the "Queen's," after a spell of refreshment.

Biggs wouldn't say.

Refreshments continued. Still he wouldn't say.

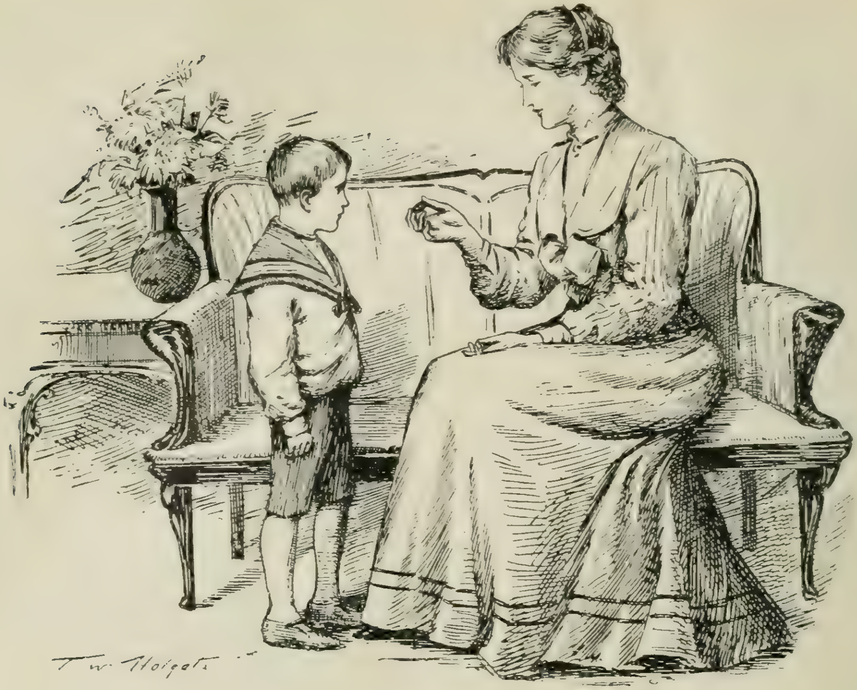
"Forty apiece all round," urged Curtin.

Biggs was inexorable. The liquor flowed deliciously cool.

"See here, mister," broke out the drover at last, irritably. "I'll give you forty-five all round. Your blamed cattle ain't worth it, but I'm in the township to buy and I'm goin' to buy. Have another. Here's a ten on the bargain. I've got to be moving."

Biggs slowly drained his glass, and spurning the tenner walked unsteadily out to resume the arm chair, while Curtin settled the score.

"I say, landlord," asked Curtin. "What's the matter with that blamed fool? What *does* he want for his cattle?"



UNIMAGINATIVE.

AUNTIE.—"Do you see the hair in this old brooch, Cyril? It was your Great-Grandfather's."

CYRIL.—"I say, Auntie, he didn't have much!"—*Punch.*

"His cattle? What cattle? Where?" ejaculated the astonished host.

"Why, the cattle we were out lookin' at. Tenth line, he said it was. That corner opposite the cemetery."

"*His* cattle?" snorted the hotel keeper. "Biggs don't own a calf. That's Garlen's ranch out by the cemetery. And he gathered in every head for sale in the township last week, too."

Curtin drove quickly along the Main Road, up the long gentle slope leading from the village.

Biggs slept at ease in the "Queen's" verandah chair.—*Don Graeme.*

◆

A TWENTIETH CENTURY INTERNATIONAL CATECHISM LESSON

What is the first duty of a nation? To glorify itself and serve itself forever, and by any means which may not bring it in conflict with a more powerful nation.

What are Christian nations? Nations with large armies and navies.

What is a treaty? A solemn agreement between two or more nations, which the weaker are in honour bound to obey.

What is arbitration? A means of settling disputes between nations so equally matched that one is afraid to go to war and the other does not dare to.

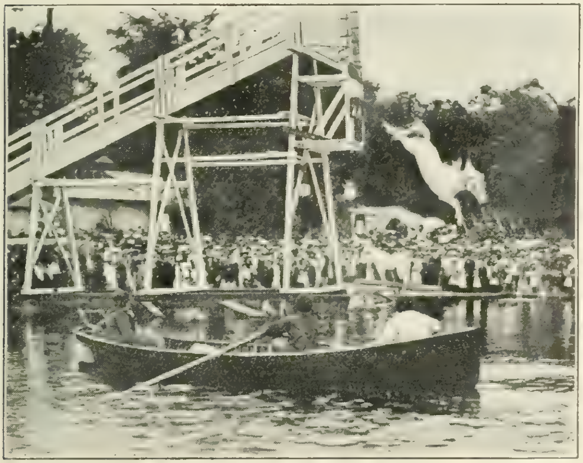
What is Benevolent Assimilation? The process of adapting the resources of the weak to the benefit of the strong. It is practised by lions and tigers towards lambs and deer, and by Christian nations (see def.) towards barbarous and semi-civilized peoples. Also sometimes known as the Spread of Civilization. The most efficient and generally used instruments for this beneficent process are missionaries, rum and rifles. . . . .

Edwin J. Webster, in N.Y. Life.

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

A DIVING HORSE

THE accompanying photograph shows a diving horse in action. It is, indeed, a source of never-ending wonder that animals are able to learn so many novel tricks. At the Toronto Exhibition last year a horse was present who was able to go to bed and to cover himself up with the clothes. A few years ago, a diving elk went about the country giving exhibitions. Performing elephants, lions, and smaller animals are numerous. A diving horse is, however, one of the newest.


A DIVING HORSE IN ACTION

◆

AN ODD SNAPSHOT

This interesting and curious snapshot was taken at Niagara Falls. The opening is that of a new "Scenic Tunnel" facing the Horseshoe Fall. I chanced to be in it one July day in 1903 when a workman—one of a number engaged in erecting an electric power house at the base of the Table Rock Cliff—was hoisted by a derrick up the 160 feet of distance to the level of the cataract. The man hung on to a pulley block and was, therefore, suspended for some minutes over the boiling waters of the river and in the mist of the Horseshoe Cataract. Needless to say, the man's position when photographed was a precarious one; at least, it would be to the average man. The electric works at the Falls present some new phases to the tourist, even though the

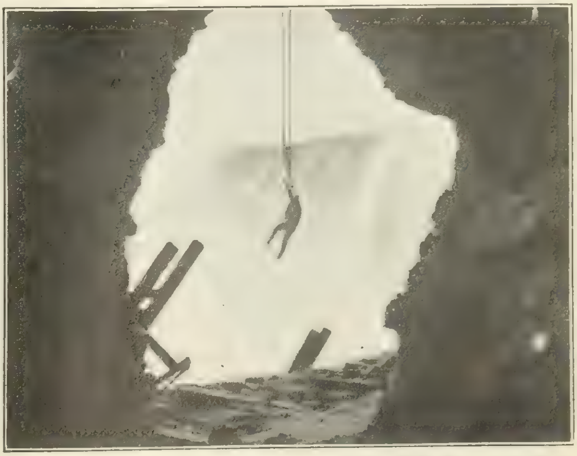

A SNAP-SHOT AT NIAGARA FALLS

PHOTO BY FRANK YEIGH

THE FARTHEST NORTH TOWN IN CANADA, FORT MACPHERSON, ON THE PEEL RIVER. IT IS WITHIN 200 MILES OF THE ARCTIC COAST

natural beauty of the surroundings is fading away before the predatory hand of the capitalist.

◆

A CURIOUS LETTER

New York, March 16th, 1904.

My Dear Bob,—Your letter—short and sweet—received some days ago, and I am glad you found my remarks re snobs to the point.

My dear Bob, you are not the only fellow who is troubled with snobs, there are others; your uncle Silas down in New Y. has his own troubles with snobs or rather with a snob and a snobby snob at that. His name happens to be Griggs, and he is the special partner of the firm of James Ross & Co. His money can't be counted and his brains can't be found, but what he lacks in brains he makes up in snobbishness.

Have you ever seen a regiment of Yankee militia drill? If not you are to be congratulated; I have. I saw the seventy-first inspected some time ago, and as our old friend R. H. says:

"Now there aint no chorus 'ere to sing,
  Nor there aint no band to play,
An' I wish I was dead 'fore I done wot I did,
  Or saw what I seen that day."

I took the wife with me. After witnessing one or two fearful and wonderful evolutions, accompanied by much running about and shouting of officers, she said, "Oh, let us go home, Ryerson school can do better than that." So home we went, grieving over what we had seen. Positively it was awful, the sorriest exhibition of ignorance and incompetence it has ever been my unhappy lot to witness. A sloppier lot of shagnappies I hope I may never see. The colonel in command sat on his horse at one side, while his major gave the commands, smoking a big black cigar and chatting affably with the inspecting officer. A sergeant and a captain nearly came to blows right beneath the gallery where we were sitting over some question of etiquette, and the whole mob broke ranks and surrounded them. Some of the officers even began to make bets on the outcome, and then—oh, Bob—what do you think—of all things—in the headquarters of a regiment supposed to be of soldiers—with officers in uniform too—oh, it was pitiful—a policeman—think of it—a policeman—an ordinary, every-day, commonplace city policeman, pushed his way through the crowd and ordered officers, men and all to quit their fooling. Such an exhibition!

With all their talk and blow, their flag-flapping, and 'holier than thou' business, the people of the United States are only half civilized; they talk like savages, eat like savages, drink like savages and in every other way live and die like savages. They have their good points, but—

Yours sincerely,
Frank.

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS

A Department For Business Men.

AT PORT ARTHUR

Night! and the thousand terrors!
The eyeless Dark, and the fears!
Night! and its wrack of blindness:
Darkness where Panic rears.

Army that stalks in the sunshine,
And shell that flies by day!
These we may face and fear not,
These we may meet in the way!

But night and its awful fearing,
As our searchlights stab in the Dark!
When Death abides in the Blackness,
Our gunners find no mark.

Impotent gun and gunners:
We pray for coming of Dawn.
And the sun comes up and finds us
With pallid faces and wan.

Day! and a sparkling ocean!
Wished-for: the ships of the foe!
Day! and the battle is welcome,
When blow is returned for blow!

But Night, and its blind forebodings!
The Dark! and its black, dead fear!
When our hearts are ground in torture!
God! Is the Day not near?

—*Roden Kingsmill in Toronto News.*

⁂

SLOWLY BUT SURELY

SLOWLY, but surely, the idea is percolating through the minds of the press and the government of Great Britain that the present rate of postage on British newspapers and periodicals mailed to Canada is a disgrace. Great Britain charges 8 cents a pound to mail this material to Canada; Canada charges one-half cent a pound to send the same class of mail matter to Great Britain. Here is an editorial note from the *British-Canadian Review*, of London:

> Recently the Duke of Argyll wrote to *The Times* directing attention to the operation of the Preferential Tariff in Canada, and adverted to interesting details on the subject contributed by Mr. George Johnston, the head of the Statistical Branch of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. Perhaps one of the most eloquently conceived passages in the report was that which runs as follows:—"There is one subject which is intimately connected with the development of trade, to which, however, your Government does not appear to attach as much importance as I do. Your newspapers do not circulate in Canada. The United States papers do. Trade, we say, follows the flag. It is even more true that trade follows the advertisements of the newspapers." This is edifying reading, but it is nevertheless true, and no one acquainted with Colonial trade can question the accuracy of the statement. The time has arrived when manufacturers must advertise over sea, and no longer foster the feeling that such advertising represents so much money thrown away. Most Governments encourage trade papers, but in England the policy is to impair their usefulness by imposing a prohibitive rate of postage. How long will it be before St. Martin's-le-Grand are able to "think imperially" on this really urgent matter?

The British manufacturer seems very slow to move in this matter which so vitally affects his future interests.

⁂

A VALUABLE CONCESSION

ONE of the points brought out during the discussion on the Grand Trunk Pacific, and one which should not be lost sight of, was the value of a single concession made to the Canadian Pacific, in the original contract. It was therein provided that "the railway, and all stations, station grounds, workshops, buildings, yards and other property, rolling stock and appurtenances required and used for the construction and working thereof, and the capital stock of the company, shall be forever free from taxation by the Dominion, or by any province hereafter to be established, or by any municipal corporation therein." This is a pretty generous provision, and if it had been given the C.P.R. for a limited period, perhaps much objection could not have been taken to it; but it is forever. No government in the future will ever be able to alter it. It will stand for all time as a monument to the generosity of the Conservative government that gave it. Some one may say "Well, what does it amount to anyhow?" It amounts to this, that on its 2,500 miles of railway (taxed in the United States at about $50 a mile) no taxes whatever will be paid; on its station buildings, yards, etc., no taxes will be paid. In Winnipeg alone the company has a most valuable and extensive property, yet it will never contribute one cent to the taxes of the province. Those who have given the matter some careful study and attention, conclude that this concession alone is worth in the neighbourhood of one million dollars a year to the company. Capitalized, it would more than pay the entire cost of the proposed Grand Trunk Pacific, from ocean to ocean. As the value of the C.P.R. increases from year to year, the value of this concession will increase accordingly.—Clinton *New Era.*

⁂

THE UNFORTUNATE OBJECTION TO CHILDREN.

IF modern tendencies do not alter, it would seem as if the rearing of children in cities by any but the very poor or the very rich will soon be a thing of the past. The very poor live in tenements, and no questions are raised by the landlords as to whether they have children or not. It is assumed they have children, or will have them. The very rich, on the other hand, live in their own mansions, and if they care to indulge in children there is no one to say them nay. But the middle class are hard put to it, if they have followed, even on a modest scale, the Scriptural injunction to increase and multiply. Landlords look askance at them, and sometimes absolutely refuse to have any dealings with them. Domestic servants, in like manner, regard a large family as something intolerable, and raise objections even to a couple of children. President Roosevelt delivered an address to the people of the United States about a year ago on "race suicide"; but not a few fathers and mothers are crying out to-day in sore perplexity, "What are we going to do if the modern, civilized community refuses a place to our children?" It has been hinted that, amongst our neighbours, the trouble is partly due to the fact that their children are so ill-trained. Certainly if the youngsters deserve the description given of them by Mrs. Ira Husted Harper, the prominent woman suffragist, one can understand that it would take all a fond parent's partiality to put up with their ill manners. Such an explanation, however, is far from covering the ground. Even here, where children are perhaps passably brought up, the objection to children is taking shape, and increasing the difficulties of those who have growing families and only moderate means. The great trouble is the sharp competition of modern life. Society is organized to-day as for battle, and in a battle, why—children are in the way. It is unfortunate that it should be so, and unfortunate also that time, far from promising an early remedy, hints rather that things may be worse before they are better.—*Montreal Star.*

TROUT FISHING, NORTHWEST MIRAMICHI, NEW BRUNSWICK

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY OF CANADA

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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THE LADIES' EMPIRE CLUB OF LONDON

By LALLY BERNARD

DURING the season of 1902, made memorable by the festivities which attended the coronation of Edward the Seventh, the Ladies' Empire Club sprang into existence under the auspices of the Victoria League, an organization of well-known women in the British Isles who joined forces with the idea of furthering the Imperial ideal in social as well as political circles.

Lady Jersey, the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton (wife of the present Secretary for the Colonies), and Lady Mary Lygon, who is attached to the household of the Princess of Wales, were among those mainly instrumental in originating and carrying out the idea. During the summer of 1903 the Club quarters were situated in Whitehall Court, and it became a distinguished rendezvous where visitors from all parts of the Empire met in an easy and informal manner the members of the various committees connected with the League, and the guests they invited to their weekly at-homes.

So eminently successful was the result of the efforts made by those interested, that it was decided to establish the club on a permanent footing, and thanks to the untiring energy of Mrs. Herbert Chamberlain (formerly a Miss Williams, of Port Hope), to-day the beautiful club at 69 Grosvenor Street is the very centre of the social whirlpool of London life, and forms one of the most charming meeting grounds of all that is best in colonial and British society. Not ten minutes' walk from the town house of the High Commissioner for Canada, in Grosvenor Square, it is yet only a few yards from the fashionable shopping locality known to all Canadians, familiar with London, as Old Bond Street.

Formerly 69 Grosvenor Street was the residence of Lord Kensington, whose family name is Edwardes, but to-day the Duke of Westminster is the distinguished landlord of the club committee. A typical town house of the best possible design, the rooms are spacious and well proportioned, and have retained a distinctly home-like air. It is to be regretted that among the photographs reproduced there is not one of the fine entrance hall, with its broad curving staircase and its cheerful welcome of crimson-tinted carpets, which shed a warm glow over the ivory pannelling of the walls. The head porter has a snug little office to the right as you enter, and the telephone is not the least of the luxuries provided for the members. Opening off the hall on the ground floor is a well-proportioned dining-room, with soft green and ivory again for the scheme of decoration. Electroliers, softened by creamy silk shades, produce the mellow glow of candle light. Frequently one will find the round table in the dining-room set for a special dinner party, for several of the

LADIES' EMPIRE CLUB, LONDON—READING-ROOM

habituées of the club, and especially its colonial members, rent this room for their dinner parties, as by paying the sum of one guinea can secure it for the evening.

Opening off the dining-room is the lunch-room; here, again, is the same effect of ivory and green, which harmonizes well with the glitter of perfectly-kept glass and silver, and the snowy cloths which cover the numerous little tables, at which four or six people can be comfortably accommodated. Maids in the freshest of caps and aprons move quietly to and fro, and the buffet at the end of the room is set exactly as it would be in a private house, with cold joints and the inevitable "game pastie" of an English luncheon table.

Between the hours of one and two one will generally find the lunch-room filled with the *habituées* of the club; among them are Lady Aberdeen, who is often accompanied by her husband; the Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Northumberland, Lady Edward Cecil, Mrs. Laurence Drummond, Mrs. Molson Macpherson, the Baroness Macdonald of Earnscliffe, Lady Brassey and the Hon. Mrs. Howard. Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeanette Duncan) and a lady who has lately arrived in London from Cape Town, are among the occupants of the club chambers at present. Strolling through the club drawing-room, of which a photograph is given, one will find groups of well-known people enjoying five o'clock tea in the pretty room with its comfortable furniture, covered with a rose-patterned glazed chintz, and its many dainty ectras, which give it the air of a room in a private residence.

The room is so large that half a dozen small tea parties can take place at one time without danger of overcrowding. Here, again, there is a glow of deep rose, ivory and green. Opening off the drawing is the members' reading-room, furnished much on the same lines as the drawing-room, for when it is necessary for special

LADIES' EMPIRE CLUB, LONDON—LUNCHEON ROOM

entertainments these two rooms are thrown into one with excellent effect. However, on ordinary occasions you will find solitary members enjoying their tea in the quiet and seclusion which this room affords with its command of "Silence," which comes out so distinctly in the photograph. Tea is served in green earthenware sets, which contrast well with the dainty besprigged china, quite in keeping with the rose-patterned chintz of the furniture. On side-tables are to be found all the newspapers and periodicals of the hour and several colonial publications, THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE conspicuous among them. The writing-tables are fitted with the most up-to-date appointments, and one hears the ceaseless scratch of the fashionable "quill," for members evidently find it difficult to keep up with the eternal rush of correspondence which assails one in London. At the end of the corridor, on the same floor as the drawing-room and reading-room, is the smoking and card-room, where members may take their friends for a quiet cup of tea, while they smoke a veritable "cigarette of peace" or make up a game of bridge. After luncheon coffee is often brought up to this southern sunlit room with its mass of delicately-tinted windows. There is not a suggestion of the masculine smoking den, but pale green chintz takes the place of the rose-patterned glory of the drawing-room, and there is an air of cleanly, cheerful, home-like comfort. Coal fires blaze all day in the open grates, and hot-water coils keep the corridors and rooms at a temperature which Canadians in this land of fog and chill appreciate fully.

The bedrooms, of which no photographs are procurable, are furnished, like the rest of the club, with an idea of absolute comfort as well as beauty. Electric light, open fires, plenty of bathrooms with the latest and most luxurious appointments, and the best attendance to be had in London, are some of the advantages offered to members. Twenty-five servants are

LADIES' EMPIRE CLUB, LONDON—SMOKING AND CARD ROOMS

employed, and with the two secretaries, a manager and cashier, club chambers promise to be particularly comfortable.

Canada is represented in the list of members by about a hundred and thirty names, and the whole colonial list is over three hundred. The club committee which has to do with the entertainments decided to discontinue a series of lectures they proposed giving, as they found that the club had so many members who used it regularly that the disturbance caused by special entertainments was to be avoided.

There have been now and then observations made regarding the objects of the club, which should be fully discussed in an article such as this; for it is undoubtedly established with the idea of bringing into close contact visitors from the colonies with the wives and daughters of men of prominence and distinction in Great Britain.

There have been those who asserted that making it so much a "matter of business" is to take away the most pronounced charm of social intercourse. But those who raise this objection fail to grasp that in so vast a world as London the season has always been managed upon more or less business-like lines. Unless colonial women who come to London have the advantage of either great wealth or the social prestige which surrounds the wife of a Minister of the Crown, they have little chance of finding themselves brought into close touch with those whom doubtless they consider it a pleasure and profit to meet. People, especially women, might spend months in this vast metropolis within a stone's throw of someone with whom they might find they had much in common, were it not for such a medium of communication like the Ladies' Empire Club, where there is a sub-committee whose work it is to make known to each other members of society from all parts of the Empire.

The work of the Ladies' Empire Club is to draw together all that is best in colonial and British society circles without reference to political

LADIES' EMPIRE CLUB, LONDON—THE DRAWING-ROOM

official prestige; and anyone who has had experience of life in the great self-governing colonies will admit that this is a work worthy of encouragement. Now comes the practical side of the question; what renders one eligible for membership in the Ladies' Empire Club and what expense does it entail? The answer to this is very simple. By writing to the secretary a list of members may be procured, and if the person desirous of becoming a member can find the names of two of her friends or acquaintances on the list she can apply to them to propose and second her as a member, one of them writing a note of introduction to the secretary. On receipt of the notice of her election she will receive a note of the amount of the entrance fee, which is one guinea, and two guineas annual fee if in England, and only ten shillings and sixpence while resident in the colonies.

That its existence in its present and permanent form is mainly due to the untiring energy and adminstrative ability of a Canadian by birth is one, and certainly not the least, of the reasons why the Ladies' Empire Club should receive the cordial support and excite the interest of all Canadians who have the welfare of the Empire at heart.

THE WHITE TRILLIUM

BY INA HAY

ARRAYED in glory, far surpassing king's,
Stately and pure, ye grace the woodland shade;
Toiling nor spinning, and all unafraid
Ye shame the folly of man's questionings.

"Occasionally a little schooner calls at the wharf for wood"

AN OUTING ON THE BAY OF FUNDY'S SHORE

*By F. C. SEARS**

I HARDLY know how we happened to decide on Morden as a summer resort, for we had been warned beforehand that the mattresses there were not of the Ostermoor variety, and that it was customary among housekeepers to boil tea for twenty minutes. But we were ready for some hardships, and I am sure that once we had seen the place not one in the party would have gone elsewhere. What we were looking for was not the comforts of civilization but rest, and there is more rest to the square inch in Morden than in any other place I have ever seen.

It used to do a thriving business in the days before the railroads, when packets came regularly from Boston and St. John, and when one or more schooners could always be found at the wharf loading with wood for American markets. But now, though there is still occasionally a little schooner calls at the wharf for wood, everything but the local trade has gone over the mountain to the railroad in "the Valley," and one walks along the grass-grown streets or looks in through the dusty windows of the old custom house and meditates upon the fluctuations of prosperity and the changefulness of human ways.

I called it a summer resort, but it isn't, and that is one of its chief charms. One can wander about its shores and through its woods and along its roads and never meet anyone except an occasional "native" till one comes to feel a proprietorship in its beauties and almost to resent the intrusion of the occasional picnics from the back country.

It has its historical side, too, for those who lean in that direction and who like to wander over the scenes of Nova Scotia's French tragedy. For here, in the winter of 1755, one of the returning bands of French Acadians settled and set up a rude wooden cross to mark the spot of their landing and the scene of their sufferings. And when the original cross rotted away it was replaced by another which still stands (the second generation only) and gives a quaint and melancholy interest to the place. For years the village was known as "French Cross," and only of late years has it received its present name.

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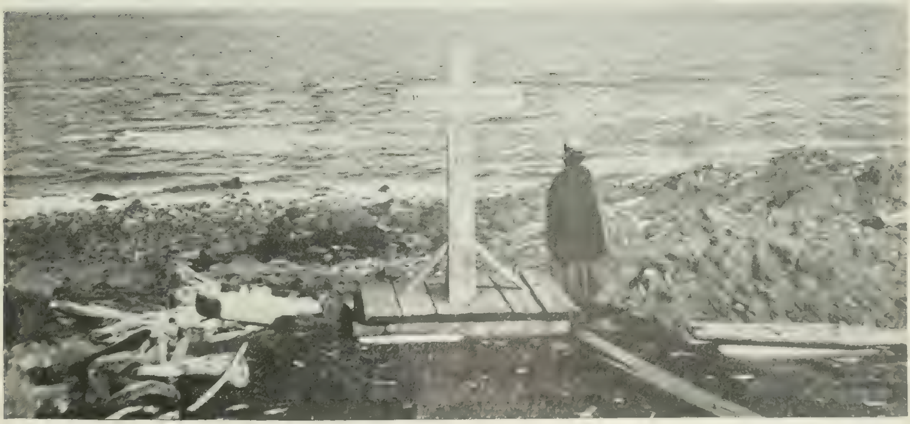
* Photographs by the author; see also Frontispiece in June number.

The chief charm of Morden, aside from its restfulness and its exclusiveness, is its variety, its resourcefulness. It is not like the ordinary watering place where one has only the choice between roaming along the beach and going in bathing, or sitting by and noting the grotesque bathing costumes of his fellow-sufferers. Here one is scarcely obliged to do the same thing twice or to go a second time to the same place. Even the beach is variable. Most of it is rocky and rough, due to the rocky nature of the cliffs along the shore. But if one wants sand there are stretches of beach as smooth as a floor and as soft as a carpet, and here (if one is not made nervous by the newspaper stories of the fierce attacks by dog-fish upon innocent children and unfortunate men) one may wade or bathe to one's heart's content.

One day we would take our dinners and tramp a couple of miles down the shore to the "East Gorge," and then, following up a little brook which flows down the gorge, we would come to an ideal spot for a noon camp. The brook flows over immense ledges of flat rocks, many of which lie bare except during spring freshets, and here one can build his fire and make his coffee secure from any danger of setting fire to the neighbouring forest, and so secluded that it would seem one must be miles from a human habitation. And after dinner had been eaten and the birch-bark dishes had been thrown into the fire, if we felt like having a nap (and we generally did, having slept only nine hours the night before) we could wander down to the shore with a blanket and a cushion and, lying down upon the sand, fall asleep to the murmur of the waves and the sighing of the winds along the cliffs.

Another day, when we were not in the mood for the salt water, we would go off to the woods and revel in its shady nooks and its beautiful ferns. Some species of Aspidium and Osmun-



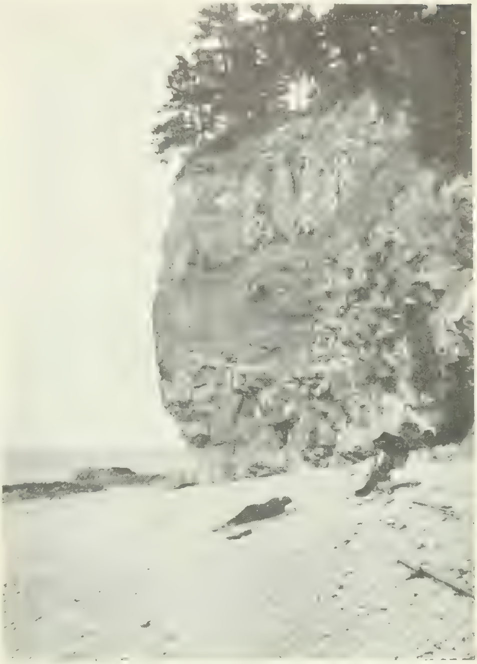
"Here, in the winter of 1755, one of the returning band of Acadians settled and set up a rude cross to mark the spot . . . . and when the original cross rotted away it was replaced by another which still stands."

da I have never seen in greater profusion nor finer specimens. There is one path in particular through a fine stretch of birch and maple woods that was an endless delight to us with its borders of ferns, its beautiful banks of Linnæa borealis, its patches of bunchberry (Cornus Canadensis) and the countless other woodsy friends, some of them known to us by name, and others only by their faces.

"An ideal spot for a noon camp"

And then there was the road! When other attractions failed it could always be relied upon. It skirts the shores for miles, never far from the water, and always beautiful; winding among tall spruce trees, passing over quaint old bridges, and giving one continual glimpses of the Bay of Fundy, with its gulls and its ships and its tides. If the day was warm we would sit down under some spruce tree where we had a good view of the water, and read from the pages of "Kim" (it was the first year the book was out), or watch some schooner beating up the bay. Usually the schooner received more of our attention than "Kim," for what was the use of struggling with such passages as—"It was a boy who came to me in place of him who died, on account of the merit which I had gained when I bowed before the law within there," when one could lie down quietly and chew spruce gum while speculating on whether the particular schooner under observation had been to the other side of the world with some of our lumber, or was only up from New York with a cargo of high-priced anthracite coal.

But it was on the cool, crisp days of early autumn that we frequented the road most regularly and enjoyed it most thoroughly. When the asters had begun to fade and the golden rod was in its prime; when the occasional maples among the spruces had lighted their beacon fires as a warning to the wood folks that winter was at hand, and when the winds off the Bay were strong and cold and bracing, then it was that we tramped along the road for hours, or sat down by its side in a sunny spot and read Van Dyke's "Little Rivers," or talked of home, or simply loafed in silence.


"Fall asleep to the sighing of the winds along the cliffs"

If one cares for fish one should go earlier than we did, for after the first of August the dog-fish take possession of the Bay, and all less bloodthirsty and more palatable fish retire. Sometimes one can get a small cod-fish, and occasionally one of the weirs along shore captures some "herrin'," but these are the exceptions, and the rule is that one eats *salt* fish, or none at all. On our first visit to the place, before we were fully initiated into the local piscatorial lore, we bought a small "hake," and boiled it for supper at our campfire on the shore. But after the meal was over we were strongly inclined to agree with our landlord, who remarked when he saw us bringing the fish up from the wharf—"What you got there, a hake? Why, they ain't no good 'cept to make boneless cod-fish of."

I don't know whether the sunsets at Morden are particularly fine, or whether it was only that our appreciation of all the beauties of Nature had been sharpened along with our appetites, but I *do* know that we never failed to be down at the shore when there was likely to be a sunset (I mean a spectacular one), and that we enjoyed them as we had never enjoyed sunsets before.

"Under a spruce tree where there was a good view of the water"

Another joy of the

"There are stretches of beach as smooth as a floor"

evening was our nightly bonfire. Bonfires were almost as frequent as the sunsets, quite as frequent as the beautiful ones, and we could have them with almost as little effort. The shore all about Morden is lined with driftwood varying in size from splintered shingles to broken masts, and we had only to pile it up, set it on fire, and then sit down and enjoy it. And as the sunset faded and the night shut down we piled more wood upon our fire, and told stories, or sang songs, or watched for the revolving light on the Isle of Haut.

But the day finally came when we had to leave it all, and after we had paid a last visit to the French Cross, and had watched the breakers for the last time; when for the last time we had

> "Heard the wild gulls screaming at the
> turning of the tide,"

and had shaken hands with our motherly landlady, we climbed into our waggon and drove slowly and rather silently over the Mountain and down into "the Valley" to the railroad station. And as we looked back for the last time to the blue waters of the Bay and the little white lighthouse on the Isle of Haut we felt like children leaving home, and said that we must come again.

And what of the expense of it all? Well, it wasn't excessive, as I think you will agree when I say that the share of the two members of the party for whom I was personally responsible amounted to $16.83 for two weeks, and that included transportation charges to and from the railroad and the ten cents which we spent for that "hake."

THE RURAL CALENDAR

BY INGLIS MORSE

STAGE after stage, sweet flowers come and go
To fill some corner of the Calendar.
The pale anemone, the rose so fair,
Breathe out their glories with the season's flow.

Dear Nature's chronicler each passing day
Reveals some beauty in the leafy dell—
Some kindly thought of God would gladly tell
To him who chances passing by that way.

AN ODE FOR THE CANADIAN CONFEDERACY[*]

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

AWAKE, my country, the hour is great with change!
Under this gloom which yet obscures the land,
From ice-blue strait and stern Laurentian range
To where giant peaks our western bounds command,
A deep voice stirs, vibrating in men's ears
As if their own hearts throbbed that thunder forth,
A sound wherein who hearkens wisely hears
The voice of the desire of this strong North,—
This North whose heart of fire
Yet knows not its desire
Clearly, but dreams, and murmurs in the dream.
The hour of dreams is done. Lo, on the hills the gleam!

Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done!
Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate.
Tho' faint souls fear the keen, confronting sun,
And fain would bid the morn of splendour wait;
Tho' dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry,
"Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame!"
And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame is nigh,
Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name;—
This name which yet shall grow
Till all the nations know
Us for a patriot people, heart and hand
Loyal to our native earth,—our own Canadian land!

O strong hearts, guarding the birthright of our glory,
Worth your best blood this heritage that ye guard!
Those mighty streams resplendent with our story,
These iron coasts by rage of seas unjarred,—
What fields of peace these bulwarks well secure!
What vales of plenty those calm floods supply!
Shall not our love this rough, sweet land make sure,
Her bounds preserve inviolate, though we die?
O strong hearts of the North,
Let flame your loyalty forth,
And put the craven and base to an open shame,
Till earth shall know the Child of Nations by her name!

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[*] One of the earliest and most noted of Professor Roberts' poems.
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LITERARY PORTRAITS

By HALDANE MACFALL, Author of "The Masterfolk," "The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer," Etc.

III.—RICHARD WHITEING

A STRONG, sturdy figure of a man is Richard Whiteing at a hale sixty years; and his breezy belief in the innate dignity and eventual triumph of democracy is as hale as he.

To the world at large, Richard Whiteing came to life in 1899 with a novel, "No. 5, John Street;" but, though he began to exist on the eve of his sixtieth year for most of us, he was already a personage in upper journalism, and Paris knew him—as he knew Paris—wondrous well.

Richard Whiteing hopes to see the world as a vast garden for the average man. His shrewd eyes see through the pettiness of the claims, and the aims, and the habits, and the pretence of a mere privileged class to hold dominion over the state. He shews with genial statement but with dogged insistence, with calm utterance—and restrained emotion, yet nevertheless insistently, that the living of life is not for a class—that decency of life and enjoyment of life, and the right to live that life in a healthy, human way, are the absolute birthright of every human soul.

And with biting satire—for he is a master of satire rather than of humour—he shews the decadency that sets in, and the wholesale misery that results, from any one class shirking its responsibilities of labour, and filching the leisure from another class. For, be you sure of this, whether aristocrat or democrat, red-hot Nihilist or cloistral nun, what one class repudiates in labour, and filches in pleasure, by so much shall another class pay the debt of labour, and be filched of its pleasure.

There is world's work to be done; and every man's hand must do it if it shall be done sanely, and healthily in the doing. If an enriched class shirk its duties to the state, and live a life of pleasure, the class below must do its own work and the repudiated work of the class above; and the heel of the repudiated tyranny will grind the heaviest on the lowest class of all, the injustice being transmitted in ever-increasing violence. And the more populous the state the more cruel the harshness, until the labourer shall be worn out with excess of grey toil that knows no joy, and the mighty populace rots like a fœtid thing.

So a large people, robbed of vitality and a healthy day, becomes of less worth than a small people of vigorous life; for that people is the mightiest that breeds the strongest average man. And the law justifies itself utterly; for the privileged class becomes bored by its very excess of pleasure, by its tedious having nothing to do—the very thing for which it has striven turns to the ashes of Dead Sea fruit in its mouth. It does not even produce a fine virile upper class, which might be some source of comfort out of the cruel murk.

These things Whiteing set down in terms of art, and gave us "No. 5, John Street"—the millionaire's son wasting his years trying on suits of clothes, dawdling through a scented elaborate day, a day scented and elaborated to keep the pit of boredom from yawning at his feet, paying large sums for polo ponies to knock about a little ball on the grass at Hurlingham, sums that would keep a dozen families in health and in freedom from the ghastly overtoil that ruins the race—whilst, hard by, in filthy garret and noisome den, the sweated toiler grows blind and starved and puny and demoralized, in tragic and sordid days that are worse than death.

Thus justice dies, and the law be-

RICHARD WHITEING, AUTHOR OF "NO. 5, JOHN STREET"

comes the law of the rich; until at last some half-crazed fellow looks at the fantastic thing he has been calling life, looks up from the bench to which he has been a tied slave, shades his half-mad eyes with starved, lank fingers, and sees the coach of the rich dawdler go by, sees the bored shirker of toil yawn at his fantastic life; and, poor fool! he rises and sets what little peevish will remains to him to the making of a bomb, flings the bomb amongst innocent people, and jigs into eternity at the end of a gallows rope for the whim of his mad tomfoolery. And the dawdler rolls on and on, and yawns and yawns.

So Richard Whiteing, a big, burly man, thunders for a big, burly, healthy race. That large peoples shall set small peoples under their heels becomes every day more evident; and that the large people that breeds the healthy average man must overpower the large people of the less healthy average man goes also without proof; and that a large people who have self-respect will govern themselves and not be governed by a privileged class is a fact which has perhaps even less need for proof; therefore a great people must be a democracy.

And of a surety this man of large observation of men and peoples is right. He has watched the wondrous development of this England of ours during the last thirty years—he has been in close and intimate touch with the enormous but silent revolution in France. He has seen England increase by her imperial instinct, logically blind, but vitally right; he has seen France healing herself and strengthening her shattered nerves by the reverse process, by her clean-cut, logical tact. And no man shall have seen these things and dread the people.

It is for this reason I detest the word Empire and prefer the word Commonwealth. And that Commonwealths must stand for the eventual mastery of the world who shall deny? If you would see these things in proportion you must look at man in the large—trace him from the beginning—and what is the tale that the years have to tell us?

Out of the mystic ways, the eager life that is at the core of all existing things, evolving from stage to stage, found its supremest habitation in the wondering creature that dropped from its ape-like habits in the trees, and, with ungainly straddle on the firm earth, took its upright stand upon tentative hind legs—falteringly, hesitatingly, bodying itself forth as Man—the Thinking Thing.

Life's cunning, with increasing cunning, is become reason in this blinking thing that thinks. It notes the hand's use, and the value of that wondrous thumb that is on the hand—to grip, to throw, to hold. That thumb that, with the brain's cunning for guidance, is to enable the hand to chip tools and weapons from the flint, and give confidence to this naked, defenceless, shivering being, and lead him from his lair in the thicket and the cave out into the open strife; that, for his body's welfare and sustenance, with pitfall and with gin, is to put to naught the lion's strength, the wolf's tooth, the wild boar's fury, so that he shall wrap the skins of these about him against the frost's nipping cold, and use their hides to protect his feet; that hand that is to strike fire from the chill flint and bring warmth into the chattering winter, and give rise to the potter's art; fire whereby also the earth's metals at last yielded their ductile strength to his enfranchisement; that hand that is to break the dog and horse to man's bidding, and gather together flocks and herds that he may roam the pastures of the world; and, his wander-years being done, that is to fashion the plough whereby he shall settle on the land and till the ruddy earth and gather in the harvest to his body's use; that is to invent the distaff and the loom to the weaving of cloth; that is to knit the fisher's net; that is to make the vast, wide world tributary to him—the elements and the brutes, the valley and the plain, and rock and stream and raging seas, so that the exquisite eye of man shall see the stars a myriad leagues beyond the eagle's utmost ken, his skill of transit make the swiftness of the antelope a sluggard's pace, his calculating hand cage the strength of many horses in the machinery's wheeled intricacies.

He increased his strength in the close-knit brotherhood of the clan. He foregathered into villages, uniting his skill and strength, and the trades and crafts arose to the mutual strengthening of the people. Power and increasing fulness of life passed from the wild fellow of the cavern to the wandering tribe—passed from the wandering tribe to the settled village—from them that were in villages to them that foregathered within the stout walls of the populous city—from the city to the state, whose might crumbled the city's walls, grown inadequate against the power of states—passed from the state to the mighty race that is fenced about to her uttermost frontiers solely by the majestic bulwarks of her daring spirits.

Kingship has passed to the Commonweal, and the sceptre is in the hands of the manhood of the people. And in our inmost hearts we know this thing to be true, be we Tory or Whig, socialist or individualist. We may sneer away ideals as fairy tales, but the godhood in man leads to an ideal, and they who fear to walk thereto must fall and be trodden under foot by a master race.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

No. 32—RICHARD McBRIDE

THESE are the days of opportunity for the young man of ability and capacity, when occasion is certain to call him to commanding position. Perhaps there is no Province in Confederation where there is so much need of a strong man as leader of the people as in British Columbia, and at last, after waiting long, it is felt that the occasion has produced him. Since the days of the late Hon. John Robson that Province has languished under the confusion and uncertainties which must ever exist under, and seem to be inseparable from, non-party government, the members of which ignored the public and were not responsible to any party or principle, which might in itself have proved a curb upon careless or culpable action. The consequence was that the Province was despoiled in every way possible. There are those who extol non-party government, holding that it presents all the qualities that make for the general good, but it was tried in the Dominion, it was tried in Ontario in the early days, it is now under trial in the Northwest Territories, and it has but recently ceased in British Columbia. Everywhere a failure and a disappointment by its own operations, it was particularly disastrous in British Columbia where, under its wing, the public domain, which should now prove an invaluable asset of the Province, was sacrificed piecemeal to covetous and rapacious political hacks who were in public life evidently for what they could get out of it. Farming lands, timber lands, coal lands, mining lands were alienated from public use and became the private possession of individuals to exploit for their own profit. After Hon. John Turner, who honestly tried to carry on an upright Government, but was prevented by the faults of those about him, there was a brief spell of Hon. Mr. Semlin, who did no better, and then came Hon. Joseph Martin. It is said of Mr. Martin that the chief cause of his unpopularity was the firm hand he put forth to hold political cormorants in check, but however that may be, he left non-party government more chaotic than it had been before his coming.

Hon. James Dunsmuir was not able to improve matters, and it was during his administration that the people nearly lost the South Kootenay Pass coal fields, contiguous to the Crow's Nest Pass coal measures, and considered to be equally as valuable, the only piece of coal land of consequence that the public now own. Mr. Martin made very warm times for Mr. Dunsmuir from the other side of the House, and the latter, on the principle that if one cannot destroy his enemy the next best thing to do is to conciliate him, made a compact with Mr. Martin that hurt Mr. Dunsmuir far more in the public esteem than it could possibly benefit him had it been ever so popular.

Then came Col. Prior, formerly a representative of the city of Victoria in the Dominion Parliament. A strict parliamentarian, an upright and conscientious man, the people hailed in him one on whom they could reasonably repose hope to save them from those who were eager to grasp such of the public lands as were left, or to get any sort of a concession that might prove a marketable commodity. It was during Col. Prior's premiership that the granting of the South Kootenay coal lands to the C.P.R. by the Dunsmuir Government came up for decision. Col. Prior took high ground on that matter and insisted on certain members of the Cabinet resigning. Then someone went over to the Department of Public Works and secured a copy of an account showing that Col. Prior's firm had received public money for a cable supplied for a Government work, and with this and

RICHARD McBRIDE, PREMIER OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

a copy of the contract his firm had made Col. Prior was confronted. This was clearly an infringement of the Independence of Parliament Act, and the Lieutenant-Governor called upon Col. Prior to resign, which that gentleman was forthwith constrained to do.

There sat in the Chamber for several sessions, a quiet observer of these many strange things and a ready speaker when occasion required, a young lawyer from New Westminster named Richard McBride, known to some as "Dick" McBride, for he was familiar to most and a favourite with all. Commanding in appearance, always faultlessly dressed, invariably engaging in manner, he was a striking figure in that House, which has seen many able and fine-looking men.

Mr. McBride is one of the native born, "native sons" they are called out there, the date of his nativity being Dec. 15, 1870, and the place New Westminster, where his father held office under the Crown, so that he is now in his thirty-fifth year. He was primarily educated in the public and high schools of his native place and finished at Dalhousie University, Halifax, N.S., whence he graduated LL.B. in April, 1900. Returning to New Westminster he entered law, in due course was called to the bar and practised for some time. From his youth he inclined to politics as an attractive science worthy of mastery, and early he took part in the discussion of public questions, gaining considerable prominence, so that in 1896 he was looked upon as a promising man and was nominated for the Commons in the New Westminster district, but was defeated by Mr. Auley Morrison. However, he had had an opportunity to show his power and win widespread good-will, so that when he came before the people again in 1898, as a candidate for the Provincial Legislature in the riding of Dewdney, he was easily elected, as he was again in 1900. In that year Hon. Mr. Dunsmuir saw in the good-looking and able young lawyer from the banks of the Fraser a supporter worthy of encouragement, and he was appointed a member of the Government, being assigned the portfolio of Minister of Mines. Hon Mr. Dunsmuir was inclined to conciliation of his foes rather than to fighting them, and when he called Mr. J. C. Brown, of Richmond, into his Cabinet, Mr. McBride objected, his protestation taking the form of resignation and he went into opposition. He also went over to Richmond and was instrumental in defeating Mr. Brown in his own constituency when, as a Cabinet minister, he went back for re-election. He continued to lead the opposition until the session of 1903, Col. Prior in the meantime having succeeded Hon. Mr. Dunsmuir. So that when Col. Prior retired from the House, Mr. McBride was by no means a novice. He was not exactly "an old Parliamentary hand," but he had the advantage of some experience and it was seen that he was on the way to the front benches. The opposition, made up of men of all parties, was not strong, but it contained some good debating talent and some likely politicians, of whom young "Billy" McInnes, of Alberni, was probably the brightest and cleverest. It is understood that when Col. Prior resigned he advised the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Henri Joli de Lotbiniere, to call a member of the House, who was a Conservative, to form a Ministry. Sir Henri is not a Conservative and did not incline that way. Under the circumstances he favoured the non-party plan of government, though its faults and weaknesses were plain and it had brought the Province to the verge of bankruptcy. The Lieutenant-Governor was intent on keeping out party politics, it was whispered, especially Conservative politics. But whom should he call? Now, there was young McBride, able, wise beyond his years, tactful and amiable, and these qualities appealed to the courtly Sir Henri, whom the Princess Louise complimented as the best gentleman in Canada. Mr. McBride led a non-party opposition, and if called would he not form his Cabinet from among those around him? Here was the man, then, to form the Government. So Mr. McBride was called and accepted the task. The way he went about it must have been a disappointment to Sir Henri. There was none who saw the defects of non-party government in the Province clearer than the young Premier did. He had seen men of honour and high purpose trying to do what was impossible under that system, premiers who had a working majority one day and through some quibble lost it the next. He had seen men for mere selfish ends pass from one side of the House to the other. He had passed from one side to the other himself, but that was on a matter of principle. Had he consulted selfish interests he would not have done so, but his duty to himself and to the people demanded that he should so protest against what he could not approve of. He also saw that the complications to which the system gave rise, in putting the First Minister at the mercy of a refractory majority that might make exactions the price of their support, paralyzed all efforts at good government, destroyed confidence in legislation, which to-day was and to-morrow was not, and rendered the Executive powerless to effect any lasting good. For years the Province had been the plaything and the prey of designing politicians ready to appropriate anything for themselves or to secure the profits of appropriating for others by act of Parliament. What would stop this brigandage, restore confidence in legislation, and serve to rehabilitate the decaying credit and diminishing honour of the Province, rich in everything but men great and courageous enough to fight the good fight without any regard to self? Party government would in a measure serve; federal party lines with a strong government and a watchful opposition ready to see and resent any improprieties. Then members could not tumble from one side of the House to the other to further sordid ends. Representatives would not only be responsible to the House and to the people, but to the party to which they belonged, the conventions that nominated them, and particularly to the caucus, which would discipline them while in attendance at the House. And the result would be good and conscientious men in Parliament, consistent with its dignity and with the dignity of the Province. "Everything is on a colossal scale in this magnificent Province," said Mr. Edward Hewitt in an impassioned speech at a public gathering in Vancouver. "Everything great—great coal measures, great mineral deposits, great timber areas, great fisheries; but there is one thing lacking, gentlemen, and that is great men," a happy and accurate estimate of the condition of affairs.

Premier McBride found that public opinion was with him in declaring for party lines. Weary of Cabinet shuffles, weary of the handspring politicians who tumbled from one side to the other, weary of defeated governments, harassed by frequent elections that disturbed and disorganized everything and effected no change for the better, the people plainly saw that party government, whether Liberal or Conservative, would at least give something tangible to depend upon, and Premier McBride had their full sympathy in the course he had chosen. Any change would be better than the uncertainty and confusion that had hitherto existed.

So, after considering the matter in all its bearings, and after exhaustive conferences with his friends and even those opposed to him, Hon. Richard McBride publicly declared for federal party lines, being the first in the history of the Province to assay so bold a step. He was a Conservative and had always been so, but if the fortunes of war decreed that he should go into opposition, then into opposition he would go and bend all his energies to securing honest administration of affairs, so that the Province wherein he was born and bred and was dear to him should take the honourable position in Confederation that was hers, and be placed upon a stable basis that would restore confidence in her industries, revive those which through irksome and unwise legislation were dead of neglect or dormant through disuse, and make the land one to which the British and the Canadian investor could come with the surety that his undertakings would not be crippled by quibbling legislative enactment or his enterprise hampered by injurious imposts.

That the determination of the young Premier to take the important step his declaration foreshadowed should arouse considerable comment and criticism was to be expected. It disturbed the old-timers, who were content to jog along under the old arrangement, thinking it perfection, for was it not as in days past, and all change is suspicious, if not dangerous. Nescient and narrow is the old-timer, as a rule, wherever found. Apotheosis of the past is the chief tenet of his restricted creed. Modernity is intolerable to him, for nothing is equal to what was long ago. Even the seasons were better in the forties and the fifties, before weather experts began juggling with them. The suggestions and opinions of newcomers, always meaning change, are not to be tolerated. They "make him sick." It is difficult to grapple with this sort of prejudice, hard at any time to overcome it. Hon. Mr. McBride is no cheechahco (newcomer) himself, but he does not class with the grand old pioneers of the Province, the men who almost half a century before the stork left him at his father's door in New Westminster, were pounding the cheerless trails of the interior with slabs of pork and sacks of flour on their backs, opening up the country to enterprise and civilization. No, sir-ee. They were the men who made British Columbia. They know how much salæratus to put in their bread, and they knew how to govern, too. So they did not take kindly to the innovation the young Premier sprang on them. Halo! And it also disturbed the happy family of venerable old somnambulists, Whig and Tory, who have always looked on the Government in all its branches as their especial prerogative and pasture. Hon. Joseph Martin shook them up in a dreadful way. No such ruthless hand had ever been laid upon them. But they got rid of him, the tormentor, after a time, and were just about sinking into repose and peace, when here comes this young innovator, a "native son," too, to throw them again into haste and hurry. He wanted "system." Why, wasn't there system already? Wasn't everything going on all right? What more did he want?

If any of these plaints ever reached the Premier he made no sign, but went steadily along with his preparations. Liberals and Conservatives organized throughout the country, held their conventions, nominated their candidates and went into the campaign with enthusiasm. The Premier stumped the country from the boundary line to Atlin, and as far in the interior as he could conveniently go. Throughout, his utterances were straightforward and manly, on the higher plane of politics, and containing no promises that might compromise him. He threw out no offers of material advantage to men or municipalities that were to be paid for in votes, but brought to them the old message of Conservatism made new by his eloquence, for he is a ready speaker, though with a hard ring sometimes in his voice. He is tall and massively built, an athletic figure. His face is full, but pale; his eyes dark and keen, though kindly, and his hair is quite perceptibly streaked with grey, which is the fashion nowadays; a young face, if it be comely, and grey hair being considered the most attractive combination possible, especially among the women. He resembles Sir John Macdonald and he resembles Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and it has been suggested that a composite picture of the two would be a picture of Mr. McBride.

It was a hard-fought battle, and the Socialists proved a disturbing element. Both sides had fair organization and worked hard for success. When the returns were in it was found that the McBride administration had a small majority. Victoria had long been regarded as a Conservative city, but on this occasion the electors returned four Liberals. Had Victoria gone with the Premier he would have had a clear working majority of ten or twelve, which would have strengthened his hands for what he has to do. As it is he must depend upon the votes of the Socialists, two in number, to carry any measure he has in view. The old "graft" may be still in evidence, and may be in a position to demand favours, but Premier McBride is a tactful man who can move warily, and no one doubts his ability to cope effectively with any designing element. He has declared his intention to guard the Treasury and protect the public domain, and it is the conviction of his many friends that he will do it or fall defending the principle of public honesty. Those who know him say that he is not so fond of office as to stoop to anything questionable to retain it and mar a future big with promise to him. The people, so far as can be learned, are satisfied that he stands for truth and uprightness in public life, and that he will be faithful to his ideals. The true man, knowing the emptiness and deceit of popularity, does not seek to conform in his acts to popular views, because he is well aware that the path of duty is not to please all men. Therefore he must expect to meet the detraction of the scornful and the misrepresentation of the malicious; and even if slander wag her ugly and evil jaws at him he must learn to suffer and be silent. No need to go to Epectitus for the lesson of resignation and fortitude; for One far greater than he said: "Beware when all men speak well of thee," because he that puts forth his hand to straighten the crooked ways of this life will not be spoken well of, but will be an offence to many.

T. A. Gregg

THE SCORING OF THE RAJA

By W. A. FRASER, Author of "Thoroughbreds," "Brave Hearts," etc.

BURRAPARA was Raja of his own domain after a fashion. The domain of Burrapara was on the Madras side, two days' steady steaming from Calcutta.

His father, the old Raja, aided by a bull-necked *Dewan* (Prime Minister), had ground down the *ryots* (farmers) for tax-money until the whole Raj had become practically bankrupt.

Then the British *Sirdar* (Government) stepped in and platonically arranged things. That's the Sirdar's prerogative in India.

Under the new *régime* thirty-six lakhs a year flowed into the coffers, and the burden on the shoulders of the *ryots* was lighter than it had been in the memory of ten generations. The Raja was allowed twelve lakhs a year for himself and court, while the Sirdar took the other twenty-four for managing the country, and incidentals.

The Double X Hussars were stationed at Burrapara as part of the governing faculty. It was like sending a public school to a watering place for duty. There were white palaces, and leisure Brahmins, and horses without stint; a big polo ground, a fine racecourse, and a proper oriental atmosphere as background.

The Double X contingent had everything in life to make them happy—except the Burrapara Cup. Each year, for three years, they had reached out with a "by-your-leave-gentlemen" for this bit of plate, but each year it had gone back to grace the sideboard of the Raja.

Burrapara himself was a sportsman from the first tinkle of the bell. He gathered leopards and kept them in a cage; and once a year turned them out on the plain for an improved pig-sticking bout. This was at Christmas time.

The Double X took themselves to horse and hunted "Spots" with their lances. In the three years only two fellows had been mauled with sufficient intentness to cause their death—that is, two European officers; perhaps a score of beaters and shikarries had also been mauled, but they were His Highness's subjects, and did not figure on the European side of the ledger; so it was good sport, and of a fair interest.

The polo was as fast as they played it in Tirhoot, which is like looking at polo from the topmost pinnacle; and not one of the Double X played a bit faster or closer on the ball than Burrapara himself.

From an earthly point of view it was almost a paradise for men whose lines were cast along that plane. As I have said, the only unreasoning thing was the Cup—they could not get that. Yearly it sat big in pride of place at the annual Race Meet. It was donated by the Raja for an open handicap steeplechase of three miles. It was a reactive donation, for his own stable always won it. That was why the Double X were sad.

Captain Woolson started it. "If you fellows will back me up," he said, "we'll land that mug this try."

"Going to ham-string the Raja's horses?" Devlin asked. But Devlin had no head for deep plots, Woolson knew that; he was only a lieutenant who danced well.

"The Raja gets this crazy old plate back every time because he's got the best nags," Woolson observed with an air of conviction.

"There may be something in that," Devlin answered, setting his glass down with a sort of "hear! hear!" ring.

"Devlin, you're an imbecile. You make remarks that are not in the game. What I mean is that we haven't a gee-gee in the whole bally troop that Burrapara can't give pounds to, with, at least, a dozen Arabs."

"That's what's the matter, Woolson," one of the officers said; "we're beaten before the race starts—that's what's the matter with getting the Cup."

"It's a great discovery," said Devlin, sarcastically.

"Look here, youngster, shut up!" said Captain Lutyens, wearily; "it's too hot to blather. Woolson's got a scheme, or he wouldn't be talking—talking's all rot, anyway."

"Yes," continued Woolson, "the Raja is as slick as a Brahmin. He gets fifteen or twenty Arabs down from Abdul Rahman at Bombay, gallops them a bit—heaven knows where, we never see the trial—and the best of the lot is chucked into this handicap light, being a green one, and beats all our well-pounded nags out."

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Devlin, impatiently; "all the fellows know that. Your discovery is like going to hear 'Pinafore'—it's antique. Besides, it's not the Raja at all; it's O'Neill that does the trick. You're an unsophisticated lot, and O'Neill knows just what your nags can do. What do you suppose the Raja keeps him for—his beauty? It's to play the English game against you Feringhis."

Lutyens threw a box of matches at Devlin's head by way of entreaty, and the latter went out on the verandah swearing there was a conspiracy to keep him out of the good thing.

"Go on, Woolson," said Lutyens; "tell us how to do up the Raja. That young ass is out of it now, so go on with the disclosure."

"Well, we'll have to get a horse down from up country on the quiet to do the trick. What do you think?"

"Where'll you get him?" asked Lutyens.

"Some of you fellows remember Captain Frank, don't you—Frank Johnson?"

"I do," said Lutyens, decisively. "I've had to live in retirement, financially, since I joined him in a big thing we were to pull off at Lucknow once. But he's always got a fast horse; generally—yes."

"Well, he's got one called Saladin now, that you simply couldn't handicap down to the form of the Raja's lot."

The others waited, and Woolson continued unravelling his brilliant plot.

"I saw a note in one of the Calcutta papers about this Saladin brute, and wrote up to Doyne. Doyne says he's dicky on his legs, but he'd stand a prep. for one race, especially in the soft going here. He's never won yet, because his legs wouldn't stand training on the Calcutta course. It's as hot and hard as a lime-kiln, as you fellows know. If we could buy him from Captain Frank, and play him a bit in polo here, he'd be sure to get in the handicap with a light weight, and we'd even up things with His Highness."

"I'm in it, if it's all on the square," said Lutyens. "The Raja's a good sort, and we must have it all straight."

"Gad! I'll tell him we're going to win with Saladin, if we get him," exclaimed Woolson. "But we mustn't let Captain Frank know about it; he'd never let any sort of a game go through unless he was Viceroy of it himself. We'll get Doyne to buy the horse, and Johnson can discover accidentally that he's being sent up to Tirhoot among the indigo sahibs, or to Heaven, or to almost any place but here."

"I'll stand doing Captain Frank up," said Lutyens with candour. "His hand is against every man, and, *pro tem*, we'll send a punitive expedition against him. I don't mind that a bit."

The truth of the matter as concerning Woolson was, that there was a standing feud between him and Johnson over some brilliant *coup* at Lucknow, and he knew the Captain wouldn't sell him a horse at any price.

So that was the inception of the plot. Woolson was commissioned to acquire Saladin. He wrote his friend Captain Doyne to buy the horse as cheaply as he could—warned him against Captain Frank's rapacity, and explained that Saladin would be supposed to go to any part of the British Empire but Burrapara.

Doyne executed his commission with diplomatic enthusiasm. Johnson wanted three thousand rupees. Doyne offered two thousand and half the first purse the horse won, plate not to count. Theoretically that should have represented a considerable sum—in point of fact Doyne chuckled softly to himself over this commercial victory, for he knew that Saladin would win only the Cup at Burrapara and no prize money.

The horse was bought and shipped in a roundabout way to his new owners.

Woolson played him in polo just twice, then pretended to make a discovery. "I'm going to keep that chestnut brute for the races," he assured the Raja, "he can gallop a bit."

Burrapara smiled pensively, for he had Shahbaz in his stable, and it would take a rare good horse to beat him.

O'Neill was an ex-Hussar officer who had found the service too fast for his limited income. Influential friends had farmed him out to the Raja, and he was what might be called commander-in-chief of stables to His Highness. He also made a discovery, the Raja would never have found it out for himself.

"Look here, Your Highness," he said, "the Mess has got hold of a good thing at last. I don't know where they puckerowed that white-faced Arab, but he's a rare good one. He'll beat Shahbaz for the Cup."

"And—?" said the Raja, with oriental control.

"We must play the game too, Your Highness."

"You know best, O'Neill Sahib. It's in your department." The Raja liked to play at officialdom.

"Shall I get a horse to beat them, Your Highness?"

"What appropriation do you require?" asked Burrapara.

"Perhaps three or four thousand, Your Higness."

"I will command the treasurer," replied the Raja, laconically.

Now as it happened, O'Neill, before he left the service, had swung along in the racing game beside Captain Frank. "Frank knows every horse in India," he mused, "and if the rupees are forthcoming, he'll get just what I want." Though he had not the faintest idea that the Mess had got one from Frank.

So he wrote by the first mail steamer to Johnson:

"The fellows down here have picked up a horse somewhere called Saladin. Do you know anything about him? I saw them try him out, and he galloped like a wild boar. If you've got something in your stable to beat him I'll buy it or lease it. It's all about the Raja's Cup, three miles over timber, for Arabs and Countrybreds. Captain Woolson is at the bottom of it—I think you'll remember him."

Johnson puckered his thin lips and whistled long and softly to himself when he read the letter. "My aunt!" he ejaculated, "they played softly. Who the thunder told Woolson about Saladin?"

He shoved the letter into his pocket, lighted a cheroot, and played chess with this new thing for three days. Then he wrote to O'Neill:

"Woolson was born of commercial parents—he gets this thing from his father, who was a successful soap merchant. They bought Saladin from me to go up country. The Raja has my sympathy if he hopes to beat the chestnut with anything he's got there. I have nothing in my stable could look at him over three miles of country.

"But all the same, I think we can

beat out this joint stock company. I've got May Queen, and Saladin has always been worked with her. He's a sluggish devil, and has notions. He won't try a yard so long as the mare is galloping beside him; that's because they've worked together so much. He'll just plug along about a neck in front of her, and the more you hammer him the sulkier he gets.

"If you've got something fairish good in your stable, and the Raja will pay well for the expedition, I'll send the Queen down, and go myself later on to ride her, for the edification of our friend, the soap merchant's offspring. I'll guarantee you'll beat Saladin, only you must have something good enough to do up the others. Don't let them know where you've got the mare."

These affairs of state were duly laid before the Raja by O'Neill in a general way without too much attention to detail. Kings as a rule don't care for detail, they like to win, that's all. Burrapara simply gleaned that by the aid of a mare, a certain Captain Frank, and his own Shahbaz, he was to win once more his favourite toy; also triumph over the united ingenuity of the Double X Mess. The executive duties he left to O'Neill; also spoke the necessary word to the treasurer.

In two weeks May Queen was in the Raja's stables, and the wise men who had gone out of the West knew not of this back-wash in the tide of their affairs.

Two weeks later Frank Johnson sauntered into the Mess of the Double X with his *debonnaire* military swing, as though he had just returned from a week's shikarri, and lived there always.

"Great gattlings!" exclaimed Lutyens, "where in the name of all the Brahmins did you come from, Johnson? by all that's holy."

"Where's the balloon?" asked Devlin.

"Nobody ever come here any more?" asked Captain Frank, pitching into a big chair after solemnly grabbing each paw that was extended to him."

"Heaps of ordinary chaps," answered Lutyens.

"But visits like mine are like the cherubs, eh?"

"He's tons like a cherub," muttered Devlin; then aloud, "Here, boy, bring a peg, Captain Sahib's dry."

"Came down to the fair to pick up some smart polo ponies," Johnson volunteered. "Any racing at the fair?"

"Heaps," said Lutyens, thinking dismally of the accursed fate that had steered Captain Frank their way when they had got it all cut and dried for Saladin. "Make yourself at home, Johnson," he said, "I've got to make a call."

Then he posted down to Woolson's bungalow. "Guess who's here?" he said.

"Anybody big?"

"Size of an elephant."

"The C.C.?"

"No—Johnson."

"Great heavens! Not Captain Frank?"

Lutyens nodded; Woolson turned pale. "Does he know?" he asked dismally.

"Don't think it. It's a pure fluke, his coming; he's down after some polo *tats*.

Woolson's face showed that he was still mistrustful. "He'll stay for the races, sure."

"Uh-hu!" grunted Lutyens.

"And he'll spot Saladin; he's got devil-eyes, that chap."

"Uh-hu!" again assented Lutyens.

"We'll have to tell him, and beg him to keep quiet."

"I think so."

"You'll have to put him up, Lutyens, to keep him out of their hands."

"All right."

So that night Captain Frank learned to his great surprise that Saladin was in Burrapara. Gracious! but he *was* surprised. How had it happened—he had understood Doyne was sending him up country?

Woolson told the Captain a fairy tale about that part of it; but he had to be made free of the secret that they hoped to win the Cup with Saladin.

"Don't tell the Raja nor O'Neill," begged Lutyens. "The honour of the Double X demands that we win that Cup."

"I'll tell nobody," said Captain Frank. "Let everybody find out things for themselves—that's my way of working."

They cracked a bottle of champagne to this noble sentiment, and all that belonged to the Double X was placed at the disposal of Captain Frank during his sojourn amongst them. The Raja had a dozen bungalows splendidly furnished, always at the command of visitors; and Captain Frank assured Lutyens that one of these had already been placed at his disposal, so he declined the Double X Captain's hospitality. "Hang it!" he said to himself, "I can't eat his rations, and sleep in his bed, and play against him; that's too stiff an order."

As race day approached, events outlined themselves more clearly. The Raja had three horses entered for the Cup: Shahbaz, May Queen and Ishmael. Woolson had Saladin, and there were six other entries, not calculated to have much bearing on the history of the Cup.

"What's this May Queen thing?" asked Lutyens.

Nobody knew; not even where she had come from. She was a country-bred without a record, that's all that anybody could say. It didn't matter anyway, Shahbaz was what they had to beat, that was certain. O'Neill was riding this pick of the stable himself.

Two evenings before the race O'Neill came over to the Mess. He wanted somebody to take the mount on May Queen; the boy who was to have ridden her was ill, he explained.

"Johnson will ride for you," exclaimed Lutyens. "He'd get paralysis if he hadn't a mount at a meeting."

"Is she any good?" asked Captain Frank.

"We don't know much about her," answered O'Neill. "We'll declare to win with Shahbaz, but the mare may run well. The Raja'll be delighted if you'll pilot her."

"It'll be better," said Lutyens, "for an outsider to ride than one of our fellows."

"All right, I'll take the mount," exclaimed Captain Frank, "only I'd like to school her a bit to-morrow."

You will see that the tea set had been almost completed; because when Fate undertakes to arrange matters, there is seldom a hitch. Everybody works for Fate—everybody.

Of course there was a big lottery held at the Officers' Mess the night before the race; and the Burrapara Cup was the main medium for a plunge.

Woolson was suspicious. "I don't like it," he said to Lutyens. "Frank Johnson isn't down here for the benefit of his health; and I'll swear he hasn't bought a single gee-gee. We don't know anything about that mare; I've tried to find out where she comes from, but nobody knows."

"Do you suppose she's good enough to beat Saladin?" asked Lutyens, doubtingly.

"Well, Johnson rides her."

"I'm the cause of that," answered Lutyens.

"You may think so, but to me it looks like a job. O'Neill and Captain Frank knew each other in the old days. If they back the mare in the lotteries, I'm going to have a bit of it," asserted Woolson.

This little cloud of suspicion broadened out, until by the time the lotteries were on, there was a strong tip out that May Queen was a good thing for the Cup. The Mess ran Saladin up to a steep figure when his chances were sold in the lotteries.

Nobody but O'Neill wanted to back Shahbaz, and he went cheap. When May Queen was put up, Johnson laughingly made a bid, saying, "I'd back a mule if I rode him in a race."

"You're pretty slick, Mr. Frank," Woolson muttered; and he bid on the mare. This started it, and in the end May Queen fetched nearly as good a price as Saladin. It went that way all the evening; the Mess flattered themselves that they had stood by Saladin pretty well—and they had. Of course Captain Frank couldn't well bid on Saladin, he explained; it was their preserve.

When they were finished at last, Captain Frank said to Woolson: "I've got that brute Shahbaz in two lotteries. You'd better take half to hedge your money; you're loaded up with Saladin."

"No, thanks," the other man said, with a clever glint in the corner of his eye, "I've also got May Queen, your mount; I've got enough."

"Do you want to part with a bit of May Queen?" the Captain asked carelessly.

"Not an anna of it. I'll stick to the lot. The Saladin money belongs to the Mess; we bought him together, but the May Queen business is nearly all my own."

He looked sideways at Johnson while he said this, watching the blonde-mustached face narrowly; then he spoke up with abrupt impetuousness, "Johnson, look here, you know all about that mare. Tell me whether it's all right or not."

"I think," answered Johnson, leisurely, pouring with judicious exactness half a bottle of soda into his peg glass, "that you fellows here are a bally lot of sharks. You've bought all of Saladin in the lotteries; the most of May Queen, and then want to know what's going to win. You'd better have half of Shahbaz now, and make a certainty."

"No, thanks, I'm filled up."

"Do you want to part with a bit of Saladin?"

"Can't do it. All the fellows are in it—all the Mess."

"I think you're missing it over Shahbaz. O'Neill thinks he'll win," drawled the Captain, appearing terribly solicitous for his enemy's welfare.

A little later Captain Frank rehearsed this scene to O'Neill. "I pretended to want a bit of Saladin or May Queen, but Woolson wouldn't part with any. Lord! but the father is big in the son. Stuck to his pound of flesh like a proper Ishmaelite. Then I offered him some of Shahbaz in the lottery, but he shut up like a knife; he was afraid I'd force it on him. To-morrow after Shahbaz wins, I'll say to him: 'I wanted you to take a bit of the good thing;' and he'll scowl, because he'll be sick at his stomach. I'll teach them to get a good horse out of me to do up a fine chap like the Raja, and then pay for him out of stakes that are not to be had."

Woolson's version of the same thing to Lutyens was slightly different, which only goes to show that human nature is a complex machine.

"Johnson's got stuck with Shahbaz in the lottery, and he's been trying to unload on me. He wanted a piece of Saladin. That's Captain Frank all over; pokes his nose in here on our good thing, roots around until he finds out something, then wants a share."

"I wish he hadn't come," said Lutyens, abstractedly. "Heaven knows what he'll do; he's like a Hindoo juggler."

"He can only win out on May Queen," retorted Woolson, crabbedly; "and I've got the biggest part of her in the lotteries myself."

"Yes, but the other fellows are all down on Saladin, and it's the Cup we're really after, not the rupees."

Woolson said nothing to this. The Cup was all right as a Cup, but it would suit him to land his big *coup* over May Queen.

The next day at the race-course Lieutenant Devlin sauntered up to Captain Frank and said: "Little Erskine, who is in the Seventh, over in Colombo, is in a bit of a hole, and I'd like to help him out. What I've got's no good to him—'tisn't enough."

"Say, youngster," drawled Johnson, "are you one of the forty thieves that got Saladin down here to do up O'Neill and the Raja?"

"Oh, I think the fellows played fair enough," answered Devlin, "but whatever it was they didn't ask my advice; in fact they drummed me out."

"What are the bookies laying against Shahbaz?" queried Captain Frank.

"Five to one," answered Devlin.

"What does Erskine need?"

"Couple of thou., I fancy."

"Have you got four hundred?"

"Yes; but can Shahbaz—"

"Don't be a damn fool," interrupted Captain Frank, with profane brevity.

It was time to mount for the Burrapara Cup. As they jogged down to the post, Frank ranged alongside of Woolson who was riding Saladin, and said, "You'd better take half of Shahbaz still;" but Woolson tickled Saladin with the spur, and swerved to one side, pretending not to have heard.

O'Neill was riding Shahbaz, and to him Johnson said: "When we've gone half the journey, you slip up in front before Saladin gets his dander up. I'll keep close beside him and he'll never try a yard. But keep on in front, so as not to draw him out.

For a mile and a half half a dozen of the nine starters were pretty well up. As the pace increased and Shahbaz drew away in the lead, all of the others but Saladin and May Queen commenced to drop out of it. At two miles Shahbaz was six lengths in front; Saladin and May Queen were swinging along under a steady pull, neck and neck.

"He means to stick to me and beat me out," mused Woolson.

"The blasted idiot is kidding himself," thought Johnson. "He thinks he's got to hang to my coat-tails to win."

Saladin was keeping his eye on May Queen. He had been separated from his stable chum for weeks, and now he was galloping along beside her as in the old days. His soft Arab heart was glad. What a pity she couldn't gallop a bit faster though. The thrill of strength was in his muscles, and he would like to unstring his great tendons that soft warm day, and spurn the red, yielding earth. His leg wasn't a bit sore; ah, there was another horse on in front there. Why couldn't May Queen hurry up?

Soon his rider's legs commenced to hitch at his ribs, and Woolson was chirruping at him to move on. If they'd hurry his chum he would.

Woolson was getting anxious. There was only half a mile to go now, and Shahbaz was still well in the lead. He had ridden Saladin under a pull all the time, and fancied that his horse had a lot left in him; but now when he shook him up he didn't respond.

"Go on!" he shouted to Captain Frank. "We'll never catch Shahbaz."

"Go on yourself," answered the Captain, in schoolboy retort.

Woolson brought his whip down on Saladin's flank. Stung by it the Arab sprang forward, and for a second Woolson's heart jumped with joy. He felt the great muscles contract and spread under him, and fancied that he would soon overtake the dark bay in front. The mare struggled too; Saladin heard her labouring at his quarters, and waited patiently.

"Steady, you brute!" Captain Frank ejaculated to the mare, but Saladin knew the voice, and after that the man on his back amounted to very little in the forces governing the race.

With whip and spur, and profane appeals, Woolson laboured at his mount, throwing him out of his stride a dozen times. The mare struggled and strained every nerve to keep up with her stable companion. Saladin rebelled against the fool who was riding him, and sulked with Arab persistence; raced as he had always done at home with the mare, neck and neck.

Shahbaz was tiring badly. At the last fence he nearly fell; striking the top rail with his toes out of sheer weariness. There was only a short run in on the level now. Would he last out? If Saladin ever ranged alongside of him it would be all over, Johnson knew that. In the struggle he would forget about May Queen, and shoot by Shahbaz as though he were dead.

Woolson was in an agony of suspense. Shahbaz would certainly win, and he might have saved his money by taking Frank's offer. A sudden resolve seized him. Saladin was sulking and he was worse beaten than the horse, he could not ride him out. He would take Frank's offer now.

Bending his face around toward Johnson he gasped "I'll—take—half—Shahbaz——" then he disappeared. That final grab had effectually settled the race. They were rising at the last jump, and his movement caused Saladin to swerve. The horse struck the rail heavily, and Woolson was shot out of the saddle, and planted inches deep in the soft earth on the outside of the course.

It had looked a close thing from the stand. "Saladin'll win in a walk," the Mess fellows said just before the fall, "Woolson's been waiting on O'Neill, and now he'll come away and win as he likes."

When Woolson vacated the saddle so energetically a groan went up from them. When Shahbaz slipped by the judge's stand, three lengths in front of May Queen, they groaned again; but with official politeness cheered lustily for the Raja.

His Highness sat complacently eyeing the excited people. It was a very small thing to get agitated about, for he had won, you see.

Captain Frank bought Saladin back for a thousand rupees; beaten horses go cheap.

THE HEART OF THE WOODS

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER

THE wild heart of the woods! therein is rest.
Above me sways a sky of whisp'ring green,
Around me far the silent shadows lean
And listen to tree-music; in their nest,
The fond birds mother their young brood, so blest;
The purling brooks quench Summer's thirst; the sheen
And shimmer on the changing, Sylvan scene
Is glorious to me, glad Nature's guest.
A thousand happy mem'ries slumber here
Beneath these oaks; a thousand happy hopes
Flutter upon the bending leaves in fear.
And O the press of the cool grass! The slopes
Of Peace stretch wide before mine vision clear
And slowly God's white finger Heaven opes.

LA MERE SAUVAGE[*]

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT

I HAD not been at Virelogne for fifteen years. I went back there in the autumn, to shoot with my friend Serval, who had at last rebuilt his chateau, which had been destroyed by the Prussians.

I loved that district very much. It is one of those corners of the world which have a sensuous charm for the eyes. You love it with a bodily love. We whom the country seduces, we keep tender memories for certain springs, for certain woods, for certain pools, for certain hills, seen very often and which have stirred us like joyful events. Sometimes our thoughts turn back towards a corner in a forest, or the end of a bank, or an orchard powdered with flowers, seen but a single time on some gay day; yet remaining in our hearts like the images of certain women met in the street on a spring morning, with bright, transparent dresses; and leaving in soul and body an unappeased desire which is not to be forgotten, a feeling that you have just rubbed elbows with happiness.

At Virelogne I loved the whole countryside, dotted with little woods, and crossed by brooks which flashed in the sun and looked like veins carrying blood to the earth. You fished in them for crawfish, trout and eels! Divine happiness! You could bathe in places, and you often found snipe among the high grass which grew along the borders of these slender watercourses.

I was walking, lightly as a goat, watching my two dogs ranging before me. Serval, a hundred metres to my right, was beating a field of lucern. I turned the thicket which forms the boundary af the wood of Sandres, and I saw a cottage in ruins.

All of a sudden I remembered it as I had seen it the last time, in 1869, neat, covered with vines, with chickens before the door. What sadder than a dead house, with its skeleton standing upright, bare and sinister?

I also remembered that in it, one very tiring day, the good woman had given me a glass of wine to drink, and that Serval had then told me the history of its inhabitants. The father, an old poacher, had been killed by the gendarmes. The son, whom I had once seen, was a tall, dry fellow, who also passed for a ferocious destroyer of game. People called them "les Sauvage."

Was that a name or a nickname?

I hailed Serval. He came up with his long strides like a crane.

I asked him:

"What's become of those people?"

And he told me this story:

When war was declared, the son Sauvage, who was then thirty-three years old, enlisted, leaving his mother alone in the house. People did not pity the old woman very much, because she had money; they knew it.

But she remained quite alone in that isolated dwelling so far from the village, on the edge of the wood. She was not afraid, however, being of the same strain as her menfolk; a hardy old woman, tall and thin, who laughed seldom, and with whom one never jested. The women of the fields laugh but little in any case; that is men's business, that! But they themselves have sad and narrowed hearts, leading a melancholy, gloomy life. The peasants learn a little boisterous merriment at the tavern, but their helpmates remain grave, with countenances which are always severe. The muscles of their faces have never learned the movements of the laugh.

La Mere Sauvage continued her ordinary existence in her cottage, which was soon covered by the snows. She came to the village once a week to get bread and a little meat; then she returned into her house. As there was talk of wolves, she went out with a

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gun upon her back—her son's gun, rusty, and with butt worn by the rubbing of the hand; and she was strange to see, the tall "Sauvage," a little bent, going with slow strides over the snow, the muzzle of the piece extending beyond the black head-dress, which pressed close to her head and imprisoned the white hair which no one had ever seen.

One day a Prussian force arrived. It was billeted upon the inhabitants according to the property and resources of each. Four were allotted to the old woman, who was known to be rich.

They were four great boys with blonde skin, with blonde beards, with blue eyes, who had remained stout notwithstanding the fatigues which they had endured already, and who, also, though in a conquered country, had remained kind and gentle. Alone with this aged woman, they showed themselves full of consideration, sparing her, as much as they could, all expenses and fatigue. They would be seen, all four of them, making their toilet round the well of a morning in their shirt sleeves, splashing with great swishes of water, under the crude daylight of the snowy weather, their pink-white Northman's flesh, while La Mere Sauvage went and came, making ready the soup. Then they could be seen cleaning the kitchen, rubbing the tiles, splitting the wood, peeling the potatoes, doing up all the house-work, like four good sons about their mother.

But the old woman thought always of her own, so tall and thin, with his hooked nose and his brown eyes, and his heavy moustache which made a roll of black hairs upon his lip. She asked each day of each of the soldiers who were installed beside her hearth:

"Do you know where the French Marching Regiment No. 23 was sent? My boy is in it."

They answered, "No, not know, not know at all." And, understanding her pain and her uneasiness—they who had mothers, too, there at home—they rendered her a thousand little services. She loved them well, moreover, her four enemies, since the peasantry feels no patriotic hatred; that belongs to the upper class alone. The humble, those who pay the most because they are poor, and because every new burden crushes them down; those who are killed in masses, who make the true cannon's meat, because they are so many; those, in fine, who suffer most cruelly the atrocious miseries of war, because they are the feeblest and offer least resistance—they hardly understand at all those bellicose ardours, that excitable sense of honour, or those pretended political combinations which in six months exhaust two nations, the conqueror with the conquered.

They said on the country-side, in speaking of the Germans of La Mere Sauvage:

"They are four who have found a soft place."

Now, one morning when the old woman was alone in the house, she perceived far off on the plain a man coming towards her dwelling. Soon she recognized him; it was the postman charged to distribute the letters. He gave her a folded paper, and she drew out of her case the spectacles which she used for sewing; then she read:

"Madame Sauvage,—The present letter is to tell you sad news. Your boy Victor was killed yesterday by a shell which near cut him in two. I was just by, seeing that we stood next each other in the company, and he would talk to me about you to let you know on the same day if anything happened to him.

"I took his watch, which was in his pocket, to bring it back to you when the war is done.

"I salute you very friendly,

"Cesaire Rivot,

"Soldier of the 2nd class, March. Reg. No. 23."

She did not cry at all. She remained motionless, so seized and stupefied that she did not even suffer as yet. She thought: "V'la Victor who is killed now." Then little by little the tears mounted to her eyes, and the sorrow caught her heart. The ideas came to her one by one, dreadful, torturing. She would never kiss him again, her child, her big boy, never again! The gendarmes had killed the father, the Prussians had killed the son. He had been cut in two by a cannon ball. She seemed to see the thing, the horrible thing: the head falling, the eyes open, while he chewed the corner of his big moustache as he always did in moments of anger.

What had they done with his body afterwards? If they had only let her have her boy back as they had given her back her husband—with the bullet in the middle of his forehead!

But she heard a noise of voices. It was the Prussians returning from the village. She hid her letter very quickly in her pocket, and she received them quietly, with her ordinary face, having had time to wipe her eyes.

They were laughing, all four, delighted, since they brought with them a fine rabbit—stolen, doubtless, and they made signs to the old woman that there was to be something good to eat.

She set herself to work at once to prepare breakfast; but when it came to killing the rabbit, her heart failed her. And yet it was not the first. One of the soldiers struck it down with a blow of his fist behind the ears.

The beast once dead, she separated the red body from the skin; but the sight of the blood she was touching and which covered her hands, of the warm blood which she felt cooling and coagulating, made her tremble from head to foot; and she kept seeing her big boy cut in two, and quite red also, like this still palpitating animal.

She set herself at table with the Prussians, but she could not eat, not even a mouthful. They devoured the rabbit without troubling themselves about her. She looked at them askance without speaking, ripening a thought, and with a face so impassible that they perceived nothing.

All of a sudden she said: "I don't even know your names, and here's a whole month that we've been together." They understood, not without difficulty, what she wanted, and told their names. That was not sufficient; they had written them for her on a paper, with the addresses of their families, and resting her spectacles on her great nose, she considered that strange handwriting, then folded the sheet and put it in her pocket, on top of the letter which told her of the death of her son.

When the meal was ended she said to the men:

"I am going to work for you."

And she began to carry up hay into the loft where they slept.

They were astonished at her taking all this trouble; she explained to them that thus they would not be so cold, and they helped her. They heaped the trusses of hay as high as the straw roof; and in that manner they made a sort of great chamber with four walls of fodder, warm and perfumed, where they should sleep splendidly.

At dinner one of them was worried to see that La Mere Sauvage still ate nothing. She told him that she had the cramps. Then she kindled a good fire to warm herself up, and the four Germans mounted to their lodging place by the ladder which served them every night for this purpose.

As soon as they closed the trap the old woman removed the ladder, then opened the outside door noiselessly and went back to look for more bundles of straw, with which she filled her kitchen. She went barefoot in the snow so softly that no sound was heard. From time to time she listened to the sonorous and unequal snorings of the four soldiers who were fast asleep.

When she judged her preparations to be sufficient, she threw one of the bundles into the fireplace, and when it was alight she scattered it over all the others. Then she went outside again and looked.

In a few seconds the whole interior of the cottage was illumined with a violent brightness and became a dreadful brasier, a gigantic fiery furnace, whose brilliance spouted out of the narrow window and threw a glittering beam upon the snow.

Then a great cry issued from the summit of the house; it was a clamour of human shriekings, heart-rending calls of anguish and of fear. At last, the trap having fallen in, a whirlwind of fire shot up into the loft, pierced the straw roof, rose to the sky like the immense flame of a torch, and all the cottage flared.

Nothing more was heard therein but the crackling of the fire, the crackling sound of the walls, the falling of the rafters. All of a sudden the roof fell in, and the burning carcass of the dwelling hurled a great plume of sparks into the air amid a cloud of smoke.

The country, all white, lit up by the fire, shone like a cloth of silver tinted with red.

A bell, far off, began to toll.

The old "Sauvage" remained standing before her ruined dwelling, armed with her gun, her son's gun, for fear lest one of those men might escape.

When she saw that it was ended she threw her weapon into the brasier. A loud report rang back.

People were coming, the peasants, Prussians.

They found the woman seated on the trunk of a tree, calm and satisfied.

A German officer, who spoke French like a son of France, demanded of her:

"Where are your soldiers?"

She extended her thin arm towards the red heap of fire which was gradually going out, and she answered with a strong voice:

"There."

They crowded round her. The Prussian asked:

"How did it take fire?"

She said:

"It was I who set it on fire."

They did not believe her, they thought that the sudden disaster had made her crazy, so while all pressed round and listened she told the thing from one end to the other, from the arrival of the letter to the last cry of the men who were burned with her house. She did not forget a detail of all which she had felt, nor of all which she had done.

When she had finished she drew two pieces of paper from her pocket, and to distinguish them by the last glimmers of the fire, she again adjusted her spectacles; then she said, showing one: "That, that is the death of Victor." Showing the other, she added, indicating the red ruins with a bend of the head: "That, that is their names, so that you can write home." She calmly held the white sheet out to the officer, who held her by the shoulders, and she continued:

"You must write how it happened, and you must say to their mothers that it was I who did that, Victoire Simon, la Sauvage! Do not forget."

The officer shouted some orders in German. They seized her, they threw her against the walls of the house, still hot. Then twelve men drew up quickly before her at twenty paces. She did not move. She had understood; she waited.

An order rang out, followed instantly by a long report. A belated shot went off by itself after the others.

The old woman did not fall. She sank as though they had mowed her off her legs.

The Prussian officer approached. She was almost cut in two, and in her withered hand she held her letter bathed in blood.

My friend Serval added:

"It was by way of reprisal that the Germans destroyed the chateau of the district, which belonged to me."

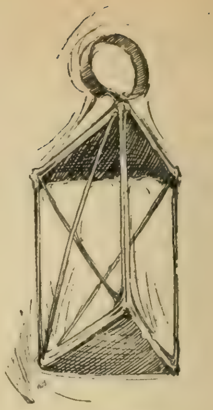
As for me, I thought of the mothers of those four gentle fellows burned in that house, and of the atrocious heroism of that other mother shot against the wall.

And I picked up a little stone, still blackened by the flames.

HOW OUR GRANDFATHERS LIVED;

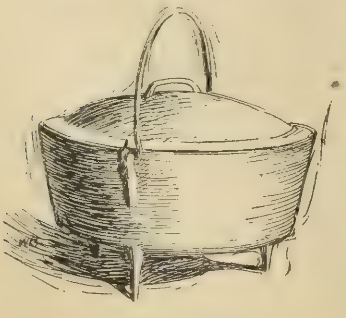
OR,

GLIMPSES OF CANADIAN PIONEER LIFE



By FRANK YEIGH

BUT a century has been required to revolutionize the way of living in the English-speaking part of Canada. Rural Quebec has felt the revolution to a much less degree, but in Ontario the change from the conditions of life of a hundred years ago has been a radical one. It is, indeed, difficult to realize in this age of rapid transportation, applied science and ready accessibility to the necessaries as well as the luxuries of life, that these simpler times of our forbears are not more remote. Mr. Goldwin Smith—now an octogenarian—bridged his span of life when, in a reminiscent mood, he was able to say: "I have talked with a man who talked to the man who was Premier of England in 1801—to Addington about Pitt. I remember the rejoicing in England over the Reform Bill. I remember seeing the farm-buildings near my father's house burned by raiders who opposed the introduction of threshing machines. I recall, as a lad, seeing the servants light the fire with a tinder box. I have seen a man in the stocks. I have heard the curfew. I taught his present Majesty King Edward English History when he was a lad."



BAKE KETTLE

In like manner there are thousands still living in our own land who have passed through experiences similar to those here related; there are many more, of a later generation, who have had the domestic life of the early nineteenth century brought vividly to mind by these aged eye-witnesses.

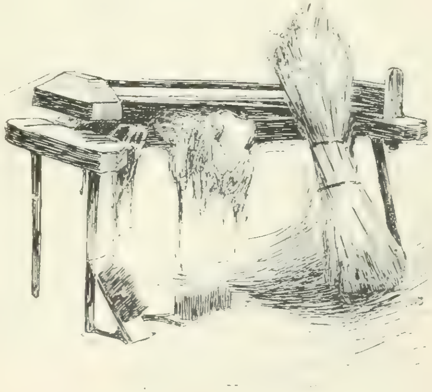
The advantages in thus recalling some of the ways in which our grandfathers lived are obvious. The comparison will serve as a basis for estimating the distance we have advanced in little more than two generations. It should, moreover, lead us to recognize more fully the debt we owe to those valiant pioneers for the brave battles they fought under adverse conditions. If Canada should ever have a Hall of Fame or a Roll of Immortals, these humble foundation-builders would deserve a niche equally with the heroes of the battle-field or the leaders of State.

One may further realize the former days by recalling that Canadians of 1800 had no railways, no steamboats, no highways, in the modern sense, no telegraphs or telephones, no harnessed electricity, no "horseless horse cars," no automobiles (thank Heaven !). They were practically without clergymen, doctors, judges or lawyers, and the schoolmaster was not yet abroad in the land. The abundant crop of parliamentary representatives of to-day (over 700 in all the legislative bodies of Canada) had not then begun to sprout in earnest. There was little money in circulation with which to carry on business; there were no stores to speak of, and consequently no bargain days! There was no gas and no such thing as a match; the flint and steel, or the brimstone-tipped pine stick was relied upon for starting the flame. There were no envelopes, no blotting-paper, no steel pens, and the sand box was in requisition to dry the ink; in fact, there was a sad lack of what we in this wiser generation regard as essentials.

But there were compensating advantages: a simplicity and wholesomeness of life that ensured health and length of days; so long a life that an old family record speaks of the "premature" death of a man of 84! There was a rational enjoyment of God's best blessings of nature, a hearty, unaffected social life, and a sound moral sense of right and justice. There was mutual self-help, a hospitality that was not measured by motive, a burdened table of good things where it was bad form to refuse what was offered, no matter what nature's penalty might be. In a word, a sane mode of life was lived that produced strong men and brave women.

Brave in truth were our grandmothers—brave in what they endured in the loneliness and isolation of pioneer life; in the dangers, too, when the weird howl of the hungry wolf was heard in the forest near the clearing, or when the stealthy-stepping Indian would glide like an apparition, unheralded and unannounced, into the log home. Brave were they in the spirit in which sorrows were borne and testing trials met.

The ladies of a century ago did not, fortunately, have to rely upon the fashion-plates of a daily paper. Native feminine talent transformed their limited material into serviceable garments. At first the hides of the fur-bearing animals, obtained from the Indians in barter, were the chief source of clothing supply. One can easily imagine that a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, well-built lassie of 1800 would, when clad in deerskin petticoats and skirts and squirrel-skin bonnet, break masculine hearts quite as disastrously as if she had worn creations of a modern modiste. And the utility of a deerskin petticoat, that could not be torn by a rough journey through the woods, or the turning of a deerskin suit into a warm bed-cover at night, will commend itself to every feminine descendant of our mothers' mothers.

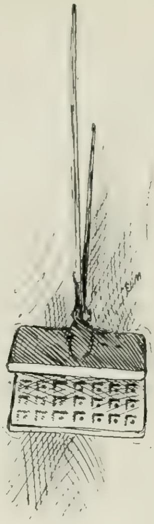


A MACHINE FOR BREAKING THE FLAX—USUALLY KNOWN AS A HACKLE.

No fancy-pointed patent shoes dressed their feet, for there were no tanners, and for many a year no shoemaker, until itinerant St. Crispins came on the scene—shoemakers on circuit, like the preacher and the schoolmaster of the early days. They were the days, indeed, when the settler was a many-sided character, for he was perforce carpenter and blacksmith and shoemaker and tailor if need be rolled in one.

Let us draw back the curtains of Time and peep into a pioneer log home. The rough-walled retreat is but rudely furnished and its floor is carpeted with skins or rag-carpets. A ladder leads to the attic, where any number of men-folk can be stowed away at night-time. The hearthstone is the altar of the home, and seated in a semicircle around it are its priestesses. Busy, busy, always busy are the women-folk, amid a buzz of talk that mingles with the hum of the distaff or the song of the spinning-wheel.

There sits Grandmother in front of the deeply recessed fireplace which glows cheerily red from the giant back log that required the strength of a horse to draw it to the cabin door. A benediction is in Grandmother's placid face, an inspiration in her smile, and evident peace of heart under her quaint starched cap. Stirring tales the dear old mother can tell—of the flight of her Loyalist family from the New England home to the shores of Quinte, involving hardships that show what stuff Grandmother was made of! Tales too of the trials of the first days in the new land, when a fresh start in life had to be made.


WAFFLE IRONS

There too sits the dear Mother in homespun, and even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, so Mother, by the loadstone of love, attracts her brood to her skirts. All the bonny children are early taught to work. That we can see as we gaze into the interior, to spin and sew if they be girls; to fashion tools and implements if they be boys. To the right is a group of daughters, breaking, scutching and spinning flax from which will come the table linen and wearing apparel that will last a lifetime. Sewing and knitting machines are unknown, but Nature's deft hands are the implements that produce the best of goods. So work away the lassies.

GOURD DIPPERS

What a wonder-palace the log-ribbed room is! Who would ever dream that such an inventory of articles could be crowded in the little apartment! On the fireplace shelf are the heirlooms in crockery, travelled crockery mind you, for it has seen foreign lands and crossed the Atlantic in a clipper ship and afterwards heard the cannon of a Revolution. The light of the burning logs is added to by the tallow dips and the candles, and there, sure enough, is the candle box and the candle mould. The gourd dipper hangs from its nail, and the skimmer for use in the sugaring off is its neighbour. They have often worked together in the maple woods. Shining warming pans speak of warm feet. Waffle irons too, and I'll warrant the waffles tasted as good as the word suggests. And by the same token, I'll wager the hand-made tooth puller gave as much pain as its black outline and size indicate. Strong enough it appears to pull the molar of a mastodon.

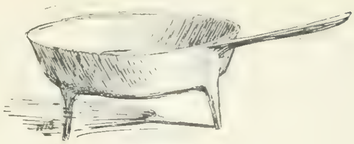
Ah, what is this? Shocking, shocking,—a toddy ladle, as brazen in its boldness as the capacious punch bowl itself! Pewter plates, mugs and spoons are in a military line. Spoons of wood too and forks of iron and buck-handled knives that saw action three times a day. And there is a contrivance for cutting loaf sugar in the days when it was sold in large chunks.

All these utensils and many more are dignified by a place on the shelf. Above hang hand-made lanterns. Old guns that invariably kicked—and killed. Powder horns, discoloured with years of use. A tin dinner horn of prodigious length that has called many a labourer from the stump-strewn fields to his meals. Axe heads, a score of them it seems, and the oldest boy over in the corner, whittling something, can sink the biggest axe of the lot up to its hilt in a soft elm or maple at one blow, for those were the days of muscle —applied muscle.

The apple-parer and bone gouge for coring the apples bring up visions of the days of the social bee—apple bees, husking bees, quilting bees, logging and clearing and barn raising bees—all of them times of social gayety, especially when the wandering fiddler could be waylaid for the events. Good old-fashioned fun did our grandfolks get out of life on these great occasions, even though the wag-at-the-wall clock solemnly ticked its disapproval.

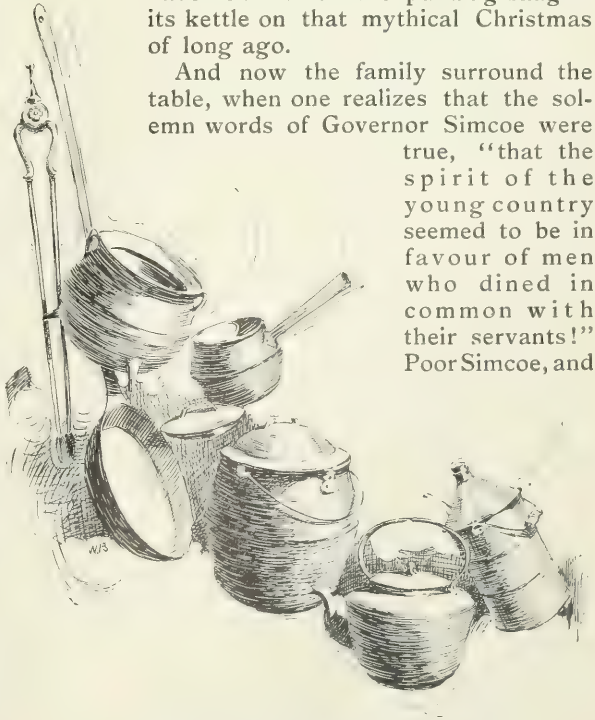
The bushy-browed settler bends to stir up the slumbering fire with the long-handled poker, for a fierce heat is radiated from the deep bed of embers, and as the eye follows his movements it catches sight of the world of pots and pans and kettles that swing from the great cranes. If we are patient we will later have a glimpse of the sacred hour of cooking in the old log cabin palace of peace; we will see, too, how the mothers of the former time did without new fangled cooking stoves and gas ranges and patent ovens and cook books and ready-to-be-eaten mysteries. In this old bake kettle is being placed a big batch of dough, and kettle and contents are then buried in the red-hot ashes, and covered, lid and all, with the glowing embers.

What stores of goodies issue from the hearth! Cookies—what a world of meaning the word still holds! Cakes, corn and wheat and honey and pound cakes. Pies, deep, luscious, abiding! Pasties, meat pasties at that, the receipt for which came from Devon. And the pasties have the finest of browned juice on the curled-up edges of the paste. Honey in the comb. That implies bees and bee-keeping, and the blowing of horns and pounding of tin cans to keep the bees from going away when swarming. But there are more good things in this ancient menu, such as apple tarts and apple sauce, and dried-apple dishes in galore; pease puddings, sourkrout, ginger bread, fat fowl roasted on the turning spits, meats fried in the long-handled pans to a cheerful tune from the spluttering gravy, like unto the succulent sound that Tiny Tim must have heard when the pudding sang in its kettle on that mythical Christmas of long ago.



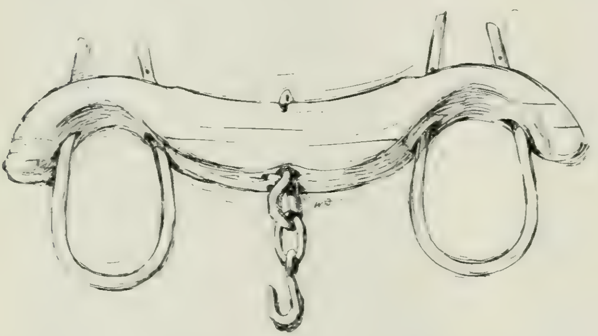
AN EARLY FRYING-PAN

And now the family surround the table, when one realizes that the solemn words of Governor Simcoe were true, "that the spirit of the young country seemed to be in favour of men who dined in common with their servants!" Poor Simcoe, and



"The world of pots and pans and kettles" he trying to plant a modified aristocracy in the land by appointing military officers to government positions!

These early century menus sometimes meant sacrifice and cost, when the settler had to carry his limited store of wheat a hundred miles or more to the nearest mill in order to bring back a precious supply of flour. Nature, however, was often prodigal in her gifts of food when the wild fruits were in abundance, and game and fish abounded. But there was not always a full pantry. Terrible must have been the experiences of the Hungry Year of 1788 in Canada, when the frogs saved many a life from starvation, and the newly-planted potato had to be dug up and eaten. There were times, too, when the wheat froze in the head and wheat bread was in consequence an absent article of diet. On other occasions the government supply trains were overtaken by the winter and frozen up, as a result of which the settlers who were depending upon the expected stock were compelled to have recourse to the buds of basswood trees, and beef bones were loaned from neighbour to neighbour as stock for soup. Both the white men and the Indian relied much upon the animal and fish life. The waters teemed with fish as the air with birds, and the woods with small game as well as deer and moose. There was no limit to the wild ducks, especially along the water stretches of the Quinte shore. Famous sport had our grandfathers when they were young, shooting black squirrels, trapping wild pigeons, spearing salmon, or scooping them up in prodigious numbers. The skilful red man was wont to spear the fish by torchlight as he stood alert in the prow of his canoe. The hunting of the larger game and the attempt to exterminate the wolves also led to many an exciting adventure in the depths of a Canadian forest.



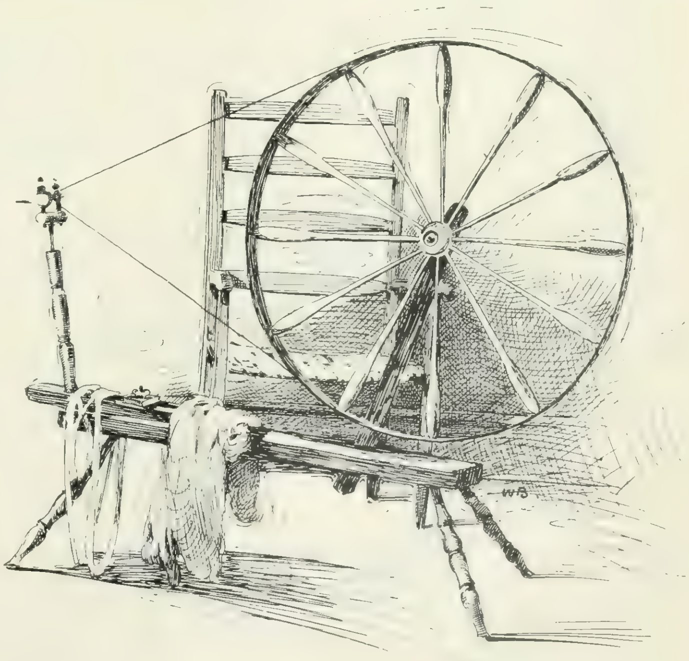
THE OX-BOW WHICH PLAYED SO LARGE A PART IN CLEARING THE FOREST LANDS OF EASTERN CANADA

Eating has ever gone with drinking, and the toddy ladle we saw in the cabin home forces the further truth to be chronicled that in the beginning days of Canada's life whisky drinking was not unknown; when, in fact, it was consumed by the bowl full, and when a man's standard of capacity was placed at two quarts. At twenty-five cents per quart the cost was not excessive. For years there was but one distillery between York and Kingston, and as an accessory to the stronger liquid, as soon as orchards began to bear, the cider jug was a feature of the capacious cellars, along with the barrels of winter apples and the bins of roots and vegetables.

Drinking was a feature of the various "bees." On the occasion of a barn raising a man would mount the top plate of the skeleton structure, swing a bottle three times around his head and throw it in the air. If it fell unbroken it meant good luck, evidencing one of the many superstitions prevalent in the early times. Other forms of superstitions were the supposed sight of a winding sheet in a candle flame, or that the howling of a dog at the moon meant trouble for the inmates of the house, or when a sudden shudder came over one it foretold that an enemy was walking over the spot which would later be one's grave. May was regarded as an unlucky month in which to be married, and it was equally unlucky to kill hogs in the wane of the moon.

Speaking of weddings reminds one that there was marrying and giving in marriage in the same pioneer times. The courting was sometimes carried on in Indian fashion, when the fair Hebe would run through the forest in a pretended effort to escape the pursuing lover, who invariably caught his victim. A kiss was the sign of victory, and the wedding soon after closed the romantic chapter.

There were difficulties innumerable in the way of these trusty hearts of old. For years there were scarce half a score of clergymen of the established church in Upper Canada authorized to perform the marriage ceremony. A few magistrates held the same power. To-day all that a modern lover needs is a two-dollar bill for a license—and a girl! But in 1800 and thereabouts the happy couples were sometimes compelled to travel long distances on foot or on horseback to wait on minister or magistrate. An interesting tale of early Canadian life records the fact that rings were as scarce as clergymen or magistrates. One official, rather than turn away an ardent couple that had walked twenty miles to his settlement, found on a primitive pair of skates a rough steel ring. Though a homely substitute the bride was told she must perforce wear it to make the ceremony binding, and wear it she did for many a long year thereafter, and the trophy is a highly-prized heirloom among her descendants to-day.



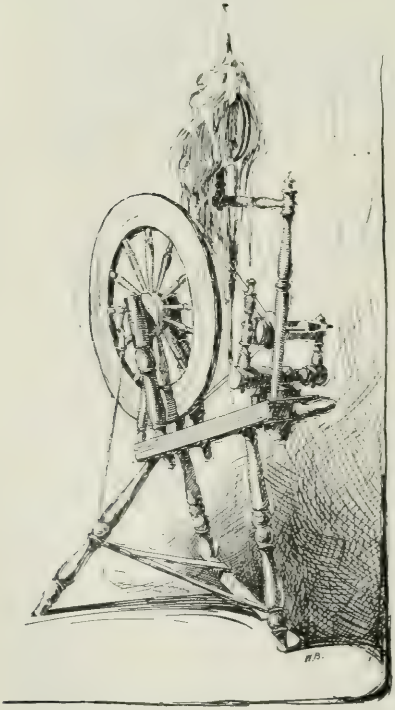
A SPINNING WHEEL USED BY OUR GRANDMOTHERS

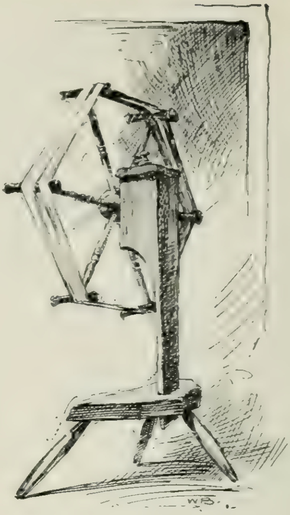
It is interesting to read in this connection of the dowries of our grandmothers. A generous one was a piece of land, a colt, a heifer, a yoke of steers, two sheep, some pigs, a linen chest with bed and bedding and feather ticks, crockery and cutlery and some hand-made furniture. The wedding fee stood for a long time at one dollar.

All the furniture of the time was perforce hand-made, such as chairs with elm-back seats, tables of rough hewn boards, and bedsteads—four posters—cut from the native lumber. Sometimes the baby's cradle was the sap trough of the sugar season, but lined with blankets and resting on rockers, our pioneer babies slept soundly and never did the trough hold a sweeter burden.

Practically all the implements were hand-made — the reels for winding yarn, the hand looms, the trunks made of bark and the beehives of plaited straw, the plows with wooden frames and wrought iron mould boards, the primitive harrows made of the butt end of a tree which the oxen hauled around the stumps in the process of "bushing in." Scythes, cradles and flails were the precursors of mowers, reapers and threshing machines. The wheat was sometimes ground at home by pounding or crushing it in the burnt-out hollow of a stump, a block of wood attached to a springing pole acting as a pestle in the mortar cavity.

The ways our grandfathers travelled is in interesting contrast with modern methods. The horseback way was for years the only means of covering long distances through the bush, with the oats in the saddle bags, a gun or tomahawk for weapons, and provision for camping out if night overtook the traveller. Journeying by water was in bateaux or flat-bottomed Durham boats. After a time, along with better roads, came the springless waggons with boxes resting directly on the axles and chairs for the use of the passengers in the body-racking journey. A writer describes the old waggons and stage coaches "as rolling and tumbling along a detestable road, pitching like a scow among the breakers of a lake storm, with road knee-deep in mud and an impenetrable forest on either side." It of necessity took weeks of time to cover the distance, for example, between York and Kingston or Niagara.


A SMALLER-SIZED SPINNING WHEEL


A YARN REEL

The market prices for commodities also throw a suggestive light on the days of our grandfathers. An ancient price list of 1804, quoted by Canniff Haight, reads as follows: A gimlet 50 cents, a padlock $1.50, a jack knife $1, calico, $1.50 per yard; tea, eight to ten shillings a pound, Halifax currency; needles, a penny each; ball of cotton, 7d; board of pigs, $1 a week; an axe, $2.50; salt, 6d a lb.

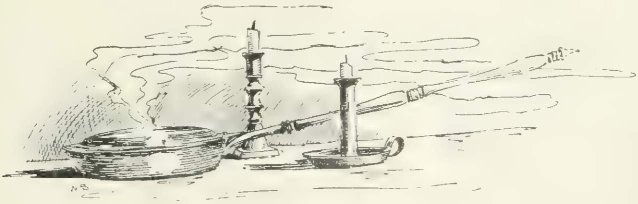
The early store was a departmental store in miniature, and bartering was the chief feature of trade. An old lady of my acquintance has told of buying a farm with a saddle, and a yoke of oxen in another case was traded for 200 acres of land. Butter, cheese, homespun clothing, lumber, pork, ox hides, molasses, shingles and potash were a widely varied list of articles used in trading. In the Talbot Settlement in 1817 it took eighteen bushels of wheat to buy a barrel of salt and one bushel of wheat for a yard of cotton. The first clocks were $40 each. Before the clock days a line was cut in the floor, and when the sun's rays reached the meridian height they were cast along this mark through a crack in the door to indicate the noon hour.

Pens cost thirty cents each, but the easily secured quill long held its supremacy. Postage was payable according to distance—not exceeding sixty miles, 4d; 100 miles, 7d; 200 miles, 9d; and greater distances in proportion.

One should not forget in this picture of pioneer life the first church, with men and women sitting on opposite sides, when the circuit rider made his infrequent visits and preached sermons of a length commensurate with the rarity of their delivery. One of the humorous bits of the early Upper Canadian archives is the request sent to London that a "pious" missionary be sent out to the benighted settlers of Upper Canada. The first log school houses also deserve a word, with the huge box stove in the centre around which long wooden benches were ranged, too high for the feet of the toddlers to reach the floor. Tired and sleepy, the tiny students sometimes created a panic by tumbling off their uncomfortable perch!

The administration of justice was accomplished under arduous conditions. There were few gaols or court-houses; accommodation for jurors, lawyers and others was most limited, and many a trial was held under the trees or in a tent. Jurors were often compelled to journey fifty miles or more, and to take ten or more days before returning home. When the first gaol was built in York it was made large enough to hold debtors as well as criminals of a deeper dye, the gaoler receiving 5s. a day salary, and 1s. 3d daily for the maintenance of each prisoner.

Such are some of the glimpses of early Canadian days. All honour to our sturdy pioneers for the work they accomplished, the characters they evolved, and the rich heritage they passed on to their children. May we of the twentieth century be as true to our conscience and country as our grandfathers—and grandmothers!



WIND SONG

BY INGLIS MORSE

PLAY out thy song, O wind of Time,
O wind of a thousand years!
Life's solemn joys and falling tears
Are in thy voice sublime.

Play out, O wind, play out thy song,
To hopes that have forever fled
Into the land of the long lost dead,
Whither have passed earth's throng!

Play out thy song of olden days,
Of dreams that nevermore shall be:
In murmuring repose, both full and free,
Now haste thee on thy various ways!

THE FIGHT FOR NORTH AMERICA

BY A.G. BRADLEY

A HISTORY IN TWELVE INSTALMENTS

CHAPTER VII — LOW EBB OF BRITISH FORTUNES — MILITARY APATHY IN MIDDLE AND SOUTHERN COLONIES—OFFICIAL CORRUPTION IN CANADA — MAGNETIC INFLUENCE OF PITT ON BRITISH AFFAIRS — WOLFE AND AMHERST—SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF LOUISBOURG—REJOICINGS IN ENGLAND — 1757-1758.

LOUDON, it will be remembered, received the fateful news from Fort William Henry while yet upon the ocean, and it must have been a bitter moment when he realized how completely he had been outgeneralled. For the bloodless failure in Nova Scotia he could blame others; for the bloody tragedy on Lake George his own tactics were wholly responsible. He relieved his temper by vowing vengeance against Montcalm as an abettor of savages and murderers, and sent word by a fast-sailing craft to Webb to hold out at Fort Edward till he could send him reinforcements. It was the last of August when he landed his troops at New York. But the French, as we have seen, had, for urgent reasons, abandoned all attempts at an advance up the Hudson, and had returned in part to Canada to save the harvest, and in part to Ticonderoga to make that post secure. Loudon is supposed even now to have cherished thoughts of attacking the French fortress, but if so he soon abandoned them on a closer view of the situation. In intention he was the very soul of energy; in execution he remains, whether from his fault or his ill-fortune, the typical sluggard of the Seven Years' War in America.

Sir William Johnson had joined Webb at Fort Edward, with a small band of his Indians, just about the time of the fall of William Henry, and a day or two after, but all too late, raw militia had begun to pour in by the hundred. Their behaviour, however, was so mutinous, and their conduct so riotous, that Webb was glad enough to dispense with such troops and disband them, now that their services were no longer needed.

Only one incident of moment marked this depressing autumn of a year of disgrace and failure, and that of a kind by no means calculated to lighten the general gloom on the Mohawk River. Near those forts that Webb had, it will be remembered, destroyed in his panic after the fall of Oswego, was a

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM

To whose energy and determination much of the later success of the war was due

colony of thrifty Palatine Germans. Far behind civilization, in this beautiful and fertile valley, these industrious settlers had been labouring for forty years, and were now a community of some three hundred souls, well situated in comfortable homesteads and tilling valuable farms. It was a popular creed among French-Canadians that the Germans of the British colonies were dissatisfied—a queer delusion in regard to people who revelled in an independence far more novel to them than to Englishmen. By way of encouraging other Germans to crave for the paternal government of France, one, De Bellaitre, was despatched by Vaudreuil with a hundred Canadians and two hundred Indians to read them a lesson. Paddling up the St. Lawrence from Montreal, past the now familiar Thousand Islands into Lake Ontario, they struck southward to Lake Oneida, crossed the portage of the Mohawk watershed, and fell suddenly upon the unhappy Teutons, killing every man that resisted, destroying their live stock, and carrying off more than a hundred women and children into captivity. A small British detachment from Fort Herkimer hurried up, but they were too late, and in any case too weak. Lord Howe, commanding further down at Schenectady, was strong enough, but he arrived much too late and found nothing but the smoking ruins of homesteads and hundreds of slaughtered sheep and cattle.

In the meanwhile, the Indian heroes of Fort William Henry, who had been almost as great a curse to their friends as to their foes, paraded their wretched prisoners at Montreal, and by no means yielded them all up to the not very insistent overtures of Vaudreuil. One of these English captives, writes Bougainville who was just then on the spot, they killed in presence of the whole town and forced his miserable companions to devour. It is even asserted by French writers that mothers were compelled to eat portions of their own children. Bougainville shuddered at the horrors he saw, but was impotent, for Canadian public opinion was lenient to these little Indian vagaries so long as other people were the victims. Bigot the Intendant, no man of war but an expert in crooked contracts, calmly stated that the savages must be kept in good humour at any cost. Vaudreuil, for his part, was quite proud of his magnanimity in purchasing, with Government brandy, the lives of men who had surrendered to his troops under signed articles; while Indians reeled in crowds about the rude streets of Montreal, insolent, offensive, drunken and dangerous.

It was a gloomy enough winter, this one of 1757-58, in the British provinces. Loudon's troops had retired to isolated snowbound forts, or to their much-grudged but no longer disputed quarters in the principal cities. It was the lowest point ever touched by Anglo-Saxon fortunes in America. Oswego and William Henry were scenes of desolation; Louisbourg was contemptuous and defiant behind its bristling rows of cannon and massive ramparts; the colonists even of New England were disheartened and disillusioned as to the invincibility of British troops, and sore both with their generals and their officers. The frontiers of the more southern colonies still ran with blood, and the labours of a generation on a belt of country nearly four hundred miles in length had been swept away. Washington, struggling almost alone with provincial legislatures, as twenty years later he struggled quite alone with the continental congress, had patiently striven to mitigate the misery. He had now been over two years at the frontier village of Winchester, in the valley of Virginia, eating his heart out in vain endeavours to stem the hordes of Indians led by Frenchmen, who swarmed across the stricken borders of the middle colonies. "I have been posted," he wrote in the preceding spring, "for more than twenty months on our cold and barren frontiers to perform, I think I may say, an impossibility; that is, to protect from the cruel incursions of a crafty, savage enemy a line of inhabitants more than three hundred and fifty miles in extent, with a force inadequate to the task." He was still only twenty-five, but a head and shoulders above any colonial soldier outside New England. He had no chance of gain or glory with his thousand or so "poor whites," ill-paid and discontented, and recruited wilh infinite difficulty. His officers were often of no better discipline. One of them, he tells us, sent word on being ordered to his post, that he could not come, as his wife, his family and his corn crop all required his attention. "Such," says Washington, in a white heat, "is the example of the officers, such the behaviour of the men, and upon such circumstances the safety of this country depends." Three colonies, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, with some half-million whites, to say nothing of rude and populous North Carolina, could only wring from this large population a wretched, half-hearted militia of 2,000 men, recruited largely from the burnt-out victims of the frontier. Where, one may well ask, were the squires of Virginia and Maryland, who swarmed along the eastern counties of both provinces, and whose comfortable homesteads reached to within a hundred miles of the scene of this bloody war, of their fellow-countrymen's long agony, and of the impudent invasion of their country? To mention a dozen or two young men of this class who rallied to Washington, would only be to aggravate the case, if such were possible, in the face of these statistics. Men of substance and education, accustomed to horse and gun, "outdoor" men in fact or nothing, were quietly staying at home by thousands unstirred by feelings of patriotism or vengeance, and apparently untouched by the clash of arms and the ordinary martial instincts of youth. Their grandfathers had fought; their sons were to fight; their descendants were in the last civil war to be among the bravest of the brave. What was this generation doing at such a moment? Washington, whose local patriotism no one will dispute, and whose example shone like a beacon light amid the gloom, cursed them often and soundly in his letters for doing nothing. It was fortunate for these colonies that Pitt came forward to save them. The people of Maryland and Virginia are more than most other Americans proud

SQUERRYES COURT, NEAR WESTERHAM, KENT—HERE A CENOTAPH MARKS THE SPOT WHERE WOLFE, A BOY OF FIFTEEN, PLAYING WITH HIS MATES, RECEIVED THE ENVELOPE CONTAINING HIS COMMISSION IN THE ARMY

GENERAL AMHERST
FROM REYNOLD'S STEEL ENGRAVING

of their ancestry—not because they were thrifty merchants, for they ignored commerce; not because they were famous navigators, for they were not sea-goers; not because they were thrifty farmers who made two blades of grass grow where one had grown before, for they were sad economists in this respect. The sentiment is by way of being that which holds good in Europe, and regards ancestry in the accepted sense of the word as synonymous with an aptitude for arms. But the tobacco squires of the Seven Years' War were lamentably wanting in those generous and martial impulses which supply almost the only motive for pride of race, and quite the only one where high culture and learning are absent, as was here the case. There is no traversing the facts; they are bare and patent, and it has always seemed to us one of the most unaccountable incidents of American history. Think of South Africa to-day, and, indeed, the parallel is not an inapt one, save that in the racial struggle for North America the prize was greater. Think of the colonists of every class so lately crowding by thousands to the front, though none of their women, children or friends have been scalped and murdered. Indeed, for that matter, turn to Massachusetts at that day, who alone sent to the front ten or fifteen thousand close-fisted, industrious farmers, men whose labour was their daily bread, and whose absence from the homestead was, for the most part, a serious matter.

"Nothing," wrote Washington, "keeps me from resignation but the imminent danger to my country. The supplicating tears of the women and moving petitions of the men melt me into such deadly sorrow, that I solemnly declare, if I know my own mind, I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided that would contribute to the people's ease."

Washington was giving up a life of ease and comfort, neglecting an estate to whose management he was greatly attached, and those field sports which, next to fighting, were the passion of his life. Here, however, on this shaggy blood-stained frontier, without means to fight effectively, neither glory nor even thanks were to be gained. He lost his temper more than once, and wrote incontrovertible but imprudent letters to the Virginian authorities at Williamsburg, falling thereby into the bad books of the gentlemen who regarded the state of the frontier with such prodigious equanimity. At one time an obscure Maryland captain of thirty men, who held a king's commission, had claimed precedence of the young colonel and commander of the Western Frontier. Washington had then ridden the whole way to Boston—four hundred miles—to put the matter straight with Shirley, then in chief authority, and ensure against its recurrence.

ADMIRAL EDWARD BOSCAWEN

AFTER THE PAINTING BY J. REYNOLDS

The Canadians, too, had suffered greatly this winter. The troops were reduced to small rations of horse flesh, and only the tact and ability of de Lévis averted a general mutiny. The small social circles of Quebec and Montreal, however, lacked for nothing, but danced and dined, and intrigued and sleighed in merry parties along the frozen river or through the silent pine woods white with their load of snow. The Bureaucracy, with Bigot at their head, followed with unabated ardour their career of fraud and trickery. Never were a king and his subjects more flagrantly cheated. They sold their provisions sent from France for the relief of the colony and pocketed the money. They fixed the price of grain by law, bought it all up, and then retailed it at famine prices. They sold Government supplies twice over in collusion with the officers who had to sign the receipts. They purchased supplies for the king's use through so many confederate hands, that the price was three or four times that originally paid for the articles. They intercepted food granted by the king to the hapless Acadian refugees, sold the larger part back to his Majesty at high prices, and half starved the miserable outcasts on what was left. The command of an outlying fort was regarded as equivalent to a small fortune, and bestowed accordingly on friends and relatives. The usual method was to give vouchers for twice or three times the amount of stores actually purchased, and to exchange the Government presents sent to the Indians for skins or furs. It may well be asked, What was Montcalm himself, the soul of honour, saying to all this? As a matter of fact, his position under de Vaudreuil, who was himself mixed up in the frauds, was sufficiently delicate to make interference difficult. But Montcalm did take means to acquaint the home Government, already suspicious of the vast sums of money demanded, with the condition of affairs, and their eyes gradually opened. It is not perhaps wholly to be wondered that France lost some of her enthusiasm for an offspring that tugged so incessantly at the strings of her almost empty purse, and showed so little profit for the investment. The letters to Vaudreuil from his Government at last grew harsh and threatening, as the rascality of the whole business began to dawn on the hitherto credulous Ministers of Marine. But it was too late. Pitt was about to settle down to the greatest work ever achieved by a British Minister. The colony was now entering a death-struggle in which ledgers and vouchers would be for the time forgotten; and there is good reason to suppose that many a tell-tale document went to feed the flames which the British torch or shell fire had ignited. But the corruption of the Canadian civil officials, and a great number of the colony officers, did not interfere with the actual fighting power of the military machine, which was itself a hardy plant. Food and clothes and ammunition for men on active service were always forthcoming. If they had not been, Montcalm would have asked the reason why, with a forcible authority, such as in civil affairs he could not call to his aid.

It was at the opening of the ever-memorable year of 1758 that Pitt, free at last from the shackles of his predecessor's plans and his predecessor's generals, applied his great gifts to the task before him. Great Britain was sunk in despondency. Chesterfield declared we were "no longer a nation." If any man had asserted that in two or three years we should take our place at the head of all nations, never as a world-power to again relinquish it, he would have been accounted as fit only for Bedlam. Many, though they could not know what we do now of the then state of France and Canada, thought we should be stripped of all influence, if not of all foothold in America, while the fear in England of a French invasion returned as regularly as the summer leaves.

To free his mind of all paltry cares, Pitt had flung the sordid part of government to Newcastle, who revelled in it. It was part of his bargain that where the honour or the safety of the nation were at stake his word was law, his appointments indisputable; and he proceeded at once with fine audacity to make hay of privilege, of family interest, of seniority. The incapables were relegated to obscurity, and those who might have caused annoyance were soothed by Newcastle with pensions, compliments, or honours, which most of them perhaps preferred to service in America. Small pay and brevet rank for his servants seems to have been, too, a sop that Pitt felt it advisable, for the sake of peace, to throw to the long list of rejected generals, who seem therein to have found some strange consolation. Fortunately, Pitt's young men had, for the most part, souls above titles or lucre, though Wolfe was hard pushed for necessary money; and his widowed mother, after his death, made futile representations to the Government for some financial recognition of the work done by the conqueror of Quebec. Pitt's plans were not merely to reduce France to her legitimate sphere in America and make her harmless against Great Britain in Europe, but to drive her wholly from the western hemisphere, to wrest from her every possession she had outside her own borders, to leave her crushed, humiliated, and powerless for aggression.

To this end he appealed with impassioned fervour to the heart of England, and by a genius unequalled in our history, and that seems to us who have not seen or heard him, almost magical, brought an apparently half-moribund nation into an ecstasy of patriotic ardour. Every one who approached the great statesman caught the inspiration, and every man in England who had a heart at all felt the blood coursing more briskly through it. Those whom Pitt called especially to serve him and maintain the nation's honour went to the camp or to the wilderness with an enthusiasm for their chief and country, and a sense of exhilaration that had for long been almost wholly lacking.

With Pitt's assistance in Europe to the gallant Frederick of Prussia we have nothing to do. It will be sufficient to say that the Duke of Cumberland's reverses were fully avenged, and the French repulsed at every point.

As for the American campaign, which constitutes our story, there was not much opening for strategic ingenuity. As I have endeavoured, with perhaps undue reiteration, to make clear, there were certain routes through the northern wilderness by which French and English could seriously attack each other, and none other. There was nothing new, therefore, in Pitt's American programme for 1758 but the men who were to carry it out and the kind of spirit which animated them. Above all, there was the enthusiasm with which the people of England—particularly of that substantial but unrepresented middle class to whom Pitt's personality appealed—supported him with heart and purse.

Loudon had abandoned the only true path of American warfare, probably because his predecessor, Shirley, a civilian, had planned it, and, as we have seen, left New York almost defenceless in a vain attempt to gather laurels upon distant shores. It was no thanks to him that the colony was still in British hands, and Pitt now recalled him with contemptuous brevity. It is only to be regretted that Abercromby did not sail in the same ship. The excuse put forward for making such concession to routine in the matter of this luckless officer is, that Pitt felt secure in the fact that the young Lord Howe, one of the most rising soldiers and most estimable characters in the British army, would be at his right hand; but, however probable, this is, after all, but a matter of conjecture.

Ticonderoga, Fort Duquesne and Louisbourg were to be the objects this year of three separate expeditions. Of the first, Abercromby, now in America, was to be in command; and of the second, Brigadier Forbes, a Scottish soldier of merit and energy. Louisbourg was made a matter of prime importance, as the fleet was to co-operate. Amherst, a colonel serving in Germany, was recalled to take command of the land force with the rank of General, and under him went three brigadiers—Lawrence, whom we have met before in Nova Scotia; Whitmore, of whom little was known, and lastly, in a good hour, James Wolfe.

As Wolfe's name is the most luminous by far in the annals of the war, a few words on the previous record of this illustrious young soldier will not be amiss. He was of that Anglo-Irish stock which has given to the nation so many leaders, though his particular branch of the family had been back in England again for two or three generations when the hero himself was born. His father was a general in the army, who in youth had seen service under Marlborough, and in advanced middle age, after Walpole's long peace, took the field again in South America and Scotland.* His mother was a Miss Thompson, daughter of a Yorkshire squire. The Wolfes had just taken a small but picturesque Tudor house which still stands in the outskirts of the little Kentish town of Westerham, where their eldest son, James, was born. There he and his brother, who died in his first campaign, spent their early youth. In the gardens of Squerryes Court, close by, an inscribed cenotaph marks the spot where the hero of the Plains of Abraham received the envelope containing his first commission while playing with his friends the Wardes, whose descendants still live there, and in the stately Queen Anne mansion are still treasured those hundred and seventy or so well written and characteristic

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*Wolfe's father went north with Wade in the '45 as a General of Division, though very infirm and taking little part in the operations.

BURNING OF THE LAST TWO FRENCH SHIPS IN LOUISBOURG HARBOUR BY BRITISH SAILORS—JULY, 1758

FROM A STEEL ENGRAVING IN TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY letters in which the young soldier unconsciously tells the story of his life.

There is an old Welsh legend relating how Owen Glyndwr, while still a babe in arms, if he caught sight of a sword or a spear, gave those in charge of him no peace till it was placed in his infant fingers. Wolfe, not in legendary lore, but in actual deed, was only less precocious in his martial ardour; for when his father, then commanding a regiment of marines, was waiting in camp to embark on the luckless expedition against Carthagena, the boy—then just thirteen—brushing aside his mother's tears and entreaties, and overcoming his father's less pronounced objections, actually succeeded in getting himself attached to the regiment as a volunteer. Happily they were not yet on board when he was seized with some childish malady and sent home again, and put to school.

At fifteen, however, Wolfe actually received his commission, and joined Duroure's, or the 12th regiment of foot. At sixteen he fought in the battle of Dettingen, acting as adjutant throughout the whole of that sanguinary day, which his boyish pen has graphically described. Proud of his profession and of his country, fearless in battle and ardent in his duties, he got plenty of the work that was in those days crowded on a willing horse. At the breaking out of the Jacobite rebellion of '45, though barely nineteen, he had won his way, without backing or interest, to be brigade-major. He fought through this campaign in Barrel's regiment (the 4th foot), and afterwards on the Continent, where he was wounded at Lauffeldt. He then had some ten years of home service in command of the 20th regiment, partly in Scotland doing police work among disaffected Highlanders, and partly in southern garrisons, chafing vehemently the while at such enforced inactivity. In such times, however, he never lost an opportunity of improving himself, studying mathematics and classics, as well as military history. He fished and shot when the chance offered with equal ardour. He was fond of society, both grave and gay, was a graceful and industrious dancer, and expected his subalterns to be the latter at any rate. All Wolfe could do in the years of peace between the two wars he did do in the path of professional duty, for he left his regiment the best disciplined of any in the British army, and one much sought after by ambitious youths and prudent parents. He was a singular blend of the dashing fighter, the strict disciplinarian, the ardent student, the keen sportsman, and society man. He was religious without ostentation, studious without any taint of the prig, and brave even to recklessness.

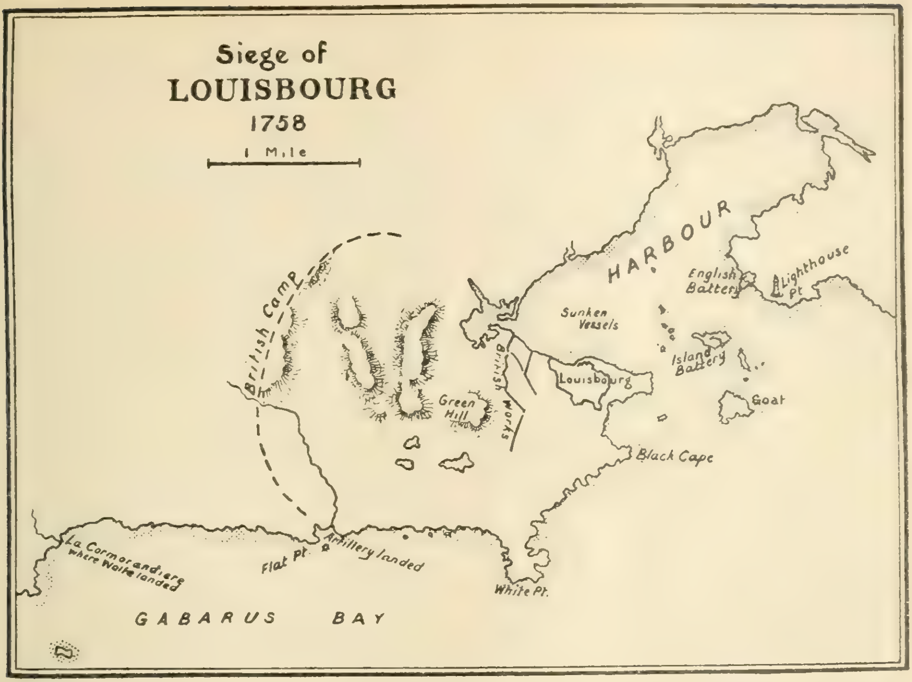
The long, gaunt figure, the pale, homely face and red hair, of which Wolfe himself was always so humorously conscious, are a familiar memory to most people, while his wretched health is also a matter of common notoriety. He loved as ardently and as faithfully as he fought, for being unsuccessful in his first attachment—a daughter of the Sir Wilfrid Lawson of that day being the object of it—he remained for years true to her memory, and proof against all other charmers till within a few months of his death. What kind of a son he was his correspondence shows. Almost the only thing he would not do for his mother was to marry any of the heiresses that excellent lady was in the habit of pressing upon his notice. In 1757 he had been sent as fourth in command of the luckless expedition against Rochelle, led by Sir John Mordaunt, and was the only man that came out of it with any credit. Even this consisted only of intentions which the supineness of his chief forbade him to carry out; and that so slight an incident caught Pitt's attention is characteristic of his genius. Wolfe's professional ardour in those dull times, together with his rather uncommon temperament, made him regarded in some quarters as eccentric. Some one told George II he was mad. "Mad, is he?" snarled out the old king, soured by the recent displays of British strategy. "Then I only hope he'll bite some of my generals."

But Pitt's first care this year was to prevent, if possible, any men or provisions from crossing the ocean for the relief of Canada. Armaments for this purpose were known to be preparing in Rochefort and Toulon, so Hawke and Osborn were sent with sufficient ships to effectually thwart both enterprises. As a big fish chases a shoal of frightened fry on to the shallows, so Hawke drove the French fleet at Rochefort helter-skelter on to their own rocks and sandbanks, to their very great detriment, while Osborn guarded the Straits at Gibraltar, a position which the armament at Toulon did not venture to dispute.

Boscawen, who was to command the North American fleet and take Amherst's army to Louisbourg, was a son of Lord Falmouth and a grandson of that too-famous Arabella Churchill, who had married after her relationship with James II had ceased. He was therefore of the Marlborough blood; but Boscawen's nicknames of "Old Dreadnought" and "Wrynecked Dick" suggest rather the bluff seadog of the period than any flavour of coronets and courts. In any case he was known as a good sailor and, what at this moment was equally important, might be trusted to act cordially with Amherst, and not follow the too-prevalent fashion of thwarting the soldier because he himself was of the rival trade. For there was not much love lost in those days between the services, and they were both apt to show their feelings only too plainly for the public welfare when called upon to act together. The sailor, from the nature of his services on these occasions, was the greater sinner, and national enterprise, strange though it seems now, had suffered often and sorely from the friction. The naval officer of those days, as everybody knows, was, with some exceptions, a rough diamond. Taken as a class, he was not the social equal of the soldier, and this in part, no doubt, accounted for his unconciliatory attitude. But a change, both in the *personnel* and the sentiment of the navy, was now creeping in, and Boscawen amply proved his capacity for putting professional prejudice aside when the honour of his country was at stake.

It was the 19th of February, 1758, when the Admiral sailed out of the Solent with Wolfe on board and a fraction of the army which was to operate against Louisbourg. The rest of the force was to be made up by troops from Loudon's army of the previous year, which was waiting at Halifax. Amherst was to follow immediately. Buffeted by winds from the very outset, and forced for some days into Plymouth, it was nearly three months before the fleet appeared in Chebucto Bay and dropped anchor in Halifax harbour on May 10th. Quebec, of course, was in the mind of Pitt and of his generals, should fortune favour them, and that quickly, at Louisbourg; but in the matter of weather she had so far been the reverse of kind, and they had already lost a month out of their quite reasonable calculations. Amherst arrived a fortnight later, and with a fleet of nearly 200 ships of all kinds, and an army of 12,000 men, sailed out of Halifax harbour and bore away through heavy seas before a favouring wind to Louisbourg. On June 1st the soldiers had their first sight of "the Dunkirk of the North," lifting its formidable ramparts behind a white fringe of raging surf.

Louisbourg, as may perhaps have been already gathered, was no town such as Boston or New York, or even Quebec and Montreal, the focus, that is to say, of a surrounding civilization; but, on the contrary, it stood like a lone oasis between a shaggy wilderness and a grey sea, the sport of storms and fogs. It counted a population of 4,000 souls, some of whom were fish-merchants and some priests, but many were engaged in various pursuits connected with the trade of war. Louisbourg, indeed, scarcely professed to represent the interests of peace; it existed for war and for war alone. France, at the late treaty, had strained



MAP SHOWING THE CHIEF POINTS IN CONNECTION WITH THE GREAT SUCCESSFUL SIEGE OF LOUISBOURG BY THE BRITISH IN JUNE AND JULY, 1758

every diplomatic nerve to recover the town from the grip of the New Englanders, who in the last war, with the help of a British fleet, had seized her in a moment of comparative weakness. England, deaf to the cries of her colonial subjects, had then yielded, and was now paying the price of her blindness. With her fine harbour, her natural defences, her commanding situation in the northern seas, Louisbourg only existed as a menace to the enemies of those who held her, a refuge to the hunted, a rallying-point for the hunters of the ocean; the scourge of Nova Scotia, the curse of the Newfoundland and New England coasts, and a name as familiar then in Europe as it is now forgotten. Since its restoration to France, a million sterling had been spent on the fortifications. Franquet, the eminent engineer, assisted by skilled artificers, had done the work, and from behind its two-mile circle of stone bastions and massive curtains of well-mortared masonry nearly 400 cannon frowned defiance upon all comers. Drucour was now governor, while about 4,000 men, mostly French or Canadian regulars, in addition to the same number of inhabitants, with a year's provisions, awaited Amherst behind the walls. But this was by no means all, for the *Sutherland*, of sixty guns, met the British fleet in the offing with the news that seven line-of-battle ships and five frigates, carrying 550 guns and 3,000 sailors, were at anchor in the harbour to assist in the defence.

Louisbourg harbour was some seven miles in circumference with an entry so blocked with reefs and islands that the actual passage was not half a mile in width. The town occupied the point of the promontory which guarded the western mouth of the harbour, and formed a triangle; one side being lashed by the breakers of the Atlantic, the other washed by the land-locked waters of the harbour, while the third, or base, facing the only approach by land, was the most strongly fortified. Goat Island, in the centre of the harbour mouth, commanded the eastern or navigable channel, and carried a battery. But these, after all, formed only a portion of the strength of Louisbourg. For several miles to the west, the only side from which a force could to any practical purpose be landed by sea, the shores of the bay of Gabarus presented an iron barrier of cliffs and reefs, only broken here and there by narrow coves that could be readily defended. A first line of defence therefore existed, formidable in itself to any but the boldest foe, before a single shell could be dropped over the walls of the town. Each of these points had now been strongly intrenched, mounted with batteries, provided with pits for riflemen, and protected by the formidable and familiar American method of felled trees laid with their branches outward.

Amherst's army consisted of about 12,000 men, made up of the following corps: The 15th (Amherst's), 17th (Forbes'), 28th (Bragg's), 35th (Otway's), 40th (Hopson's), 47th (Lascelles'), 48th (Webb's), 58th (Anstruther's), the first and second battalions of the 60th or Royal Americans, and the 63rd (Fraser's Highlanders); there were also five companies of rangers and artillery, with about 140 guns of varying calibre. The Highland regiments had been recently raised by Pitt, to whom belongs the honour of converting the late enemies of the British Government into battalions that were to prove one of the most formidable of its weapons. The Royal Americans, too, whose acquaintance we have already made, were the origin of battalions no less famous in British annals. Most people, I fancy, would be surprised to hear that the 60th Rifles was first raised in America, and consisted not merely of colonists, but very largely of German colonists; so much so, indeed, that it was found advisable to procure a number of officers from Switzerland and Germany who could speak their language. Their chief, Colonel Bouquet, was a Swiss, an extremely able and accomplished officer, who was now in Pennsylvania with Forbes, and of whom we shall hear later. He has moreover left a journal of his doings in America which is well worthy of perusal.

Boscawen had twenty-three ships of the line and seventeen frigates, and it was the 2nd of June before his whole fleet arrived off the town. A heavy sea was running, and the rugged shore was white with an unbroken line of raging surf. Amherst, however, with Lawrence and Wolfe, the latter still suffering sorely from his dire enemy, seasickness, took boat, and rowing along the coast, surveyed it through their glasses. There were only three places at which a landing was possible, even when the weather moderated, and these, it was seen, were all strongly intrenched. On the 5th the wind dropped a little but gave way to a fog, which was even worse. On the 6th both wind and fog moderated, and the troops were placed in the boats, but the wind again increasing, they were ordered back to the ships. The sailors, with all the will in the world, thought gravely of any attempt to land. Boscawen sent for his captains one by one, and they were all inclined to shake their heads. A fine old sea-dog, however, one Ferguson, captain of a sixty-gun ship, the *Prince*, would have no halting, and by his vehemence turned the scale in favour of prompt action. On the evening of the 7th the wind fell slightly, the night proved clear, and soon after midnight the men were once more dropped into the boats. It had been arranged that the attack should be made in three divisions on three separate points. Lawrence and Whitmore were to threaten the two coves nearer the town, while Wolfe made the actual attack on Kennington Cove or Le Coromandiere, the farthest off, the most accessible, but also the most strongly defended, and some four miles distant from the city.

When morning broke upon the short summer night, all was ready for a start, and at sunrise the entire fleet opened such a furious cannonade as had never been heard even in those dreary regions of strife and tempest. Under its cover the boats pushed for the shore, Wolfe and his division, as the chief actors in the scene, making for the left, where, in Kennington Cove, some twelve hundred French soldiers, with a strong battery of guns, lay securely intrenched just above the shore line and behind an abattis of fallen trees. As Wolfe's boats, rising and falling on the great Atlantic rollers, drew near the rocks, the thunder of Boscawen's guns ceased, and, the French upon shore still reserving their fire for closer quarters, there was for some time an ominous silence, broken only by the booming of the surf as it leapt up the cliffs or spouted in white columns above the sunken rocks. Heading for the narrow beach, the leading boats were within a hundred yards of it when the French batteries opened on them with a fierce hail of ball and round shot. Nothing but the heaving of the sea, say those who were there, could have saved them. Wolfe's flagstaff was shot away, and even that ardent soul shrank from leading his men further into such a murderous fire. He was just signalling to his flotilla to sheer off, when three boats on the flank, either unaware of or refusing to see the signal, were observed dashing for a rocky ledge at the corner of the cove. They were commanded by two lieutenants, Hopkins and Brown, and an ensign, Grant. These young gentlemen had caught sight of a possible landing-place at a spot protected by an angle of the cliff from the French batteries. Without waiting for orders, they sent their boats through the surf, and with little damage succeeded in landing on the slippery rocks and scrambling to temporary shelter from the French fire.

Wolfe, at once a disciplinarian and a creature of impulse, did not stand on ceremony. Feeling, no doubt, that he would himself have acted in precisely the same fashion as his gallant subalterns under like conditions, he signalled to the rest to follow their lead, setting the example himself with his own boat. The movement was successful, though not without much loss both in boats and men. The surf was strong and the rocks were sharp; many boats were smashed to pieces, many men were drowned, but the loss was not comparable to the advantage gained. Wolfe himself, cane in hand, was one of the first to leap into the surf. These were not the men of Oswego, of Lake George, of the Monongahela, of the Virginia frontier. The spirit of Pitt was already abroad, borne by the very breakers on these wild Acadian shores, and burning in the hearts of these fierce islanders, who, like their Norse ancestors of old, came out of the very surf to wrest dominion from their ancient foe. As the troops came straggling out upon the beach, full of ardour, soaked to the skin, and many of them badly bruised, Wolfe formed them rapidly in column, routed a detachment of Grenadiers, and fell immediately with the bayonet upon the French redoubts. The enemy, though picked and courageous troops, were taken aback and fled without much resistance. They had seen Amherst, too, with reinforcements, coming up behind Wolfe, and above all had noted the flotillas of Whitmore and Lawrence between them and the city, and were fearful of being cut off should these last effect a landing. The French were pursued over the rocks and through the scrubby pine-woods till the pursuers came within play of the guns of Louisbourg, which opened a heavy fire to cover the retreat. Over a hundred were killed or taken prisoners, while the loss of the British in landing was not much less.

Amherst now traced the lines of his camp along a shallow valley, watered by a small stream, which was not only out of range of the Louisbourg guns, but invisible from the walls. Here he proceeded to intrench himself, erecting blockhouses at extremities where an attack might be expected from Acadians and Micmac Indians, with which the wilderness beyond was thought to swarm. The sea, however, remained so rough that it was some days before the troops could get their tents, stores and lighter guns on shore. It was not till about the 17th, when the weather moderated, that the siege guns could be brought from the fleet. Both services worked with a will, but their difficulties may be estimated from the fact that over a hundred boats were destroyed in the operation.

The French now drew all their men within the fortifications. A large battery of thirty guns on the opposite side of the harbour, with houses and fish stages, was destroyed by the garrison on the night of the British landing, and a great conflagration reddened both sky and sea. The guns were spiked, as were those of a smaller battery at the eastern point of the harbour's mouth. Wolfe had a large corps of light infantry, picked for their marksmanship from various regiments, and trained, so far as a week or two at Halifax could train them, in tactics that became familiar enough later on, but were regarded at the time as quite a strange innovation on the part of the vigorous and eccentric brigadier. It was merely a matter of advancing in loose formation, and using all the inequalities of the ground for protection, coupled with a light and easy costume for the men, namely a short jacket, small round hat, and a kind of light woollen trouser, cut moderately tight. A story goes that an officer who was regarded as somewhat learned among his fellows remarked to Wolfe that his new corps reminded him of the καρδοῦχοι alluded to by Xenophon. "That is exactly where I got the idea," replied Wolfe; "only these people never read anything, and consequently believe the idea to be a novel one."

Amherst's first move was to send Wolfe with his light infantry on a long, rough march of seven or eight miles around the harbour to erect some batteries upon the farther shore, the necessary guns being despatched by water. In this business, notwithstanding the scantiness of soil and the absence of suitable timber, he was so alert that by the 26th he had not only mounted his chief battery at Lighthouse Point, but had intrenched all his men in safety from the fire of the town and fleet, which had been fierce and continuous, and furthermore had effectually silenced the formidable French battery on Goat Island in the middle of the harbour entrance.

There was nothing now to prevent Boscawen, if he so chose, from sailing in with his whole fleet, so the French admiral, Desgouttes, rather than lose all his ships, prudently sunk four of them by night in the channel to protect the rest. Wolfe, in the meantime, had been writing cheery letters to Amherst, telling him of his progress, and greatly jubilant that the French fleet were now "in a confounded scrape." This was precisely what the French admiral and his officers had been thinking for some time, and Desgouttes had urged on the Governor the desirability of getting his ships off while there was yet time. Drucour, however, thought differently, as he wanted the ships and the sailors to prolong the defence, and so prevent the besieging army from either proceeding to Quebec that season, or from helping Abercromby against Montcalm at Lake George. For a fortnight an artillery fire had been steadily proceeding upon the harbour side, while to the westward, where the serious attack was contemplated, Amherst's dispositions were not quite ready, the engineering difficulties being considerable. Wolfe, having done his work, now hurried back to the main lines, which were henceforward to be the chief scene of action.

An extensive marsh stretched away from the walls of Louisbourg on the landward side. Beyond this rolled the rugged, broken ground in which the British intrenchments lay. On each side of the marsh, however, rocky knolls extended up close to the defences of the town. It was along these horns, as it were, that Amherst had to push his batteries under a heavy fire. With rocky hillocks and swampy flats to approach over, Amherst's task was no easy one; but he was distinguished for patience and thoroughness. What he lacked in dash, Wolfe, who by the

27th was back at his side, most amply supplied. Thousands of men toiled night and day, while a hundred big guns roared with tireless throats from the massive works of masonry on the west of the town, and poured shot and shell upon the British working parties as they crept gradually nearer. But the pick, the shovel, and the axe proved as efficient in defence under the skilful eyes of those who directed them as they were to prove formidable in advance, and no serious loss was suffered. A French frigate, the *Aréthuse*, bravely manned and commanded, was stationed in a western angle of the harbour, where the northern wing of the approaching invaders could be reached, and proved herself extremely troublesome. She stood in her turn a vast deal of cannonading, till at last she was brought off, her shot holes plugged, and running the gauntlet of the British fleet in a fog, she bore safely away, and carried the news of the sore plight of Louisbourg across the Atlantic.

On both the right and left the English batteries were now pushed forward to within half a mile of the town, and, with Wolfe on one side and Lawrence on the other, began their deadly work. Two hundred big guns and mortars, plied upon both sides by skilled gunners, shook that desolate coast with such an uproar as no part of North America since its first discovery had ever felt. Twenty thousand disciplined troops,* soldiers and sailors, led by skilful and energetic commanders, made a warlike tableau, the like of which had never yet been seen, with all the blood that had been spilled between the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence, while infinite valour animated both sides. On July 6th, a sortie was made upon the advanced trenches on the British left which was easily repulsed. Three days afterwards a much more serious effort was pressed by a thousand men, stimulated by brandy, the English accounts say, upon the right. The British Grenadiers were forced back out of the trenches, fighting desperately with the bayonet in the dark. Wolfe was here, revelling in the bloody *mêlee*, and the enemy was ultimately driven back into the town.

At this time, too, the long-threatened attack of Acadians and Indians, out of the wilderness on the left flank, was delivered. They were commanded by Boisherbert, a partisan leader of note, but were easily repulsed, and gave little further trouble.

On July 16th, Wolfe made a rush forward and fortified a small hill, locally famous as the spot where Louisbourg malefactors were executed. It was only three hundred yards from the ramparts of the town, and the artillery fire now waxed terrific.

On both wings, indeed, the British advance was pushed so close that gun after gun was dismounted on the Louisbourg ramparts, and the masonry itself began to crack and crumble in all directions, while British soldiers were pressing forward to the very foot of the glacis, and firing upon the covered way. On the 21st, one of the French ships in the harbour, the *Célèbre*, was ignited by a bomb, and the flames spread to two others. The British batteries on the extreme left commanded the scene, and rained such a hail of balls upon the flaming decks that the ships could not be saved, and all three were burnt to the water's edge. Shells, round shot and bombs were now falling in every part of the devoted town. Nearly all the sailors of the fleet were with the garrison, and all the townsmen who could bear arms helped to man the defences.

There had been a little earlier some friendly amenities between besiegers and besieged. Amherst had sent some West India pineapples to Madame Drucour, whom an uncertain French authority, that one would like to believe, declares took a personal part in the defence. Madame sent back a basket of wine, while Drucour himself offered the services of an exceptionally skilful physician to any of the wounded British officers who cared to avail themselves of them. But matters had got too serious now for such courtesies. On the 22nd the chief house of the citadel, where the Governor and other officials were living, was almost wholly destroyed by fire. A thousand of the garrison were sick or wounded, and were cowering in wretchedness and misery in the few sheltered spots and casements that remained.

The soldiers had no refuge whatever from the shot and shell. Night and day—for there was a bright moon—the pitiless rain of iron fell upon the town, which, being built mostly of wood, was continually igniting and demanding the incessant labours of a garrison weakened and worn out by the necessity of sleepless vigilance. The gallantry of the defence equalled the vigour of the attack, and was all the more praiseworthy seeing how hopeless it had become. Only two ships of war were left in the harbour, and the British bluejackets, who had been spectators of the siege, now thought they saw a chance of earning some distinction for their branch of the service. So five hundred sailors, in boats, running the gauntlet of the fire from the town upon the harbour side, dashed in upon the *Le Bienfaisant* and *Le Prudent*, overpowered their feeble crews, burnt the latter ship, and towed the other one into a corner of the harbour secured by British batteries. The harbour was now cleared of French shipping. Another great fire had just occurred in the town, destroying the barracks that had been an important point of shelter. The bastions on the land side were rapidly crumbling. On the 26th less than half a dozen guns were feebly replying to the uproar of 107 heavy pieces firing at close range from the British batteries, and more than one big breach in the walls warned the exhausted garrison of the imminence of an assault.

A council of war was now called, and the vote was unanimous that a white flag should be sent to Amherst with a request for terms. This was done, but when Amherst's answer came the opinion was equally unanimous against accepting what he offered, which was unconditional surrender within an hour. The officer was sent back again to urge a modification of such hard conditions, but Amherst, well knowing that he had Louisbourg at his mercy, refused even to see the envoy. With singular courage, seeing that no relief was possible, the French officers resolved to bear the brunt of the attack, and Franquet, the engineer who had constructed the fortifications, with de la Houlière, the commander of the troops, proceeded to select the ground for a last stand. But the townspeople had no mind to offer themselves up as victims to an infuriated soldiery, for they remembered Fort William Henry, and dreaded the result. The Commissary-General came to Drucour, and represented that whatever might be the feelings of the military with regard to their professional honour, it was not fair to subject 4,000 citizens, who had already suffered terribly, to the horrors of an assault upon that account alone. He pointed out, and with justice, that no stain, as it was, could rest on the garrison, who had acquitted themselves most bravely against a numerous and formidable foe, and his arguments had effect. The messenger, who for some cause or other had delayed in his mission, was overtaken and recalled, and Amherst's terms accepted. These last required that all the garrison should be delivered up as prisoners of war and transported to England. The non-combatants were at liberty to return to France, and the sick and wounded, numbering some 1,200, were to be looked after by Amherst. All Cape Breton and the adjacent island of Saint Jean (now the fertile province of Prince Edward), with any small garrisons or stores therein contained, were to be given up to the English.

On July the 27th the French troops were drawn up on parade before Whitmore, and, with gestures of rage and mortification, laid down their arms and filed gloomily off to the ships that were to take them to England; 5,637 prisoners, soldiers and sailors, were included in the surrender. About 240 sound pieces of cannon and mortars, with a large amount of ammunition and stores, fell into the hands of the victors. The French fleet in attendance was totally destroyed, and French power upon the North Atlantic coast ceased to exist.

With Halifax so near, possessing, as it did, an even better harbour, an already firm British establishment and a good tributary country, there was evidently no need for such a place as Louisbourg. So to place it more entirely out of the reach of all enemies, the British Government decided upon its destruction. Two years after this, in 1760, a great crowd of workmen, navvies and soldiers, toiled continuously for six months at the task of demolition, and the busy, famous warlike town was in this strange fashion wiped out of existence. Never again could a short-sighted English Government, blind to its greater interests because these were not in the Mediterranean or the English Channel, reinstate by treaty a French garrison in Cape Breton. To-day a collection of fishermen's huts by the shore is nearly all that is left of this great stronghold of French power in the days when a mighty colonial future lay within her grasp. Short by comparison as is the story of the New World, he would be a dull soul who could stand unmoved by that deserted, unvisited, surf-beaten shore, where you may still trace upon the turf the dim lines of once busy streets, and mark the green mounds which hide the remains of the great bastions of Louisbourg. It has not been given in modern times to many centres of note and power to enjoy within the short space of a century and a half at once such world-wide fame and such profound oblivion.

TO BE CONTINUED

STAR-BLANKET

By DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

PRETTY-FACE had promised to behave herself once more. But this time she promised in a different way, and her husband, Star-blanket, was satisfied, which he had not always been before. Star-blanket wanted to be what his agent called "a good Indian." He wanted to have a new cooking stove, and a looking-glass. He already had cattle on loan, and was one of the best workers in the hay-fields. But it was disturbing that he should so often come back from his work to find his wife talking to Bad-young-man, who never did a stroke of work, who ranged off the reserve into Montana or Kootenay, scorning permits, and who made trouble wherever he came. Pretty-face would promise solemnly never to have a word with Bad-young-man again, but many times had she broken her promise, and Star-blanket would return to meet the rover on his pony, and hear his impudent hail as he passed him in his barbaric trappings, his hair full of brass pistol cartridges and the tin trademarks from tobacco plugs. But this last promise of Pretty-face was in something different, and Star-blanket was satisfied. So satisfied was he that he bought for her the medicine-pole-bag, which made her, without any question, the first lady on the reserve.

And Pretty-face kept her promise. It was true that Bad-young-man was away, no one knew where; but Star-blanket was infinitely satisfied to come home and find her looking after the children, or preparing his supper herself, instead of leaving it to her mother, whose cookery his soul hated. He took a great satisfaction now in the prospect of his small shanty and his larger stable, with the three tepees grouped around them, and his verdant garden patches fenced to keep out the cattle. He took a greater pleasure out of his wife's social position than she did, and viewed the medicine-pole-bag with a sort of awe. With an infantine curiosity he wondered what were the sacred mysteries of the "Mow-to-kee" when the centre pole was raised. Pretty-face allowed him to see the contents of the parfleche bag, which had cost him so many good dollars; the snakeskin head-band into which the feathers were stuck; the little sacks of paint, red earth and grease; the shells in which the paint is mixed; the sweet grass to burn as incense during prayer-making; and the whistle to mark the rhythm for dancing.

More and more evident were the results of his toil and his obedience to his agent and his instructor. He began to see clearly that what they had told him was truth. He could trace every dollar of the twenty-five he had paid for the medicine-pole-bag to some good stroke of work he had done in the hay-fields. He did not know it, but the agent had asked the department for lumber to build him a new house, and his chief ambitions were forming solidly in the future. Verily, the white man's ways were the best.

So his feeling was all the more intense when he returned home one evening in October and found that Bad-young-man had been there. He did not see him, but there was no need of such crude evidence. There was no visible trace in the demeanour of Pretty-face nor in the bearing of the mother-in-law. His wife had even prepared his favourite dish for supper. But another date had been written down. Bad-young-man had come back.

Star-blanket ate his meal in silence, and Pretty-face was so frightened that she went away when he began to fill his pipe with tobacco and kinikinik. But he did not really care just then what she did. He wrapped a blanket around his shirt and went out to see his paternal grandfather, who lived in one of the tepees. He had been a mighty warrior in his day, but now he was old, and could only remember the time of his prowess which had gone by. He could talk, but he could not see, and his chief delight was in smoking and sleeping in the sun. That night when he smelt the kinikinik in Star-blanket's tobacco, his tongue was loosened, and he told many a story of violent deed and desperate death. Star-blanket was convinced that the old way was a good way, and he went out into the moonlight, unhobbled one of his ponies and rode away furiously, yelling every little while at the moon. When he came back he pulled Pretty-face out of one of the tepees where she was hiding. She thought he was going to kill her, but he only warned her that he would kill her and Bad-young-man if he ever heard of them being together again. Then he let her go, and went and got the medicine-pole-bag and gave it to his grandfather.

After a night's sleep he had forgotten his lapse to paganism, and again found himself wanting to be a "good" Indian. It was the end of October, and a ration day, and Star-blanket went up to the ration house himself, instead of sending one of his women. He rode his best pony, and took his rifle with him. The farther he got from home the more restless he felt, and he went down to his brother-in-law's camp and had dinner.

It was late in the afternoon when he returned to his own place. There were the fresh marks of a horse's hoofs on the trail. They began after he had passed the coulee. He knew they were made by Bad-young-man's pony. He seemed to be thinking as he rode slowly along, but suddenly he fired. He did not himself hear the crack of his rifle. His pony stopped. Something fell out from the bushes, half way across the trail. It was Bad-young-man. The pony sniffed, then plunged and dashed by; but Star-blanket never dropped his eyes. When he reached the house he went into the tepee to talk with his grandfather, and the women who had heard the shot rushed off to find Pretty-face.

After Star-blanket had heard what his grandfather had to say, he declared that the old way was the best, and he went out and made his "mark" to kill a white man. But he would take his time over that; no one would miss Bad-young-man for a long while. Pretty-face, remembering his warning, expected to be shot, and she kept out of sight for two days; but when he saw her he only scolded and called her the worst name he could in his own language, and nearly the worst he could in English, and because he had nothing to eat all that time except her mother's odious bannocks fried in rancid grease. Star-blanket's settlement was some distance from the main trail to Macleod, and there was little likelihood of any one coming up to his hill; so, for a week, Bad-young-man lay as he had fallen. No one went near him. For a day and a night his pony stood by him, but, wandering away looking for grass he was taken by one of the women and hobbled at night with the others.

Suddenly Star-blanket became restless. Watching from a small hill near his house, he saw the agent stop and look up at his place as if debating whether to visit him or not. He went on, but the next time he might come. That night it was dark, and a heavy cloud in the east threatened snow. Star-blanket deemed that this was a good time to do a little shooting, so when one of the farm instructors, moving about his house, came between the lamp and a window, he heard the sharp crack of a rifle, and saw a flower-pot jump off the window sill. He did not believe he was hit until the doctor, tracing the bullet from the point of his hip backward, produced it from somewhere near his spine. Another inch and he would not have seen the flower-pot jump off the window sill. Up came the cloud carrying and scattering snow, and away went Star-blanket with it.

In the morning the reserve was alive with excitement. The Northwest mounted police patrols were out scouring the country, but safely were the marks of Star-blanket's pony hidden in the obscurity of the snow. Star-blanket himself kept close to his place all day, but one of his women brought him up the news. The instructor was not even badly hurt; in a day or two he would be as well as ever. Star-blanket did not care very much; all white men were alike to him; only he made his mark to kill another, the agent this time. He would have done so had not Bad-young-man's pony broken away and gone straight to the lower camp. His appearance caused a commotion, and soon it was known everywhere that Bad-young-man's pony had come back without Bad-young-man, and the question naturally arose —what had become of that celebrated gambler and lady-killer. Every possible and probable cause of his disappearance was canvassed, when Medicine-pipe-crane-turning declared that he had been murdered. He had no evidence to offer, but he looked the pony all over and declared that he had been murdered.

Star-blanket was uneasy when he found that Bad-young-man's pony had strayed off, and later in the morning he saw a girl of Wolf-bull's band come out of the bushes near his trail. Something in the way this girl hurried along made him know that she had found Bad-young-man. Toward evening, when the police rode up with tramp and jangle, they found only Star-blanket's blind paternal grandfather huddled up in his tepee. Hours before Star-blanket and his whole menage, ponies, women, kids, kettles, blankets and all, had taken to the brush.

That night it was known over the whole reserve that Star-blanket had shot Bad-young man and had tried to kill an instructor. The word went out by runners to the farthest police posts, and while the fugitives were hidden in the bottom of some coulee under the stars and out of the wind, his fame had travelled from Macleod half-way round the world. No one could understand how Star-blanket, who wanted to be a "good" Indian, had done this thing. He was a mild, big fellow, with sad eyes in a face rather emaciated. But, whatever reasons he had had, he was now to be caught and punished. It was once more civilization against barbarism. Against this one Indian who had dared to follow the old tradition was arrayed all organized law. The mounted police, the Indian agent, and the Bloods, the people of his own clan and totem, who had learned well the white man's treachery, were banded together to hunt him down.

Star-blanket resolved that, so far as he was able, he would make it a long and merry chase. To that end he began by discarding all the comforts of home; and one evening, about sundown, a squad of police were surprised to stumble on Star-blanket's women and the paraphernalia of his camp scurrying along the main trail. They gathered them in, but from them they could gain no clew to the whereabouts of the murderer. Now that he was free of his impediments Star-blanket began a flitting to and fro that puzzled the most cunning scouts and unsettled the most phlegmatic brave on the reserve. Knowing all the fleetest horses he stole them by night and used each one until it was played out. In vain the scouts followed tracks in the snow. Reports came in that he had been seen, mounted on a white horse, in the Belly River bottom; but it was found to be one of Cochrane's cowboys. Three-bull's piebald racer, the fastest horse on the reserve was stolen, although his owner was watching all night, and the next morning he was found forty miles away completely exhausted. The Indians fell into a panic; no one did a stroke of work. Reports came in, which, if true, would mean that he had been seen on the same night in two different places thirty miles apart. The Indians believed that he had some "medicine," and that he would never be caught. Three weeks had been lost in the chase, and even the police were beginning to chaff one another. It looked probable that Star-blanket had retired to the wilds of the Kootenay, or had flitted over the line to Montana.

He could have done either of these things readily enough, but, with a sort of bravado he chose to circle like a hawk about his own reserve. He well knew what an excitement his escapade was causing, and his gratified vanity bore him through perils and hardships which he would for some reasons have shunned. All the nights of the late October were cold, as he sometimes lay next his horse in the bottom of a coulee, sheltered from the wind, with his single blanket for a covering, or riding in the teeth of a storm of snow or sleet to appear or disappear like a spirit. Hunger pursued him. The white man, with his cunning, had locked up his women, and they could not *cache* food for him. He distrusted his relatives, he knew that they would be bribed to hunt him down or lay a trap for him. Sometimes he stood under the stars so near their tepees that he could hear their breathing. Once he stole two days' rations from a mounted policeman who was sleeping by his hobbled horse. But always he was hungry. His face grew more emaciated and his eyes took on the glitter of ice under starlight. Sleepless by night and by day, he called on his gods to strike his enemies. They had taken his country from him, his manners and his garb, and when he rebelled against them, their hands were upon him. Sometimes he felt as if his head was on fire, and he held his hands up in the dark to see the reflection of the flames. Sometimes he reeled in his saddle when he looked off towards the foothills of the Rockies, shining silvery in the distance, like an uplifted land of promise.

He was getting tired of it all. A sort of contempt for his pursuers, for the hundreds of them that could not catch him, crept upon him. He grew more careless and more daring. They found his trail mingled with their own. One day after a storm, in which three inches of snow had fallen, he struck the trail boldly at Bentley's, crossed the ford there without any attempt at concealment, worked his way down the river. Again he forded; then doubling on his tracks through thick brush, recrossed his own trail at Bentley's, and then followed the river bank up stream. Then, after a mile or so, he came out into the open. It was a clear morning after the storm; above, a lofty blue sky; below, the plain stretching away covered with the gleaming snow. He was riding leisurely, when suddenly, without turning around, he knew he was followed. Urging his horse and glancing over his shoulder, he saw three mounted men on his trail about a mile away. He dashed ahead, at first without eagerness, with an air of reckless contempt. The next time he looked he noticed that one of the horsemen had begun to draw away from his companions.

Star-blanket's pony was not fresh, he had ridden him many a mile in the night, and the beast showed signs of fatigue. He urged him to the top of his speed, but the next time he looked behind his pursuer had gained. He could see that he was mounted on a spirited horse which was perfectly fresh. He calculated that before he had gone another mile his enemy would be abreast of him. His own beast, instead of responding to his cries, seemed to lag, he had no life in him. When Star-blanket looked over his shoulder again he could almost distinguish the features of his pursuer. He had long, blonde moustaches and a ruddy face. Star-blanket knew who it was. It was Sergeant Wales of the Pincher Creek detachment. He was rapidly overhauling him. Star-blanket could hear him shout now and then. What would he do? His impulse was simply to surrender. Glancing once more behind him, he saw that Wales had drawn his pistol and he would soon be within its range. Again he urged his tired beast. He kept his eyes fixed for a while on the snow which the hoofs of his pony were tramping. Over the light, uneven sound of his hoofs and the movements of his trappings, Star-blanket began to hear the pounding of the approaching feet, regular and strong, and the jingle and rattle of the accoutrements. Every moment he expected to hear the whistle of a bullet past his ears.

Suddenly the thought flashed through him that Wales intended to take him alive and lead him back to barracks a captive. Once more, and for the last time, he looked behind him. Rushing splendidly, horse and rider moving as one, they thundered down upon him. Sun flashing from red tunic, from points of brass and steel, foam springing from nostril white as the snow into which it fell, on they came as if hurled from a catapult to overwhelm irresistibly this rickety pony with its starved rider. Star-blanket gazed for a moment; he could see the eye-balls of his captor gleam. He did not utter a sound; he merely smiled with the glorious excitement and triumph. I will make him shoot me, the Indian thought. His rifle lay in the hollow of his arm. Star-blanket turned away, and as he turned his rifle spoke. Now he will shoot me in the back, he thought. No. Thirty yards they went. Star-blanket heard a cry behind him. He turned in time to see the towering frame of Wales swerve in his saddle, bend backwards, swing from his horse. In a twinkling Star-blanket wheeled his pony. The horse, dragging its master's weight, rushed on for twenty yards, then stopped. Quickly, so quickly that the words of the story seem leaden, Star-blanket dismounted. A couple of bullets whistled far over his head from his other pursuers half a mile away. Then he did something inconceivably brave for an Indian. He ran close to the dead man, fired into him, grabbed his horse, leaped into the saddle and was off. From a mile distant he saw his pursuers stoop over the body of the sergeant, and then gaze after him where he made a blot upon the snow. Slowly he raised his arm and turned from them, making for Stand-Off and the mouth of the Kootenay.

Wolf-plume was Star-blanket's brother-in-law. He had a house with two stories, and one bed in which he never slept. Following the agent's directions, by day his house wore an inviting appearance; by night it was lighted as if prepared for feasting and tea drinking. The third night after the shooting of Wales, the snow had begun to fall near sundown, and fell silently, unmoved by wind, as the night deepened. Through the snow, an Indian, leading his horse, his face hidden in his blanket, approached Wolf-plume's house. He tapped softly at the door. When Wolf-plume came, the covering dropped a little from the face. It was Star-blanket. At first he would not come nearer. But, reassured by the words of his brother-in-law, and drawn powerfully by the odor of a stew that came out strongly into the snow, he threw the rein off his arm, left his horse standing, and entered. There was no danger in sight. A bench was placed for him. The stew tasted like nothing which had ever passed his lips before; and weariness overcame him, weariness and sleep. After weeks of privation, starved, frozen, jaded with the saddle, hunted for his life, he laid down in the house of his friends and slept.

He slept. Then Wolf-plume took the lamp out of the east window and from miles away started the policemen who had waited only for that signal. Soon they had surrounded the little house. They let him sleep as a free man, sleep as the snow fell and the clouds cleared off, and stars came out piercingly bright in the sky. He woke toward morning, and all about him was the stamping of horses and the movement of red tunics.

Many days after that, just before they hanged him, he thought of the medicine-pole-bag. He had often thought of Pretty-face, but he did not want to see her. He had thought of many things which he did not understand. He was to die in the white man's manner, in the way he killed the braves of his own race who had dealt mightily with their hands. He could not comprehend it all. They had driven away the buffalo, and made the Indian sad with flour and beef, and had put his muscles into harness. He had only shot a bad Indian, and they rose upon him. His gun had shot a big policeman, and when they had taught his brother-in-law their own morals he was taken in sleep, and now there was to be an end. He did not know what Père Pauquette meant by his prayers, and the presentation of the little crucifix worn bright with many salutations. It was all involved in mystery, dire and vast. Groping about for some solace he sent for the medicine-pole-bag, and when they brought it and he was left alone, he placed it in a corner of his cell and gazed for a long time upon the parfleche covering with its magical markings. When they had left him for his last sleep he gathered it to his breast, and all night he slept with it there, unutterably content. The next morning they took it away. It was very cold for early spring. He did not hear or understand what Père Pauquette murmured in his ear. His was the calm of a stoic. He breathed deeply the scent of the sweet grass with which the medicine-pole-bag was filled, which clung to his tunic and rose like incense about his face. And so Star-blanket died.

THE GRAVES OF THE ENGLISH DEAD*

BY VERNON NOTT

IN a burial ground by the rim of the sea, that fronts toward the crimson west,
'Mid gathering twilight, I sat alone where the dead were lying in rest;
And meseem'd that voices from far away with longing vainly cried—
For softly I heard, as it sang to the shore, the drone of the ceaseless tide.
As the moon uprose from the purple waves,
I looked on that garden of serried graves—
And sorrow crept to my side.

"These are such," I mused, "all sleeping here, as have chosen the peaceful life;
As have lived and died in their wave-girt home, unlured by the lust of strife;
They are such as humbled themselves to fate, choosing the minor pain—
Yet wrought as men of our English race—and here in their home are lain:
But what of the others—the heroes they!—
Who, true to their blood, have sail'd away—
And will never return again?

"Where do they lie, those dauntless ones, who in pride of their English birth
Carried the sword or the Word of God to uttermost parts of the earth;
Who, sharing the Christian's burden, have suffer'd and wrought and bled—
And stamp'd for ever, the wide world over, marks of their tireless tread?"
And lo! in a vision then wrought for me,
I saw in the lands beyond the sea
The graves of the English Dead.

I saw where the lonely legion lay, afar from their island home,
Like seed from the hand of a sower, like stars in the heavens' dome:
They lie in the five big continents; they are lull'd by every breeze;
Are tomb'd in the ice of antipodal Poles, or 'neath shade of the tamarind trees:
And such as were whelm'd by the vengeful waves
Are asleep in the dusk of coral caves
In the depths of the outer seas.

Where sunless the far-away circles gloom and the cold winds moan around
Are their footsteps lock'd in the icefloe, by Death their foeman bound;
'Mid the waterless deserts' dustblown drifts, by God and devil bann'd,
The tracks of our brothers who challenged Death are lost in the shifting sand.
Oh, bravely they lived and as bravely died,
These men that wrought, to their country's pride,
The works of heart and hand!

In the burial ground by the side of the sea, that fronts to the mystic west,
By light of the moon, I sat alone where the dead were taking their rest;
And meseem'd that a voice from over the world in a yearning whisper said,
"How long, how long, dear Lord, how long ere race to race be wed?"—
There's a voice in the ocean's muffled roar
Telling a tale to the English shore
Of the graves of the English Dead.

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*From "The Journey's End and Other Verses," by Vernon Nott. Montreal: A. T. Chapman. Compare "The Chain of Empire," by Clive Phillipps-Wolley, CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Vol. xii, pp. 494-495.

SHAW'S COMEDY

By ALBERT R. CARMAN, Author of "The Pensionnaires," etc.

MR. WILLIS J. SHAW started guiltily away from Mrs. Willis J. Shaw at the sound of a sharp rap at the door. Mrs. Shaw looked up quickly with resentful apprehension, and her eyes said petulantly—"Who can it be?" Mr. Shaw had an annoyed and hesitant air as if he contemplated double-locking the door and pretending that they were dead, or had gone out, or something of that sort.

"You'll have to see who it is," whispered Mrs. Shaw.

At this, Mr. Shaw looked more savage than ever, and strode angrily to the door. He flung it open; and there stood the bell boy with his hand just raised to knock again. But, instead, he presented his silver tray.

"A card for you, sir."

Mr. Shaw took the card and read—

MISS ESTELLE STANLEY

"You are sure it is for me?" he demanded of the boy.

"It is for Mr. Shaw."

"Where is the lady?"

"In the Ladies' Parlour, sir."

"Um-m! Did she—wasn't it for Mrs. Shaw?"

"I was just told 'Mr. Shaw.'"

"Who is it—dear?" There was just a little hesitation before the "dear," and after it Mrs. Shaw looked defiantly at the bell boy; for she had been "Mrs. Shaw" for only about twenty-four hours, and it was still quite a feat for her to call Willis "dear" in public.

"I haven't an idea," said Willis. "Do *you* know a Miss Estelle Stanley?"

"No-o."

"There must be some mistake," said Willis, turning to the boy.

"I'll see, sir," said the boy; and, taking the card again, he backed away.

The newly married couple looked curiously at each other. "A mistake," said Willis, tossing his head as if to fling off the incident; and, smiling, he turned toward his bride. But she moved away. Until the intrusion of this other woman had passed, she felt that things were not quite as they had been.

Another rap at the door; and then the bell boy was saying—

"She says that she has an appointment with you, sir—and that she don't know anything about any other lady," looking significantly at Mrs. Willis.

Willis gasped and turned toward Mrs. Willis.

"You had better see her," Mrs. Willis was saying icily.

"But I don't know her," stormed Willis. "You—would you come down with me?" He seemed to doubt whether she would or not; and the doubt settled it. If he had taken it as a matter of course, she would have gone; but he clearly thought that the proper thing for her to do was to stay where she was—and she would stay.

"The card is not for me," she said with determination; and then seeing Willis still hesitate in painful doubt, she relented toward him and added kindly—"You will probably find it is a mistake when you get there."

"Very well," said Willis; and he brushed off the shoulders of his coat and smoothed his hair, and went. Curiosity had nearly driven annoyance out of the face that he turned to her in going; so that when the door was quite closed Mrs. Willis started to say—"I wonder—;" and then caught her breath and bravely refused to wonder.

II

There was only one lady in the parlour; and she wore an expectant air. She also wore a flaming hat and a costume which made the red plush furniture look dull.

"Miss Stanley?" said Willis, bowing.

"Yes," said the girl, getting up with

a bright smile that was almost startling in its sudden vivacity. "So you finally decided to see me?" There was challenge in her tones.

"I could not well do otherwise," replied Willis with wondering resentment.

The girl smiled confidently and said—"I should think not, after your promise."

"My promise?"—in open astonishment.

"Well, it was equivalent to a promise surely. You said that you would see me when you came to the city in connection with your wedding trip—"

"I—said—my—wedding trip?" Willis managed to get out.

"Yes, you really did. I know that you have so much to think of, but you really wrote me that or I would never have bothered you." The girl was quite serious now; and Willis noticed that she was a good deal older than she had seemed when he came in.

"But—" Willis began.

"Oh, I'll believe you if you say you have forgotten it," she broke in. "I dare say,"—a little sadly—"you have made the same promise to twenty other ladies—"

"But I haven't," burst out Willis.

"Well, I'm glad to hear it," she said with apparent relief. "But you remember me?—Miss Stanley—Miss Estelle Stanley of the 'Night Off' Company?"

Willis stared at her with open mouth. Then, realizing how ridiculous he must look, he quickly recovered himself.

"I—I—have seen—'A Night Off,'" he said lamely.

A curious smile flitted across her face. "Really!" she said with obvious irony.

"Were you in it?" he asked.

"You never saw me in it," she replied coldly. "But, really, Mr. Shaw, if you have already chosen your bride for your wedding trip, there is no need of all these theatricals. I think I could fill the bill, and I wanted the chance; but I dare say I shall get on without it. I am sorry that I interrupted you. Good afternoon!" And she swept past him with a walk very suggestive of the footlights, and down the hotel corridor toward the elevator.

Instinctively, Willis stepped into the hall to watch that she did not try to jump down the shaft.

III

Mrs. Willis had hardly had time to wish that she had put her pride in her pocket and gone with Willis when there was a quick rap on the door of her room and the handle was instantly turned. The door opened, and a smooth-shaven, reddish, rather greasy countenance was thrust through the opening.

"Ah! beg pardon!" said a hoarse voice. "Isn't this Shaw's room?"

"Ye-es," said Mrs. Willis tremulously.

A part of a neatly dressed, stout figure followed the shining face through the aperture, and the smallish eyes looked quickly all around the apartment. "He's out, isn't he?" jerked out the pudgy lips.

"Yes—but just for a moment," said Mrs. Willis. She was getting quite frightened, and noted with horror that the bell button was right at the door.

"Ah! Perhaps you're the bride," cried the little man, now coming quite into the room and smiling tentatively.

"Yes," said Mrs. Willis. It was little more than a whisper now. "Are you a friend of Mr. Shaw's?" she managed to ask.

"An old crony,"—and the stout little man wiped his bald head with a handkerchief that gave off a wave of strong perfume which its appearance indicated that it needed.

Mrs. Willis's eyes indignantly denied the "old cronyship," but otherwise she preserved an armed neutrality toward her visitor.

"Yes," went on the oleaginous party reflectively, "Shaw and I have had some times together. He's a pretty game bird, I can tell you—though he don't look it! No, he don't look it. I'm not surprised that you're surprised—"

The indignation in Mrs. Willis's

eyes had now become so frantic that the little man thought it prudent to pause a moment, and try to make out the meaning of these signals.

"I am sure that you are entirely mistaken about Mr. Shaw," said Mrs. Willis in a tone which she meant to be cold and firm; and it might have been, if her under lip had not been trembling and a new indignation filling her throat because Willis dared to stay so long away with that "strange woman," while she, his bride of a day, was being insulted by this odious creature.

The pig-like eyes of the fat little man moved restively, but he said nothing.

"Perhaps," went on Mrs. Willis, "you had better wait for Mr. Shaw down in the office."

At this the pig eyes flashed in a steely manner. "Perhaps," said their owner aggressively, "you do not know that I am the manager of the Booth Theatre?"

"I quite believe it," said Mrs. Willis with crushing contempt.

"You'd better believe it," rejoined the little man, now thoroughly angry. "You may have cause, if you go on with Mr. Shaw, to learn that it is true." And he wagged his head warningly.

"Sir!" cried Mrs. Willis. It was all that she could get out. Then she pointed silently to the door.

"As you wish, Lady Macbeth," snapped out the pudgy lips from a face now purple with thoughts of vengeance; and he flustered out and slammed the door after himself.

IV

The little man was just in time to catch the elevator. A brightly dressed lady was in it already, and there was something familiar about her face. He looked at her enquiringly, when she smiled and bowed.

"You don't know me, Mr. Samson?" she said archly.

"Yes I do. Yes I do," he returned jocosely. "But I've just forgotten my cue. See!—don't I come on like this?"—and he held himself in what he thought was an imitation of the Irving manner—"and, say—'Beautiful day, Miss—Miss—'"

"Stanley?"

"Miss Stanley!—Sure! Why, you were at the Booth last fall?"

"Yes—'A Night Off.'"

"Yes, yes." They were walking by now across the office. "Well, I have to stay here," announced Mr. Samson, "to meet a good fellow gone wrong."

"Are you going the rest of the way with him?" asked Miss Stanley brightly.

Mr. Samson grew suddenly serious. "Not if the court knows itself," he declared emphatically. "It's a fool friend of mine who has written a play—a good play—a delicate piece of comedy—no 'knock-about,' no gallery 'make-up'—nothing of that sort. And then, what do you think he has gone and done?"

Miss Stanley shook a smiling face at him.

"He has picked out for his leading lady a sort of a sawed-off, weeping Lady Macbeth, who thinks it's a sin to joke, who talks like East Lynne all the time, who threatened to have hysterics when I mentioned that Shaw was 'one of the boys'—"

"Shaw?"

"Yes."

"So that was what he turned me down for," she shot out savagely, her face aging ten years in a breath, and green venom spitting from her eyes.

Mr. Samson turned and looked at her understandingly. He did not have to have things like this explained to him.

"When did you see him?" he asked quietly.

"Just now—upstairs. I had to tear him away from the lady who is to play in his play, because she loves him."

"Loves him?"

"Certainly. Can't you see that much from what you have told me yourself?"

Mr. Samson whistled. "And I'm to wait here—'in the office'—for him, until his lovey-dovey sends him down to me? Well, I'll—wait."

V

It was about half an hour before "Billy" Shaw came out of the smoking-room and crossed the office. Mr. Samson saw him, and diverted his walk so as to meet him.

"Tear yourself away?" Samson asked sarcastically.

"Hello, Morris! I've been wondering why you didn't turn up."

"Have you?"

"Sure. What's the matter? Been imbibing? Now, see here, you come right along up to my room, and—"

"No, you don't!"—emphatically.

"Why?"

"Been there."

"Oh!—well, I thought you'd sort of look for me in the smoking-room, you know. Very sorry, old chap, that you've been kept waiting. But—come and have a drink, anyway."

"No, I won't," said Samson bluntly. "See here, Billy, I just want to tell you one thing, and that is that you are the absolute limit in the way of a fool!"

Billy stared at him a moment, and then said "Thank you!" but there was more wonder than resentment in his face.

"The absolute limit!" insisted Samson, smashing one fist down on the other hand. "You've got an A1 play, and you have picked out a leading lady who ought to be on the nursing-bottle yet—who don't know—"

"Great Scott! Have you seen her?"

"Have I seen her? Has she not bidden me 'Be hence!' as if I were a three-act villain?"

"From where? Where did you see her?"

"In your room."

"Moly Hoses! How did she get there! Say, you simply must come and have a drink."

VI

When Willis and Mrs. Willis came out into the corridor to go down to dinner that night they had the look of people who thought that they were being "put upon." There were signs of weather on Mrs. Willis's face, and a storm still threatened from Willis's brow. But it was plain that all question as between them had been dismissed. Willis had indignantly denied that he had ever "had a time" with the "horrid, greasy little man," whom he did not even know; and Mrs. Willis had believed him. Then he had told her of the mysterious talk of the scarlet girl; and Mrs. Willis was convinced that they were in league to bring sorrow to the sweetest love-match the world had ever known. Just why they wished them ill the bride was not quite sure; but, in her innermost heart, she thought it was "envy." Now, when they stepped into the corridor, she could hardly keep from taking Willis's hand, simply to show that they were "one and indivisible," and that nothing could ever, ever separate them.

In the dining-room the considerate head-waiter gave them a table to themselves. They each ordered "soup" as a preliminary; and then fell to advising each other over the menu card.

Somewhere after the fish, their waiter approached Willis, and said—"There is a lady in the office asking for you, sir."

Instantly there was fight on Willis's face, and a despairing "Just as I expected," on that of Mrs. Willis.

"You tell the 'lady,'" said Willis firmly, "that I am at my dinner." Mrs. Willis looked her surprised admiration at him for this stern, and yet quite proper, reply.

"She knows that, sir—but she's scribbled something on her card here;" and he, rather unexpectedly, handed Willis the card.

Willis went white and red and black all at once as he read the name again—

Miss Estelle Stanley

Under it was written, "Mr. S. says that you want to see me again, and I am leaving town in an hour."

Willis handed the card silently to Mrs. Willis. As she read the name her deep blue eyes flashed up at him again with a look that said here was corroboration of her darkest suspicions; and then she looked quickly back to read the pencilling. As she did so her lips set. "I don't believe she is going to leave in an hour," she said decidedly, as if that were the chief point at issue.

Willis glanced warningly toward the waiter, and then asked—"What shall I do, dear?"

"I don't know," said the bride, desperately pushing the whole responsibility over on him; and then she quickly added—"I don't think you ought to see her," thus limiting his ability to carry the burden gracefully.

Willis sat back in perplexity; and just then he noticed a slick, plump little man carrying a shining silk hat in his hand, hurriedly following the head-waiter into the room. They seemed to be coming to the table next—no, to their table.

"A gentleman to see you, Mr. Shaw," announced the head-waiter blandly.

Willis stood up in stiff hauteur; the gentleman turned two pig-like eyes on him, and then said—

"I beg your pardon, I am sure; but this is a mistake, I think."

"I am sure of it," returned Willis.

Quick resentment crossed the puffy little face; then his eyes fell on Mrs. Willis. At this he turned with a new assurance to Willis, and said—

"When do you expect Mr. Shaw in to dinner?"

Willis opened his mouth to say something, but could hardly think what it ought to be. Mrs. Willis, now recognizing the voice, turned quickly and looked at Samson. Then a flash of triumph lit her face.

"So," she said over her shoulder, without thinking how it would sound, "you don't even know who Mr. Shaw is when you see him?"

Samson began to see a ray of light. "Is your name Shaw?" he asked of Willis.

"It is."

"Well, you are not the Mr. Shaw I'm looking for," he said; "and I beg your pardon—and this lady's, too."

"This lady is Mrs. Shaw," returned Willis, at which Mrs. Willis visibly stiffened with satisfaction.

"Glad to know you," said Samson, bowing with great politeness; a performance which was rather marred by his finding a heavy hand on his shoulder when he went to recover.

"Looking for me, Morris?" asked the owner of the hand

"That's what I am, Billy," said Samson, turning his fat neck around to see the newcomer. "And say," he burst out, "here's where the 'funny man' unravels the complication and lets the curtain get down. Let me make two Mr. Shaws known to each other—two; one"—putting his hand on Billy's shoulder—"the author of the very finest comedy ever written, entitled 'Their Wedding Trip,' and the other?"—and he waved an invitation to Willis to describe himself.

For a hot second Willis thought that he was being insulted. The only wedding trip he knew of was his; and these people certainly seemed to be trying to make a comedy of it. But the friendly, unsuspecting smile on the face of the two men made this theory appear impossible. So Willis resolved upon an adroit move.

"Have you your comedy with you?" he asked.

"Sure!" exclaimed Billy. "I sleep with it on my person." And he drew from somewhere about the skirts of his coat a large, flat book. "This is the first act," he went on gaily, handing it to Willis, who read on the outside

THEIR WEDDING TRIP:

A SOCIAL COMEDY

BY

WILLIAM B. SHAW.

"What I am up against now," said Billy, as Willis was awkwardly leafing it over, "is the selection of the right kind of a girl to play the 'bride.'"

Instinctively Willis looked toward Mrs. Willis, and she met his look with a corroborating smile. They both knew exactly what an ideal bride should be like. Samson tipped Billy a wink and cleared his throat.

"Now," he said, "if my friend could

get a lady like yours, whose acquaintance I formed under rather inauspicious circumstances to-day, he would be very fortunate."

"I should not think of going on the stage," said Mrs. Willis with decision, looking to Willis for commendation of her self-sacrifice.

Billy turned a reproachful eye on Samson, which reminded him of the things he had said of Mrs. Willis when he thought she was to be the "bride;" but Willis said nothing, for he was blushing again and wondering if the men suspected that Mrs. Willis was really a bride.

"Well, I am sure that I wish you success," said Willis at last, handing back the manuscript play.

"I only hope that it approaches yours," returned Billy politely; and then Willis was sure that they "knew."

Bowing, they withdrew to the door, where Miss Stanley's hat now loomed uneasily, like a sunset.

"So that was it," said Willis, with a sigh of relief, as he sat down again.

But Mrs. Willis was trying to see the face under the sunset. "To think of that woman," she muttered, "taking the part of a bride." And she assumed her expression of sweetest innocence that Willis might appreciate the contrast.

SIR GILBERT PARKER'S "OLD QUEBEC"[*]

By WILLIAM WOOD, President of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec

SIR GILBERT PARKER is a Canadian; he has made a special study of the older part of Canada; and he first came into vogue with a novel about Quebec in the time of Wolfe and Montcalm. These remarkable qualifications need to be pointed out at once; because they are all so modestly concealed beneath the many pages of his "Old Quebec" that, if they were not pointed out before beginning the book, no one—least of all a Quebecer—would even suspect their existence. His readers should also bear in mind that this book is not only the work of a specially qualified man, writing on his own special subject, but also the final result of a particularly long and careful preparation; for its appearance was heralded by announcements in the press during the two years before its actual publication. Naturally enough, all this aroused high expectations among the large and increasing public, which is becoming more and more interested in this fascinating subject.

But, somehow or other, in spite of all Sir Gilbert Parker's advantages, and in spite of his being so well-advertised an authority on all things Canadian, he has only succeeded in producing one of those very commonplace specimens of book-making which prove how many thousands of words can be written all round about a given subject, without once touching any of its vital issues, much less reaching the heart of it. Of course, the book may be popular enough with those who have an appetite for a *réchauffé* of dilettante details, sentimentalised to taste. And all this public needs is the time-honoured recommendation, that those who like this sort of thing will find this the sort of thing they like. But, for the sake of those others who are a little more exacting, it might be worth while to examine this work a little more closely, both as literature and as history.

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[*] A review of "Old Quebec, the Fortress of New France." By Sir Gilbert Parker and Claude G. Bryan. London and New York, Macmillan, 1903. N.B.—This review was originally written in December, 1903; but circumstances delayed its appearance till the present time.

All novelists may be included in three great classes—the dramatic, the melodramatic, and the stagey. Those in vogue to-day generally hover about the borderland between the stagey and the melodramatic; and with these Sir Gilbert Parker, who is nothing if not fashionable, is perfectly at home. He shines as a star of the first magnitude upon that great world whose moon is Miss Marie Corelli and whose sun is Mr. Hall Caine. And though he once went astray into another solar system, where he and his "Donovan Pasha" became visible to the naked eye as sunspots on Mr. Kipling, he escaped with nothing worse than a singeing, and has now come back again to his proper place in literature with his "Old Quebec." For here is what he calls his own "assimilation" of "history"—to which he might have added "English and French folklore."

Some of his English, indeed, may have been made up expressly for the readers of his "Old Quebec." For instance, the "Lower Town" that "huddles in artistic chaos," and the "churches, convents and schools huddled together in the fairest city of the New World." He is also quite possibly original with his "*brave* Vaudreuil" and "*rugged* Pitt." Could all the *curiosa felicitas* of Mrs. Malaprop herself have made a "nicer derangement of epitaphs"? The term "*grisly* veterans" must come from that "assimilation" which has produced so many other new ways of treating old quotations. Edgar Allan Poe is "assimilated" when we are told how "the great continent of promise would renew in France the *glories* that *were* Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome;" and Wordsworth, when the authors meditate on "Old, *far-off*, *unhappy* things." These two changes can only be unconsidered trifles to the author of them; for they amount merely to the substitution of the plural for the singular in one case, and the transposition of adjectives in the other. Yet neither mistake could possibly be made by anyone with true poetic intuition. Both are of the same significant kind as this stray newspaper perversion—

> "Ah Love! in truth, half ice, half fire;
> And all a wonder and a *brave* desire!"—

where one incorrect vowel-sound makes all the difference between harmony and discord; except, of course, to tone-deaf ears. The crowning glory of "assimilation" is reached when a passage from the Bible is so much improved that it will actually bear comparison, on perfectly equal terms, with one taken from "The Seats of the Mighty." Here is the revised quotation from the Bible, as it appears in "Old Quebec": "The savage Indian with his reeking tomahawk might break through and steal, the moth and rust of evil administration might wear away the fortunes of New France . . ." And here is the revised version of the "Seats of the Mighty": "A vague melancholy marked the line of [Wolfe's] tall ungainly figure . . . and a chin, falling away from an affectionate sort of mouth, made, by an antic of nature, the almost grotesque setting of those twin furnaces (*Anglice* "eyes") of daring resolve; which, in the end, fulfilled the yearning hopes of England." Compare this with Thackeray's little incidental sketch, written long before Wolfe's life had been fully revealed by modern research! But Thackeray wrote literature.

"Assimilated" French is a thing to set one's teeth on edge. We would venture to suggest that Sir Gilbert Parker might save a great deal of very distressing trouble by imitating the ingenious undergraduate who headed his Greek paper with a neatly drawn pill-box, filled with accents, and labelled, "to be used at the discretion of the examiner." For he uses accents where they are quite right, as in *Récollet*, while leaving them out in such expressions as *Bois brûles*, where the want of them changes the meaning from "half-breeds" to what might be mistaken for an impatient apostrophe to the camp-fire! Of course, everyone in the French army is given a superabundance of "acutes"—*Répentigny*, *Ramézay*, and so on. But such "foreigneering" things are carefully removed from the names of British officers like *Barré* and *Montrésor*. One poor *s* is all that is allowed for the *gentilhommes* who "gave themselves to pick and spade." And the innocent *coiffe poudre* (!) of the "seigneur's wife" is massacred in cold blood, with the most heartless indifference to the claims of the female sex. But it is in his transcription of the famous epitaph on Montcalm that Sir Gilbert Parker has surpassed even himself. "Honneur *a* Montcalm: le Destin, en lui d*e*robant la Victoire, l'a récompensé par une *Morte* gorieuse!" We always used to think that Montcalm's great recompense was a glorious death; but this up-to-date authority assures us that it really consisted of a *splendid female corpse*!

As for Folklore, Sir Gilbert Parker seems to have no conception of the complete difference between the personal lyric and the impersonal folksong. And as all folklore lives on longest in remote country places, and withers away in the unsympathetic atmosphere of towns, it is rather unfortunate that he invites us to listen for the old songs "down by St. Roch or up by Ville Marie," *i.e.*, in Quebec and Montreal, the two least likely spots in the whole of French Canada. What on earth does he mean by a "crude epic of some valiant atavar?" Are we to hail him as a second "coiner of a word unknown to Keats"—not to mention the great new Oxford dictionary? Or is *atavar* only his "assimilation" of *avatar*? In this case we might remind him that the crudest epic of the first avatar of Vishnu tells how the first man was saved by a fish during the Deluge. It is, in fact, the oldest fish-story in the world, and, as such, a most "valiant" prehistoric prototype of all that "Old Quebec" has to tell us about French-Canadian folklore at the present day.

These few examples will enable the reader to see whether Sir Gilbert Parker has been writing literature. So we may now turn to the purely historical side of his work.

The sub-title is "The Fortress of New France," and we might suppose that this would restrict the subject in hand, more or less, to an account of the city itself. Such an event as the battle of Ticonderoga is, of course, quite relevant; though, to be sure, it is a little disconcerting to find the gallant Lord Howe leading the attack there the day after he had been killed in a preliminary skirmish! But Prince Rupert, who lived and died three thousand miles to the east of Quebec, and Mackenzie, whose great discoveries were made as far away to the west, are rather too wide of the subject. Yet both of them, together with three other Hudson Bay worthies, are thrown in, apparently for the sole reason that cheap cuts of them were to be found with irresistible ease, and that equally cheap information could be "assimilated" from Mr. Beckles Willson's "Great Company." The worst of it is, that, while these and many more irrelevant characters are favoured with illustration, there are no portraits of any of the following:—Bigot, the last and most pre-eminently vile of all the Intendants; Vaudreuil, the last figure-head of the old régime; Murray, the first military chief of the new; Carleton, the first British Governor-General, and saviour of Canada in 1775; and Lord Monck, the first viceroy of the new Dominion!

When the book does deal with Quebec it shows so little local knowledge that an inhabitant can hardly believe the authors ever visited the place in person. How do they suppose that the Castle of St. Louis managed to climb up to the "summit of Cape Diamond" (!) after the age of miracles was past? Why do they forget one of the stock features of every guide-book—the lamp of Repentigny? How is it that they have never heard of Quebec's claim to having built the *Royal William*, the first vessel which crossed the Atlantic by the aid of steam alone? Why do they illustrate the Quebec of "to-day" by views taken many years ago, such as those of the Citadel from the Terrace, the Upper Town Market, the Breakneck Steps, New St. John's Gate, and the Old French House?

However, a better idea of the real value of the book can be obtained by examining the account of Wolfe's campaign. Sir Gilbert Parker has made the Siege and Battle emphatically his own, in more senses of the word than one. Perhaps it is only because he thinks he has a perfect right to do what he likes with his own, that he favours some characters with undue attention, while others get little or none. Rodney is introduced with a full-page portrait, as Governor of Newfoundland in 1759; though he had left that station seven years before. While Saunders, who commanded at Quebec the largest squadron then afloat, is distinguished by a small cut in the text, and is described as *under Wolfe*; though both his junior admirals were themselves considerably senior to all the generals, and though his own "assimilated" expression of horror at hearing this news for the first time might well have deterred the authors from offering him such an indignity. Other mistakes, both small and great, abound. Wolfe's successor was never styled "Marquis *of* Townshend." "Major-General Sir Isaac Barre, Paymaster to Wolfe's forces," is incorrect in rank, title, name, and appointment. While Anson, who planned the naval conquest of Canada from headquarters; Durell and Holmes, who were the two junior flag officers under Saunders; and Lord Colville, who commanded the fleet at the final surrender in 1760, are all crowded out by the other "profuse illustrations."

The account of the Battle of the Plains is no better than the rest, though this is the second book in which Sir Gilbert Parker has made it the central feature, and though he might have avoided all his present blunders by referring to a work which he himself praised, in 1902, as "a work of Imperial significance," *viz.*: Mr. Doughty's *Siege of Quebec*. The three brigadiers had nothing to do with Wolfe's final plan; as is proved by their joint letter to him at 8.30 p.m. on the eve of the battle, asking for information—"*particularly of the place or places we are to attack.*" Bourlamaque was not on the Heights, but two hundred miles away. The camp fires which are said to have "spotted" the banks of the river are as mythical as the stone walls which are said to have "girdled" Quebec. Wolfe could not have "eyed" his men in the boats at the turn of the tide, because neither boats nor men were there at the time, and it was a great deal too dark to have seen them in any case. Nor could he have seen Bougainville's bivouacs at Cap Rouge, because Bougainville was then some miles higher up. Nor could his boat have been challenged from Sillery *Heights*, two hundred feet sheer up and as many yards off as the crow flies, without his whole plan having been discovered. Nor did his forlorn hope of twenty-four take Vergor's post by themselves. Nor did he ever form line facing St. Louis Road. Nor did he court military suicide by cutting off his retreat. On the contrary, he had only 3,111 in the firing line, whilst 1,718 were close by in reserve, and a very strong naval brigade was at hand on the beach, to say nothing of all the men-of-war along the river. The first regiment described in the *white* French line wore *blue*. The "burghers" of Quebec and the Indians, quite regardless of the fact that by and by Sir Gilbert Parker would want them to pose in the open for his fancy sketch, all insisted on taking cover in every other part of the battlefield. The ridiculous "scarlet *columns*" destroy the very effect he wishes to produce, because the most notable military feature of the whole action was that Wolfe anticipated the Crimean "thin red *line*" by nearly a hundred years. And the British troops must indeed have been "silent as cats, precise as mathematicians," if their whole line of nearly half a mile fired one single simultaneous volley on Wolfe's own personal word of command!

C'est magnifique—mais ce n'est pas la guerre!

Some one has blundered!

Current Events Abroad.

THE most that can be hoped for by pro-Russians is that each side may acknowledge itself unable to subdue the other. Even that would be a great triumph for Japan and a virtual defeat for Russia. It would compel the latter to recognize Japan as at least of collateral authority and importance in all far Eastern affairs. How can it be hoped that any better than a drawn battle can be looked for from the Russian standpoint. Even if with fearful sacrifice and effort they recover lost ground and drive their foe into the sea, that is as far as they can go. He is still triumphant on that element, and secure in his ocean-girt islands. However bitter the draught may be, the very best issue that Russia can now hope from the contest is a compromise settlement in which she will have to recede from the arrogant position at first assumed. Japan will have to be recognized as possessing, at least, an equal voice with any other power in Asia, and the knowledge that she will always be ready to fight for her interests will make her voice a potent one.

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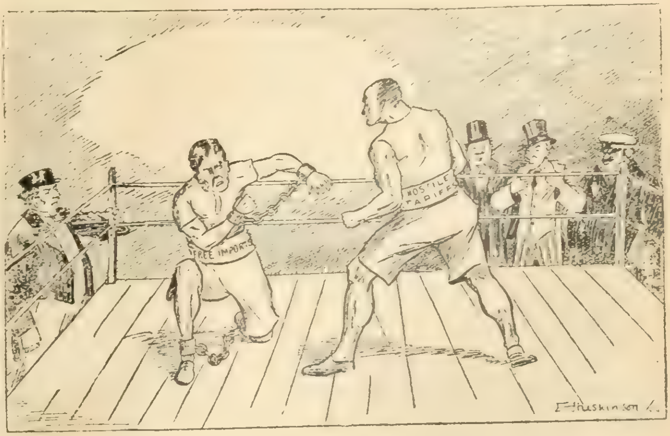
However matters go then, events have already proclaimed a profound revolution in the East. The powers who have had their eyes on the outlying provinces of China, and even those which now possess footholds in Asia are doubtless filled with some anxieties. What will be the policy of the new masters of the East? They have or will soon have behind them the force to give any of these powers notice to vacate, with possibly one exception. There can be little doubt, however, that Japan will consent to the status quo. What she will undoubtedly object to will be the strengthening by the European powers of their position in the East. Germany, for example, may retain the little circlet of land about Kiao-chau, but any attempt to increase the circlet would certainly be resented by China, backed up in all probability by Japan. The French in Indo-China would be in the same position. It can be affirmed with all sincerity that Great Britain has not shown a disposition to go far beyond the limits of Hong-Kong. A few years

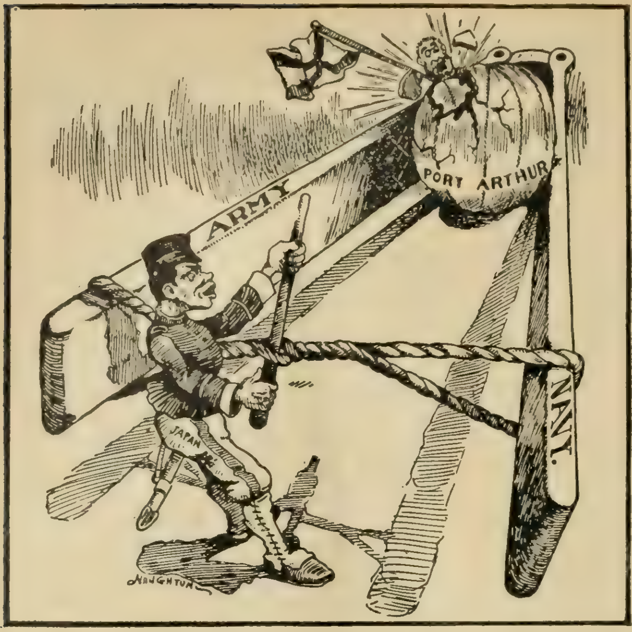


FOUL PLAY

"If I saw a prize-fighter encountering a galley-slave in irons I should consider the combat equally as fair as to make England fight hostile Tariffs with Free Imports."—*Disraeli at Shrewsbury, 1843.*

And JOHN BULL has more money on than he can afford to lose

—*B. C. Review, London*



IN THE SQUEEZER—Minneapolis *Tribune*

ago when Germany planted herself at Kiao-chau the British slightly increased the radius of their control on the mainland opposite Hong-Kong, but the reasons were military rather than those of territorial aggrandizement.

* * *

I am quite aware that assurances that Great Britain does not desire further accessions of territory are received by her sister nations with sneering incredulity. An unprejudiced view of the facts, however, supports the claim. The acquisition of the Transvaal and Orange Free State does not furnish evidence against this position. There can be no doubt that Sir Alfred Milner and Mr. Chamberlain became sincerely convinced that the Africander spirit throughout South Africa backed up by the revenues of the aggressive Transvaalers would eventually attempt to oust Britain from her South African colonies. The possession of a naval base on the route to Australia is a consideration of supreme importance, and if it was necessary to fight to retain it it was best to choose the time for fighting rather than let your enemy choose it. He would be likely to choose an opportunity which would be inconvenient for you. Whatever Mr. Chamberlain's critics may say no one who traversed the Boer settlements of Cape Colony would have any difficulty in believing that sooner or later Great Britain would have had to fight to retain her South African possessions. The extinction of the Transvaal should not be laid at Mr. Chamberlain's door; it should be laid at the door of the stubborn, implacable old man whose dislike of his British neighbours had become an unreasoning passion.

* * *

Trade has become a first consideration with nations, and all of them are prepared to go any lengths rather than have open doors suddenly closed upon their commerce. There can be no doubt that had Russia's action in Manchuria led to a general grab for Chinese territory, Great Britain would have stood out against the closing of the Yang-tse river to her commerce. The situation is most unequal. India and Egypt are as open to the merchants of Germany and France, or indeed of those of any part of the world, as they are to the merchants of London, Birmingham or Manchester. Not so the possessions or protectorates or spheres of influence of other countries. Russia's title to Newchwang was of the flimsiest description, and yet her occupation of the port was immediately signalized by an attempt to close it to the commerce of the world, an attempt against which the United States was firmly protesting when the war broke out. The first thing the Japanese did after capturing it a week or two ago was to proclaim it open to the ships of the world. This type of civilization may not unnaturally be preferred to that illustrated by the Russian method.

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It may be asked what the present expedition towards Lhasa is if not an expedition of conquest. There is no chance that Tibet will be annexed to the British Empire, becoming another Indian Province. The British hold on India would be immensely weakened if once the idea gained currency among the tribes and peoples of that country that the Christian successor of the Great Mogul was unable to protect his subjects from the insult and oppression of a feeble folk like the Tibetans Indian merchants attempting to carry on a trade with the people of the great plateau have been maltreated and driven back. Yet this trade between the two peoples is of immemorial age. Lord Curzon and his advisers attribute these increased restrictions to Russian intrigue, and it is certainly the fact that while the Tibetans have shown growing distrust of everything coming from the direction of India, they have exhibited a tendency in quite a contrary direction so far as Russia is concerned. The day will never come when a great power will submit to this sort of treatment from a weaker nation whose conduct is suspected of being inspired and directed by a powerful rival. It may be affirmed with some confidence that Lord Curzon will prove that territorial aggrandizement was not his object by withdrawing from Tibet as soon as he is assured that British subjects, which in that case virtually means natives of Hindostan, are unmolested in their legitimate journeyings through Tibet.

IS IT COMING TO THIS?

CZAR—"For goodness sake, Pat, don't lure him in here!"
—Brooklyn *Eagle*

* * *

It is urged in some quarters that it would have been better for British interests if Russia had been allowed an outlet for her energies in the far East. Denied access to the Yellow Sea, she will become more active in the countries along the borders of India. It may merely be said that what she was doing in Manchuria and on the Liaotung peninsula did not seem to subtract from the energy of her propaganda in the Balkans, in Persia or at Lhasa. At all events, over the collision which has now taken place British statesmanship had no control. No power on earth could have prevented the Japanese from attempting to stop the onward movement of the Muscovite steam roller. The world must just make up its accounts in view of facts which could not be avoided.

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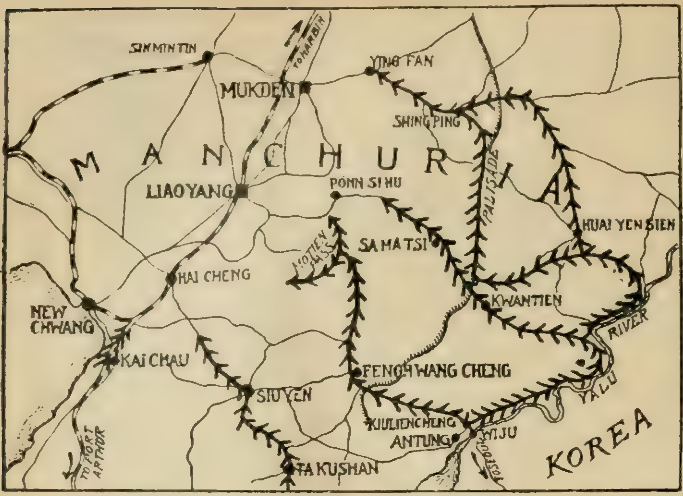
The possibility of mediation still crops up. A month ago, it will be



The above map from the London *Daily Mail* is an attempt to indicate the lines of advance of the various Japanese armies. General Kuroki himself has advanced from the Yalu through Feng-hwang-cheng to the Motien Pass, which he has avoided. On the right is an unknown army, and on the extreme left is the latest army. This latter body will probably soon see hard work as the Russians appear to be advancing to try to relieve Port Arthur. Important developments must occur before the month closes.

remembered, the Russian Foreign Office took pains to deny that any proposals had been made looking towards intervention. There are not unimportant differences between intervention and mediation. The one case seems to imply the interference of a third power with a certain suspicion of coercion behind it. Mediation would only occur where one or other of the combatants had by round-about methods given some friend to understand that his services in the interests of peace would be acceptable. It is a bitter thing for a powerful despot to acknowledge himself beaten by a despised people. But history is full of such cases. It was doubtless a terrible humiliation for Darius to retire across the Bosporus in face of a few disunited tribes of Greeks whom he accounted very lightly. It was undoubtedly an equally painful experience for Xerxes, his son, when he saw his navy worsted at Salamis and his hosts melt away on the plains of Thessaly. Rome paid tribute to the Goths and bowed to Brennus and Theodoric, and, big as Russia is, she will have to bow to Japan if the fortunes of war keep going against her. Needs must is an irresistible subduer, and despite the little reverses which Japan is suffering at the moment of writing it must still be judged that Russia has essayed an impossible task. To say that she will emerge from a war in which she has gathered no glory and immediately begin her career of activity in other directions is to leave a lot of things out of account. If she comes out of the war with discredit she will have plenty of matters to deal with to keep her quite busy at home. The modern spirit is penetrating Russia in spite of every effort to fence it out, and the collapse of the military reputation of the Empire will force such questions to the front beyond the possibility of the power of any minister to repress them. Domestic questions and the rehabilitation of the finances will keep Russian statesmen pretty well employed for the greater part of a generation at least.

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The South African authorities have overcome all opposition, in order to introduce Chinese labour in the mines. They have gone far towards justifying those who said that the moneyed interests plotted to bring about the downfall of Boer Government because it took the side of labour rather than that of capital. Sir Alfred Milner's policy will have to justify itself. It is being followed in face of the protest of some of the colonies which helped to place him in power at Pretoria. It is said that what is now being done will be upset as soon as the Transvaal is granted self-government, which cannot be long delayed. If so it is a mistake to have ever thought of it.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

ARE WE SNOBS AND TOADIES?

WE are reading just now a great deal in our Canadian papers of how the eyes of the Mother Country are turned towards Canada, and of how at last our British brothers are waking up to a sense of our importance. It is all pleasant reading and interesting, but I wonder if we are really any better understood by the mass of our brothers and sisters in the homeland than we were twenty-five years ago. Sometimes it seems to me we are not.

Only a few days ago I overheard a benighted Britisher (an educated man, and generally well informed in other respects, a man whom I afterwards learned had lived in Canada for twenty years), denouncing Canada and things Canadian in no measured terms. We were a lot of snobs and toadies, he politely informed us, fond of cheap notoriety, and eager to rush forward to touch the hems of the garments, so to speak, of any Tom, Dick or Harry in the way of nobility who happened to come to our land. After listening more or less patiently for a time, I took a hand in the merry game, and tried to persuade the old gentleman that he was quite mistaken—that we, as a nation, cared little for titles or "lang pedigrees"—that our training and environments tended to make us free and easy in our mode of life, and that we could have none of the sentimental regard and respect for high-sounding titles which people in the same class of life in the Old Country would naturally feel for them, having grown up with the fear of the nobility in their hearts. It was all to no purpose.

Why had our leading citizens a few days before put themselves to such trouble lunching, dining, and otherwise entertaining the Duke of S——, who happened to be touring in Canada at the time; and why were the columns of our daily papers filled with descriptions of Mrs. Sam Smith's and Mrs. Jack Robinson's "Pink" or "Green" or "Yellow" Teas? That was what he would like to know, if it was not because we were fond of cheap notoriety.

I meekly suggested with regard to the "Pink Teas," that as we had no Princesses of the Blood Royal, no Duchesses or Countesses or even "Honourables" as yet in this great and glorious West, we had to fall back for society leaders upon the wives of our respected and prosperous business-men—that in a very small and modest way our despised "Pink Teas" took the place of Royal Drawing-rooms, and so forth, the joys of the aristocratic world across the sea; and that in describing the same our worthy newspapers were only following the example set by the Old Country press. This amiable explanation, I may say, was received with merely a contemptuous snort. It was too flippant and childish to even come in for passing notice.

Having the floor, however, for the time being, I went on to say that the Duke of S—— was supposed to be intimately associated with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and that our citizens in entertaining him were doubtless moved to do so largely in the hope of hearing from his own noble lips some of the details of Mr. Chamberlain's plans for Imperial Federation, just now the chief topic of the day.

"I saw nothing in your papers about the Duke being Mr. Chamberlain's spokesman," he retorted. "All that was lost sight of by you in the joy of having a real, live Duke in your midst; and if you only knew it, my dear young woman, these aristocratic visitors whom *ye* delight to entertain (he was growing excited) just go away and laugh at you for your pains. Take the Governors-General who are sent out to Canada. Do you not suppose they are utterly bored to death by your attentions? Indeed, one of them told me himself, on his return to England, how amusing, and even annoying, it had all been."

Talk of insular prejudice, and ignorance of colonial affairs in Great Britain! This was from a man who had lived for twenty years in our very midst. And yet, in spite of it all, we remain loyal; and when an opportunity offered gave of our dearest and best to fight and die for our Queen and country.

Argument with the dear man, I saw, was useless, and I retired from the fray with what dignity I could, remarking as I took my departure, by way of having the last word and leaving a parting shot behind, that, at any rate, I hadn't noticed any great commotion when the noble Duke took his walks abroad, nor had Main Street been blocked at any time during his visit as I had seen Princes Street, Edinburgh, blocked one afternoon when Lord Rosebery dropped into Jenner's to do a little shopping!! I left my choleric old friend speechless with wrath, and can only hope he did not have a seizure as a result of having encountered someone, and a woman at that, who dared to hold opposite views to his own. Probably he will alway regard me as one of the unfortunate products of this uncultured and unenlightened country.

Does this little incident, however, not go to show that we are still hopelessly misunderstood by our British brethren? *C. I. S.*

Winnipeg.

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A LULLABY

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea—"

THE words echo mournfully through the quiet room, and the rain that falls against the window seems to patter an accompaniment to the faltering voice. The clock ticks on, pointing with its gilded hands to the hour of midnight, while its white staring face looks down on the dim, dark figure of a woman, half kneeling, half crouching beside a child's cot.

"Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea—"

The firelight glints and gleams about the room, throwing now a streak of light, now a deep shadow in some corner, making the fair hair of the kneeling woman shine like threads of gold, and dancing in mocking playfulness over the fever-tossed figure of the child, lying with its little arms extended, and the fingers of each tiny hand curled inward. The door opens, and the doctor enters, accompanied by the nurse, but the child moves restlessly and the mother, with almost a passionate gesture, motions them back.

"Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me:
While my little one—"

The child is still again, but the agony in the mother's voice pierces the watchers' hearts. The rain patters on the window, the clock ticks, ticks, and a faint sound of weeping from the adjoining room, are all that disturb the stillness.

While my pretty one—"

The voice is almost a whisper now and the golden head of the woman leans very near that of the child; the firelight playfully kisses them both and shows for an instant the white agonized look of the one and the flushed baby face of the other.

"Sleeps"—the woman almost gasps, and then for a moment, with a moan of anguish, clasps the little form close, close in her loving arms. 'Tis only for a moment though, for the blue eyes open and look into hers, and the weak voice, with unconscious cruelty, says: "Don't stop, mother; lay me down and sing to me; the rest of it—about father." For an instant there is silence; even the very rain seems to fall more quietly, while from the mother's heart goes up a prayer for strength; then, as the little body in her arms stirs, she lays it tenderly down, and again resuming her crouching position, softly sings—

> "Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
> Father will come to thee soon—"

The misery in the brown eyes and the clinging black robe she wears tell a tale too pitiful for words, and her lips grow white and seem to move stiffly as the last verse of Tennyson's beautiful lullaby quivers through the room.

> "Rest, rest on mother's breast,
> Father will come to thee soon—"

The blue eyes are still fastened on hers, and with the courage of despair she forces herself to smile into them with a shadow of the hopefulness she sees in them; the little hands clasp hers, and the child waits eagerly for the voice that falters on—

> "Father will come to his babe in the nest,
> Silver sails all out of the west
> Under the silver moon."

There is a little choking sound and the doctor and nurse start forward, but she waves them back (no one must share his last moments with her). She gathers the little twitching limbs into her loving arms and soothes him with the words that have so often lulled him to rest.

> "Sleep my little one—"

The child's struggles grow fainter, the little hands begin to loosen their clasp, the doctor furtively wipes his eyes, and the nurse weeps freely, as the anguished voice of the young mother breathes the last words

> "Sleep my pretty one—sleep."

Her task is over, the baby hands drop from hers, and the blue eyes close. The rain patters on the window pane, the clock ticks over the mantel, pointing with its gilded hands to five minutes after the hour of midnight, while its white staring face looks down on the broken heart of a woman and—a sleeping child.

Maud Beatrice Roberts

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THE FUNCTION OF MUSIC

THE community and the individual debarred from the privilege of frequently listening to music are not always aware of the loss they sustain. If it may be said not only that "what the eye doth not see," but what the ear doth not hear, "the heart doth not long after," it is as unfortunate in the latter as it is fortunate in the former. For the sense of hearing has never, like "the lust of the eye," been classified among the evil things of life. Is it a true indictment to state that the Anglo-Saxon is not a musical race, and that in this respect it is inferior to the Germans, the Italians, and other nationalities? In German towns, music at some centre where all may congregate is the regular evening recreation, not of the few but of the multitude. It is to places like Leipsic that our musical devotees resort to perfect their education in the divine art. It is safe to say that the musical development of the people, considered separately from the artists, is more conspicuous in all the continental nations than in England or the United States. The infancy of Canada must be its excuse for musical as well as literary limitations.

It may be stated broadly, but none the less truthfully, that music is a power for good. Admittedly there is a stimulus in intoxicating liquor, but in the gallant charge on the field of battle it is more often the martial music than any material stimulant which stirs men's blood to brave deeds. If the average attendant at church were asked what part of the service made him feel a better man or more desirous of attaining higher ideals, he would answer the hymns and other devotional music.

It is not the elaborate anthem, not the magnificent oratorio, not the shivering scream of the prima donna that appeals to the heart of man. All this may be, as an American humorist remarked, "really very much better than it sounds!" But it is the spiritual fervour of the Christian hymn, the sustained elevation of the simple chant, the pathetic melody of the minor operas, or the robust beauty of Scottish song that influence and inspire the sympathetic listener.

Musical geniuses like those of poetic mould are sometimes regarded as eccentric and in ordinary matters, unreliable. But at the other extreme is "the man that hath no music in his soul." Shakespeare tells us that

> "The motions of his spirit are as dull as night,
> And his affections dark as Erebus."

A choral society, though its orbit and influence are limited, is, as far as its educative work extends, an excellent institution. But we want music in the home as well as in the churches and at social gatherings. Such melancholy tunes as "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" are more apt to set the unfortunate boy wandering than to keep him at home. But there is abundance of cheerful and inspiriting music for every day in the year. For the reflective mood, there are touching melodies in the hymnals and the operas whose effect is only mellowing and not depressing. The finest accomplishment which girls can acquire is that of playing the piano or some other musical instrument. Only a few are incapable of attaining fair proficiency. If their voices give any promise let them be cultivated also.

Music is infinite in its variety. Of making music as of making books there is no end. It can be fashioned to please every taste, to accord with every feeling, to banish many a useless worry, and solace many a care. It is a stimulant, but one "that cheers and not inebriates."

C. E. A. Simonds

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MELBA'S HARD WORK

MADAME MELBA, the great diva, has a splendid house in Great Cumberland-place, London, England, and in a recent interview she tells of the hard work she put into the learning of her recent opera. This was put on the stage for the first time in Monte Carlo, and ran for six weeks. The composer is Saint Saëns, and the title is Hélène. The piece is written in one act, and occupies an hour and a quarter. During the whole performance Madame Melba does not leave the stage. But even harder work than the acting was the trying task of learning the new opera while keeping her engagements in America and elsewhere. It required three months of persistent work rehearsing for four hours each day. Madame studied it during her train journeys of October, November and December last. Literally she learnt it on the road. She had no other opportunity. She had a piano put into her drawing-room car, and practised as the train rushed along at the rate of fifty miles an hour, in spite of all the rattle and the noise. This was determination with a vengeance. Speaking of it, Madame says: "I got used to it. But it is trying in the extreme. Day after day, week in and week out, always practising. Nevertheless, I could not live without it. It is my life."

After gleaning this remarkable information the interviewer asked one more question, Did Madame ever think of retiring? Melba, the great Melba, sprang to her feet. "My good fellow, I'm not forty yet. Retire? Retire? When I am forty-five, perhaps. But now. Never." And she laughed long and merrily. The idea of retirement was so ridiculous.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

THE months of May and June were rather important months in the history of this country. The people made some momentous decisions. That is, they didn't actually make the decisions themselves, but they looked on while their leaders came to certain conclusions.

For example, it was decided that Senator Wark was the oldest living legislator in the world. It appears that he was born near Londonderry, in Ireland, in February, 1804, emigrated to New Brunswick in 1824, and entered the Assembly there in 1843. Since then he has been engaged in the making and unmaking of laws, having never once changed his occupation. He did not desire to miss even the present session of the Dominion Senate, in which he has been since Confederation, and the Government sent a private car down to his home to transfer him to Ottawa. Then this centenarian legislator came up, had his photograph taken for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, sat for a painting, and deservedly received the congratulations of an assembled Parliament. A man who has lived so long must have taken great trouble to keep his health and mind in good condition—he is a noble example. But it shows that when a Member of Parliament complains that he cannot endure the stress of law-making, it is time to take a pinch of salt.

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The people who control the University of Ottawa have decided to build a new Arts building to replace the one burned down. There were some rumours of trouble as to whether it should be controlled by Canadians or

SENATOR WARK—THE OLDEST LIVING LEGISLATOR IN THE WORLD

HIS LATEST PHOTO, BY TOPLEY

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW ARTS BUILDING OF OTTAWA UNIVERSITY ON MAY 24TH

Among those present were Cardinal Gibbons (who delivered the address), Mgr. Sbarretti (who officiated), the Governor-General, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Chief Justice Taschereau and the Hon. Richard Harcourt.

PHOTO BY PITTAWAY

English-speaking Canadians also adherents of the Roman Catholic Church. Apparently the rumour had little basis in fact. The corner-stone has been declared well and truly laid, and French and English, prelate, priest and people, parliamentarian and private citizen, joined to wish success to higher education and long life and usefulness to the University of Ottawa.

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Again, it has been decided that government ownership of railways is advisable. Sir Wilfrid Laurier says that he advocates it—advocates it for the new transcontinental railway so far as is practicable. Just now he favours the Government owning the roadbed from Winnipeg to the Atlantic Ocean. A few years from now, say fifty or a hundred, he believes that it may be advisable to take over the operating of the road. Hence he has had a few paragraphs looking to that end inserted in the Bill which creates the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. After fifty-one days of consideration of the amended bargain, the House of Commons agreed with Sir Wilfrid by a vote of 105 to 59, and the Bill became law.

The leader of the opposing fifty-nine agreed with Sir Wilfrid that government ownership was a splendid ideal, but he thought that government ownership should cover roadbed, rolling stock and general operation. Mr. Borden is enthusiastic. He would buy everything and own everything, the rails, the ties, the cars, the engines, the stations, the new townsites, the telegraph lines, the express companies, the dining-rooms, and the right to issue passes. He has never worked in a railway office; he has never been Minister of Railways, nor even General Passenger Agent at Moncton, or perhaps he would not have been quite so enthusiastic. Think of all the people who would want passes and jobs if the Government owned and operated a railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific!

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The rivalry between the Ontario and the Federal Governments has become serious. The Ottawa people created a Railway Commission to rival the

OPENING OF THE NEW GOLF CLUB HOUSE IN OTTAWA ON MAY 17TH
PHOTO BY PITTAWAY

Temiskaming Commission appointed by the Ontario Government. Mr. Ross thought a long time and he conceived another great idea. He would have a commission to investigate the taxation of railways and to travel over all the continent from Greenland to the Panama Canal looking for information—perhaps even to Europe if they happen to think of it. Mr. H. J. Pettypiece, M.P.P., Professor Adam Shortt and Judge Bell were chosen for the important work. It is said Sir Wilfrid was staggered for a moment until Mr. Fielding came to his aid and said "Let's have another Tariff Commission," and straightway there were sunny smiles in Ottawa once more. So Mr. Fielding made what is called a Budget Speech and announced a new tariff commission which will once more attempt to settle the question of who pays the duty, the producer or the consumer.

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While he was making this annual address Mr. Fielding took opportunity incidentally to say something about the revenue of Jack Canuck & Co., Unltd. It appears that the revenue of the company increased from fifty-eight millions to sixty-six millions, while the expenditure increased only one million—a little less in fact. Now in 1901-2 the surplus was seven millions; therefore in 1902-3 the surplus was fourteen millions. And then he prophesied that the surplus in 1903-4 would be sixteen and a half millions. Jack Canuck & Co. are certainly prosperous.

In 1902 the national debt was $271,829,000. In two years it has been reduced to $257,412,000, or less than it was in 1896. In 1896 the debt was $50.61 per head; in 1904 it is only $46.69. He gave a great quantity of other figures, all of which went to show that Jack Canuck & Co. was one of the most prosperous firms in the world.

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Mr. Fielding's speech was also the occasion of introducing a new principle into the customs tariff, a provision against "dumping." This nefarious practice is defined to mean that where an article is sold at a lower price in Canada than it is in the country of production, it will be said to be "dumped." For example, if the steel rail makers of the United States sell rails in Canada at $22 which they sell in the United States at $28 they are "dumping" them. Mr. Fielding proposes to penalize this by adding a special duty equal to the difference between the "dumped" price and the regular price, which in the instance cited would be $6. This, however, is limited by a provision that the added duty shall not exceed one-half of the regular duty.

This provision is a concession to the manufacturers who claim that certain United States competitors seek to ruin Canadian producers in the same line by underselling them in this market. There is no doubt that the Canadian manufacturers have been much alarmed over the rapid growth of United States sales to Canada, but it is equally certain that this is not always due to a lower price. For example, there are certain lines of ladies' shoes manufactured in the United States and sold in Canada for other reasons. These shoes sell in the United States at $3.25 and in Canada at $3.75. Why? Because they are good shoes and better advertised than any similar shoe produced here. The Canadian manufacturer might take a leaf from the Australian book of customs duties, where they have imposed a duty of six cents per pound on all foreign periodicals containing more than 15 per cent. of advertising. It is time the Canadian manufacturer turned his attention to the ease with which the United States manufacturer can get his advertisement before the Canadian reader. Until that is rendered difficult, the United States manufacturer will maintain his position here.

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A number of the journalists who have returned from St. Louis claim that Canada's exhibits are splendid. I am inclined to express a different opinion. In fact, I would almost go so far as to say that at St. Louis Canada has received a decidedly cold shoulder, both at the hands of the authorities of the Exhibition and at the hands of those who have had the Canadian exhibits in charge. The agricultural trophy in the Palace of Agriculture is splendid, but there the praise must end. The Canadian building is inadequate, and represents no particular idea. The German building is a replica of the Schloss Charlottenburg, the British building a reproduction of the Orangery at Kensington Palace, the French building a replica of the Grand Trianon at Versailles, and so with the other national buildings. Canada's building represents nothing in particular in architecture, and indicates nothing in particular in its furnishings. This, of course, is Canada's own fault, and an explanation is due from the Canadian commissioner or whoever authorized the plans.

There is to be no exhibit of Canadian manufactures, no exhibits of fruit, no exhibits of cattle, and no exhibits of dairy products of an official character. To a great extent this is the fault of the St. Louis directors, who refused to allow Canadian animals to be shown under favourable conditions, and to the consequent lukewarmness of the leaders in Canadian agriculture and kindred industries.

Knowing the United States people as we do, there need be no surprise at this attitude. Canada is the greatest competitor the United States has on this continent. For forty years it has been her policy to check us as far as possible, and for a time her efforts were fairly successful. Now that we are commencing to draw away some of her best citizens, it is but natural that she should refuse to assist our progress. That Canadians should be warmly received at St. Louis could hardly be expected, and any one who did expect it has been disappointed. As a Fair, however, I am free to confess that it is a great success, and well worth going to see. Every person who visits it will reap both pleasure and profit.

John A. Cooper

About New Books.

THE IMPERIALIST

NO young Canadian, though willing to go to Parliament to represent a constituency, and though well enough known to be a possible candidate, can be an imperialist and a successful candidate. That is the general proposition upon which Sara Jeanette Cotes has based her arguments in "The Imperialist."* Her definition of an imperialist is one who would not hesitate to put Canada to some material loss, or at least to postpone her development in various important directions, for the sake of the imperial connection. Having thus defined him, she carries him through a political contest to defeat.

Mrs. Cotes may or may not be right. I fancy Lieut.-Col. Denison would disagree and perhaps one or two others. There are many imperialists in the country, but most of these place their Canadianism first. This is especially true of the Canadians who speak French; they have steadily refused to sing "God Save the King." I recently attended a dinner at which about a score of French Canadian women were present; when the national anthem was being sung they contented themselves with a shrug and a smile. The Canadian who speaks English but who was born in this country usually sings the national anthem with vigour, but privately he believes the residents of the British Isles are members of a decadent race. He is willing to shout for the Empire, but does not believe in taxation without representation.

Whether Mrs. Cotes is right or wrong, the story is opportune. It comes at a time when imperialism is being calmly considered. The intens glorification of Wallingham, who is th Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain in thi disguise, is a fault in the story, pe haps. The Idea would have been jus as forcible if less closely associate with one man. Again, the style the author is extremely bad in man places, showing a lack of close revisio Ungrammatical constructions a common; the improper use of wor shows a sad lack of dictionary an classical knowledge; the unnecessar chapters show a mercenary willingnes to "pad." Yet, in spite of its glarin faults, one would hesitate to say th the book is not a valuable contributio to Canadian literature.

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CLEMENT vs. ROBERTS

THE story goes that when the grea conference took place a few yea ago to settle upon a suitable Canadia history for use in all Canadian school that Roberts' book was not selecte because Mr. Roberts would not co sent to having the life edited out of to suit certain religious bodies an other interests and whims.

Mr. Clement consented to have h book cut up, and his reputation ha been steadily declining ever since. O the other hand, Roberts' history wa published in an expensive edition an secured a few fond admirers. Now has been published in a cheaper ed tion* with illustrations. The prefac runs thus:

> "This volume, originally issued in 189 has been revised and brought down to da by Mr. Roberts. A chapter on the gover ment of the country, federal, provincial, a

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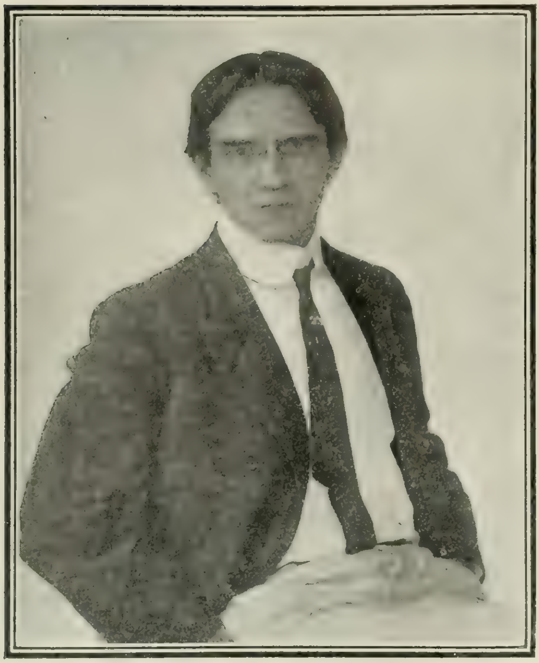
* The Imperialist, by Mrs. Everard Cotes. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

* A History of Canada for High Schoo and Academies, by Charles G. D. Robert Toronto: Morang & Co.



CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

municipal, has been added, as well as a list of important dates. A new and enlarged index completes the book."

While this book is much better than Clement's and is equal to any one-volume history of Canada in existence, it is still far from being ideal. There are a thousand facts and dates in it which might safely have been omitted. The pictures of each period are not broad enough, not bright enough, not as vivid as a novelist might make them. The War of 1812 alone, if told in all its detail, would easily occupy all the space any author, working on this line, can be given. Why then try to give the names of all the generals and all the battles? Better far a bright, vivid picture, such as an artist might paint on one canvas—a running commentary such as might be given by a lecturer who desired to keep his audience awake.

Then again the perspective is open to question. There are 353 pages devoted to Canada before Confederation, and 110 pages to the history since Confederation. The latter period might reasonably have at least one-half the space, instead of one-quarter, if an author were disposed to treat some of the later phases of our national development as Carlyle or Macaulay would have treated them.

The ideal school-history of Canada has yet to be written, but until that ideal day Roberts' brightly-written work will do very well. Any teacher of enthusiasm and broad reading may use it to advantage. The other kind of teacher could do little even with a more ideal book.

CANADIAN FICTION

CANADA has an increasing number of very fair public libraries, and the most striking feature in each is the absence of Canadian books. There are not ten libraries in the Dominion that have a department specially labelled "Canadian." Strange? No, not so. The people of this country have always been half-hearted in their opinions. Even in 1812 they hesitated a moment before they defended the country; and less than fifteen years ago some of our leading men were prepared to surrender our national existence.

There are some who stand firmly for national existence, and most of them recognize the value of studying and encouraging our native literature. Chief among these are the men who are gathered about Victoria College, Toronto. They encourage their students to know Canadian books; they invite Canadian writers to contribute to the College journal on purely native topics; they have issued a bibliography of Canadian poetry, and will shortly have a companion "Bibliography of Canadian (English) Fiction," which will be No. 2 of the publications of Victoria University Library. This bibliography was begun some years ago by Lawrence J. Burpee, of the Ottawa Civil Service, but he grew tired of it, and abandoned his post to Professor L. E. Horning, whose enthusiasm in behalf of native literature is well known. After patient research and correspondence extending over many months, he is now giving the work to the public, though he knows that it is far from being perfect. The Professor is to be congratulated upon the measure of success which has attended his unselfish efforts in this connection, and Mr. Burpee deserves praise for having originated an important piece of work on behalf of our national literature.

Canada needs more professors with enthusiasm for native letters. During the past season Professor Horning delivered some fifteen university extension lectures at various points in Ontario, and, during the months of March and April, travelled twelve hundred miles, carrying with him his zeal on behalf of native prose, native poetry and a higher standard of literary culture among the people. It is a pleasing sign that the public should be anxious to hear about our native literature which, however imperfect, will not be improved by being ignored.

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STEWART EDWARD WHITE

STEWART EDWARD WHITE was born in Grand Rapids, Mich., March 12, 1873. He lived all his young boyhood in Grand Haven, where he used to spend much time with his father on the river and with the rivermen. Often, he used to accompany his father on long trips to the north woods, and so early acquired a taste for that sort of thing. At the age of ten he went to California and spent four years in that State, taking long hunting trips on horseback. During the next few years he visited various parts of the West, and did a good deal of work in ornithology. His first published book was on this subject—an annotated list of the birds of Mackinac Island, published in pamphlet form. He made a collection of about 1,400 bird-skins. After graduation from the University of Michigan, desire for adventure led him to the gold camps of the Black Hills, where, with a horse, gun and about $100, he enjoyed life. He spent most of the time in a lawless, unsheriffed camp, about forty miles from anywhere, and made long horseback trips over the wild country in all directions. Once he was nearly lynched, and once he was shot at. He mined a little gold; staked some water rights, and got fooled by a washout; shot game for a living. During all this time he was gathering material for his two books, "The Claim Jumpers" and "The Westerners." Returning from the wilds, he entered the Columbia Law School and studied one winter. Then he went abroad for a year and a half, living in Paris and making many literary friends. From civilization he turned to the woods again, coming to Canada and penetrating far into the Hudson Bay region, where he gathered the material for his two books, "Conjuror's House" and "The

PROFESSOR HORNING

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Silent Places." Last summer he spent in the Sierra Nevada mountains, tramping the backbone of the ridge for over a thousand miles. On April 28th last he was married to Miss Elizabeth Grant, of Newport, R.I., and recently returned to California with his bride, where he will take up his residence in a little house of which he himself was the architect and builder, furniture and cabinet maker, which he has whimsically named "The Jumping Off Place."

His latest book, "The Silent Places,"* deals with the far northwest in the early days of the Hudson's Bay Company and describes the pursuit of an Indian defaulter by two employees of the company. A man hunt under the most wonderful and most trying circumstances.

A MAN OF HORSES

TO write one must know. W. A. Fraser writes of horses because he knows them. He has owned racing horses in India and in Canada; he has lost money to the bookies in the East and the West, at Calcutta, at Saratoga, at Fort Erie, at Toronto. So have many others. Mr. Fraser differs from the others in that he sought the experience mainly that he might paint the picture, just as did that Russian painter of war scenes whose great genius was lost to the world the other day when a Russian battleship sank in the Yellow Sea. That is why "Brave Hearts"* will appeal to men who love horses and know the race-course, and to other men who love merely courage and breeding and strength.

In addition to telling twelve good short stories in this volume, Mr. Fraser has again shown that he has a style of his own. When his first work appeared, the critics said it smelled of Kipling. Fraser has lived that down and the critics have swallowed the slander. The excellences of his prose are his own; his artistic handling of words and phrases is mastery rather than imitation; the abrupt forcefulness of his phrases meets the general requirements of literary form, but yet has an individuality of its own. Nor is he merely a splendid transcriber; he infuses his imagination and humour into his writing, so that it is genuine fine art with a vocabulary, a composition, a manner, a feeling which reflects the writer and him alone.

TRAVEL

A NEW edition of "Here and There in the Home Land," by Canniff Haight, has been issued under the title "A United Empire Loyalist in Great Britain." The only changes are the addition of a Frontispiece picture of the author, who died in 1901, and a biographical introduction by E. B. Biggar. This is an excellent work which should find many new admirers. It is printed on heavy paper, with a neat cover.†

The northern parts of Canada are coming in for greater attention. The central portion of British Columbia has been described for the first time by Rev. Father Morice, who has spent twenty years among the Indians of that district. It is, as its title would indicate, more than a contribution to our history of the Indians. "The History of the Northern Interior of British Columbia[*]" goes back to the days before Victoria and New Westminster had been called into existence, when Stuart Lake was the seat of authority for that Province. The earliest trading posts were established by Simon Fraser, who in 1902 became a partner in the Northwest Fur Company, and in 1805 he founded Fort McLeod on Lake McLeod, the first permanent post erected within what we now call British Columbia. In 1806 he explored Stuart Lake, and built Fort St. James. Bancroft, Masson, Bryce, Macfie, and other historians, have improperly, says the author, described the situation of this fort and have called it the first fort in British Columbia, whereas it was the second. Fraser then explored Fraser Lake, where he built another fort. He named the whole district New Caledonia, taking possession of it in the name of his company. The subsequent history of this district fills out the interesting narrative which the author has given to the public.

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* Toronto: Morang & Co. Illustrated.

* Toronto: Morang & Co. Cloth, $1.25.

† Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Cloth, $2.25.

Another work on the northern part of the Dominion is "Sport and Travel in the Northland of Canada," by David T. Hanbury,[†] who spent twenty months travelling in the district immediately north of Winnipeg. He travelled from Winnipeg to Hudson Bay, and from there to Great Slave Lake, as a preliminary, but failed to find a way to the north. This was in 1899. Two years later he left Edmonton and proceeded to Great Slave Lake and Chesterfield Inlet. He returned to Buchanan River, and then went north to Pelly Lake, and pressed on to the Arctic Ocean; thence westerly across Kent Peninsula to Coronation Gulf, and along to the mouth of the Coppermine. He ascended this and the Dease River, and crossed Great Bear Lake to Fort Norman on the Mackenzie, one of the greatest trips ever taken by a white man. A more extended notice of this wonderful adventure will be given next month in this publication.

W. A. FRASER

A POOR BOOK

CASPAR WHITNEY is reputed to be a great authority on sport and he is editor of the American Sportsman's Library. The latest issue in this is "American Yachting,"[*] by W. P. Stephens. This volume entirely overlooks the greatest of all lake contests, that for the "Canada's" cup. This contest was inaugurated at Toledo in 1896 when the *Canada* won from the *Vencedor*. In 1899, the cup was taken back to the United States by the *Genesee* which defeated the *Defender*. In 1901, the *Invader* recovered it, defeating the *Cadillac* at Chicago. Last year the *Strathcona* was beaten by the *Irondequoit* and the Cup went to Rochester.

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[*] Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Cloth, illustrated, $2.50.

[†] New York: The Macmillan Co. Toronto: Morang & Co. Cloth, 318 pp., illustrated, $4.50.

[*] New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Morang & Co.

VERNON NOTT, WHOSE SECOND VOLUME OF VERSE HAS JUST APPEARED.—PHOTO BY KILE

This omission and the general make-up of the book rob it of any permanent value. In fact, it is a discredit to the sport which it is supposed to represent.

SUMMER READING

The Editor recommends the following list of books for summer reading.

FICTION

The Bright Face of Danger, by Robert Neilson Stephens. Romance of the Renaissance. Copp.

The Crossing, by Winston Churchill. United States Historical Romance. Copp.

The Watchers of the Trails, by Charles G. D. Roberts. Animal Stories. Copp.

Strong Mac, by S. R. Crockett. Strong Galloway Tale. Copp.

The Imperialist, by Mrs. Everard Cotes. Canadian Political Story. Copp.

The Heart of Rome, by F. Marion Crawford. Modern Romance. Copp.

Follow the Gleam, by Joseph Hocking. Story of Cromwell's Time. Copp.

Over the Border, by Robert Barr. Cromwell Story. Copp.

The Silent Places, by Stewart Edward White. Canadian Northwest. Morang.

The Queen's Quair, by Maurice Hewlett. Mary Queen of Scots. Morang.

Brave Hearts, by W. A. Fraser. Racing Stories. Morang.

The Merry Ann, by Samuel Merwin. Smuggling on the Great Lakes. Morang.

The Faith of Men, by Jack London. Short Klondike Stories. Morang.

The American Prisoner, by Eden Phillpotts. Dartmoor Prison Tale. Morang.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Kate Douglas Wiggin. Child Story. Briggs.

My Friend Prospero. Henry Harland. An Italian Idyl. Briggs.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Alice Hegan Rice. Humorous. Briggs.

Lovey Mary. Alice Hegan Rice. Humorous. Briggs.

Letters of a Self-made Merchant to His Son. Geo. C. Lorimer. Briggs.

Place and Power. Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. Political. Briggs.

Tales of the St. John River. E. S. Kirkpatrick. Ready Shortly. Briggs.

The Mystic Spring and other Stories. Hon. D. W. Higgins. Ready Shortly. Briggs.

GENERAL

Journal of Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America, by Daniel Williams Harmon. Reprint. Morang.

The Fat of The Land, by John Williams Streeter. The Story of a Farm. Morang.

Getting Acquainted with the Trees, by J. Horace McFarland. Morang.

History of the Northern Interior of British Columbia. A. G. Morice. Briggs.

By the Fireside. Charles Wagner. Briggs.

Working with the Hands. Booker T. Washington. Briggs.

Handbook of Modern Japan. Ernest P. Clement. Briggs.

Canada in the Twentieth Century, by A. G. Bradley. Constable.

Quebec Under Two Flags, by Doughty and Dionne. Quebec News Co.

The Journey's End and other Verses, by Vernon Nott. Chapman.

IDLE MOMENTS

SIR CHARLES TUPPER'S THROAT LOTION

DURING one of Sir Charles Tupper's stumping tours he was troubled with an irritation of the throat, says a writer in the Clinton *New Era.* He had prepared a simple remedy for the irritation in the shape of plain barley water (not fermented at all) and had instructed his Private Secretary to remain at the rear of the platform until he should require the flask containing the lotion, when he was to hand it to him. It was at Hamilton, and the audience was somewhat boisterous. When his throat began to trouble him, he poured out a copious drink. Instantly the audience assumed that it was liquor, and began to chaff him, asking to be taken in on the treat, and all sorts of similar guying. Sir Charles protested that he was not in the habit of using intoxicants, saying that if they did not believe his version about it being non-intoxicating, he would call upon his Private Secretary to come forward and verify his assertion. This person came to the front, rather embarrassed, which was not lessened when he had made his explanation by the audience good-naturedly crying out: "Oh, Sir Charles, your Private Secretary is drunk, and you will be, too, if you drink much of that." It took some time to restore order, but Sir Charles managed to finish his speech without further difficulty.

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PHILOSOPHY AT DRILL

Drill sergeant, who is just initiating his men into the mysteries of presenting arms, to recruit who has just left the university: "Muller, do you know what an idea is?" "Certainly," responds the son of the Muses; "the word 'idea' had its origin with Plato, who assumed that in a higher intelligible world higher concepts actually existed, and were recognisable, though imperfectly expressed in the sensible world, by the human psyche which had experienced them in a previous existence." Drill sergeant: "Very well, if you know that, would you oblige me by shifting your rifle just an idea more to the left."—*Sachsenstimme.*

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MR. TREE'S EXPERIENCES

Mr. Harold Begbie, in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, presents Mr. Beerbohm Tree as "the master juggler in personality," and tells two interesting stories of the way in which Mr. Tree absorbs himself in his parts. When he was acting Hamlet, he found himself in that scene on the ramparts where he awaits the approach of the ghost, gasping for breath and drenched with the dew of apprehension.

"What a fool I am!" he cried to himself. "My back is to the audience, my face is hidden, the scene is in darkness. Why should I waste so much mental force? Why not stand at rest, with detached mind, awaiting my cue with a cool pulse?"

But a trial to this end convinced

him of its folly. He had a difficulty to get back into the character of Hamlet; and, moreover, he discovered that the scene did not grip the audience with the same intensity. What was the effect of this terror on the ramparts but a telepathic effect from the stage to the audience? It was, in other words, a brain-wave from the actor to the men and women filling the silent house.

The second story told by Mr. Begbie supports the same mystical thesis. When Mr. Tree was playing Mark Antony he was so lost in the part that his grief for the murdered Cæsar affected the actors gathered round the bier, and from them flowed into the house. But towards the end of the piece, at a time when he was feeling unwell and worn out, he checked something of his fervour, and spoke with quieter pulse and with intenser self-consciousness.

"What was the result?" he exclaimed. "The crowd on the stage was unmoved, and the crowd in front was unmoved also. I could feel the loss of sympathy between my fellow-actors, my audience, and myself."

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PRONUNCIATION

The London *Globe* publishes the following study in pronunciation:

There was a young lady named
Strachan,
Who wished she had never been bachan;
For her sweetheart, Colquhoun,
Ran away—shot the Mquhoun,
And left her completely forlachan.

■

WHY ENGLISHMEN LIKE PUNCH

Mr. Sydney Brooks, writing in *Harper's Weekly*, of May 28, gives some of the reasons why *Punch* has so strong a hold on the affections of the British public, and why it fails to appeal to Americans. The great virtue of *Punch*, he says, is its seriousness, in which opinion there will be many on this side of the water to agree with him. The great fault of the American comic papers, it appears, is that they are not serious enough. They are always making jokes. *Punch*, on the other hand, evades these mistakes, but is a critical journal. . . The American comic paper is like the professional funny-man at a party. You listen and laugh for a while and then you want to murder him.

■

THEY KNEW HIM

A well-known literary man who has been spending several weeks at his old home in Vermont tells of a conversation which he overheard between two visitors on the porch of the village store. An acquaintance of theirs had just passed in the street, and the following comment was heard by the visitor:

"Thar goes Si Perkins." Then a meditative pause. . . . "Si ain't the man he used to be."

"Naw—an' he never was."—*Harper's Weekly*.

■

AN UNDERESTIMATE

The decorator had just made his estimate. "I'll tell you what I'll do," said the householder. "You go ahead and decorate the house, and then I'll give it to you in payment of your bill."

"No," replied the decorator. "I couldn't afford to take the house for more than half payment."—Chicago *Evening Post*.

■

FOILED

A Mormon once argued polygamy with Mark Twain. The Mormon insisted that polygamy was moral, and he defied Twain to cite any passage of Scripture that forbade the practice. "Well," said the humorist, "how about that passage that tells us no man can serve two masters?"—*Argonaut*.

■

ISN'T IT QUEER?

"It's mighty queer about families. There's Mrs. O'Shaugnessy—she has no children, an' if I raymimber corrictly, it was the same with her mother."—*Life*.

ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES

A WONDERFUL HORSE

HOW many different pieces of luck and good judgment are required to make a great success is well illustrated by the following story:

Some six years ago, a Mr. Wells, of Aurora, attended a sale of horses, held by Mr. Jos. Seagram, M.P., the well-known distiller and race-horse breeder. He bought a cast-off mare that had once been a winner and still showed her blue-blood. The price paid was ess than what would be paid for an ordinary roadster.

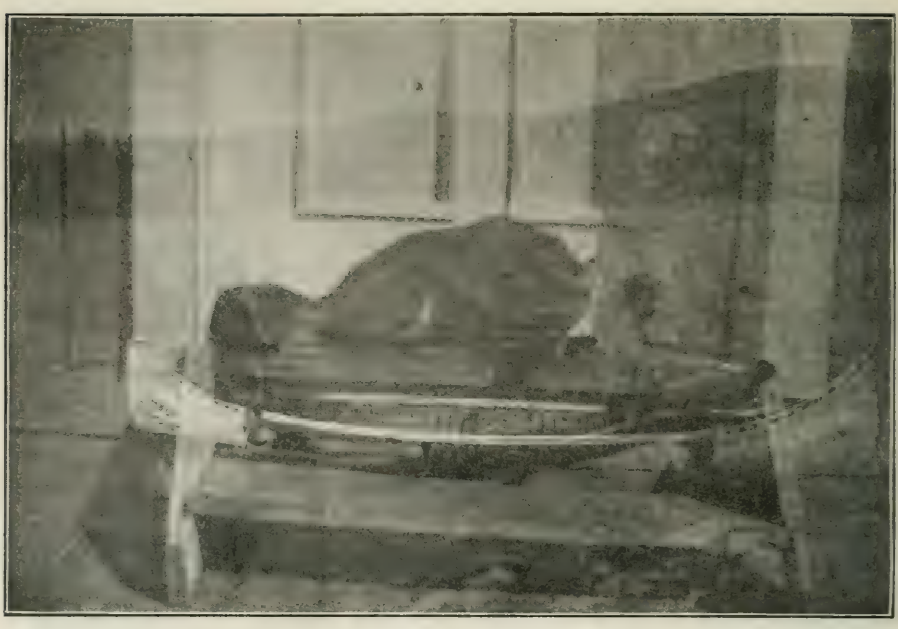
Mr. Wells took the mare home, for he loves a good horse and he once knew what it meant to see his horses win and lose on the race-track. Three years ago this mare had a colt from Courtown, a splendid horse owned by Mr. N. Dyment, of Barrie, another admirer of good running stock. And they called this black colt Sapper.

Now, when Sapper grew into a long-imbed, ugly yearling, Mr. Dyment fancied him, and he bought him from Mr. Wells for $125. Mr. Wells wished him well, and said to Mr. Dyment, "Take care of him and you may win something with him." So they entered him for the King's Plate, where horses are entered when babies. The King's Plate is the oldest race in America, and is for three-year-olds born and bred in Canada. It has been run in Canada for fifty years.

So the King's Plate of 1904 approached, and the date, May 21st, was set. Not many people knew anything about this horse Sapper, and any money that was put on him in the winter books was put on the Dyment Stable. When Sapper was brought to Toronto to be trained, it began to be whispered about that he was a good horse. The public fancied War Whoop, however, and Sapper was neglected. The Son of Courtown and poor old Kate Hardcastle was not worried about the betting. He was learning his business. He loved the gallop in the muddy track as a kitten loves to play and jump, as a boy loves to climb fences and trees, as a man loves to gain success in the world.

And the day came when the great race, the greatest Canadian race of the year was to be run. And the people filled the Toronto street-cars to overflowing as they crowded down to the

SAPPER—WINNER OF THE KING'S PLATE OF 1904.—PHOTO BY GALBRAITH



A DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Some years ago a H. B. Co. factor took a picture of two men in a canoe as they were returning from visiting some traps. The men brought a fox, and he was fixed up on a doorstep to be photographed. Inadvertently both exposures were on the same plate with the above result.—By kindness T. A. Reynolds, Brockville.

Woodbine. The Governor-General and Lady Eileen Elliott and their friends came up from Ottawa. So did Lord Dundonald, the Major-General commanding His Majesty's forces in Canada. So did numbers of senators and members of parliament. For, was this not the King's Guineas, and were they not humble representatives of His Majesty? And the Lieutenant-Governor, the Chief Justices, the K.C.'s, the humbler citizens of His Majesty crowded in also. And the crowd on the green sward that stretches along the mud track numbered ten thousand.

It was the fifth race, but the greatest of the day. The distance was one and a quarter miles. The men and women made their bets and their hat-pools. The horses were warmed up and walked around the paddock. The bugle blew, the blankets were stripped, the jockeys mounted and they paraded up the track by the judges' stand. They went to the post. In ten minutes they are off. Two black horses go to the front, leaving the other twelve in a helpless, struggling bunch. Which black will win?

> 23½, 49½, 1.02½, 1.15¼, 1.30, 1.44, 1.57½, 2.12—record.

As they come down the stretch one is winning easily, not a whip, not a spur, not a hand, not a heel is needed to keep him straight and true. His gallant courage is his only goad. And Sapper, whose mother had been sold for a song, who himself had been sold for a few dollars, won the greatest race of 1904. Sapper was a hero.

The people cheered as he came back to the stand, and they took this picture for the readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. Then Mr. Dyment, the owner, and Mr. A. E. Dyment, M.P., the son, went up into the judges' stand to receive the congratulations of His Excellency, the certificate and the cup. The prize money was only a paltry $2,000, but there are men in Canada who would give $25,000 to be able to see a horse of theirs do what Sapper did that day at the Woodbine.

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For Business Men.

CANADA AND THE CAPE

THE trade between Canada and South Africa has not been developing as fast as is desirable. Sir Alfred Jones, head of the Elder-Dempster Steamship Line, has decided to encourage that trade more generously. He has announced that the steamer *Monarch*, which will leave Montreal on July 25th, will take representatives of Canadian manufacturers and samples free. This will practically convert the vessel into a floating exhibition, and will enable the manufacturer to show his wares at each of the ports touched at by the *Monarch* in South Africa. It is hoped thus to bring about a more speedy development of the Canada-Cape direct trade.

FAST ILLUSTRATING

THE London *Daily Chronicle* has an engraving department for the purpose of helping to illustrate that metropolitan journal. It is a British publication, but not so slow as some colonials and a few United Statesers would have us believe British business men generally usually are. It tells this story: "A few nights ago several artists were sent by the *Daily Chronicle* to Portsmouth to draw the sad scenes of the burial of the Submarine A1 victims. We received their finished sketches at 11.15 p.m. We were ready; all decks cleared for action. For, as mentioned elsewhere, our way of taking time is to take time by the forelock. In one hour and twenty minutes the chief in person hurried over to the *Daily Chronicle* office with plates equal to about three-quarters of a full page size; all perfectly finished; thoroughly, deeply etched; clear and clean at all points. Thus Portsmouth and other readers had fine illustrations of the historic scenes on their breakfast table, a record which secured the warm congratulations of the Editor of the *Daily Chronicle.*

"What a far cry to the days of forty years ago, when in publishing the news of Lord Palmerston's death, a leading illustrated journal announced that in a few weeks it hoped to present a portrait of his lordship."

THE MAPLE LEAF AT ST. LOUIS

THE maple leaf badge of the Canadian Press Association attracted much notice at St. Louis from May 15th to 20th, when one hundred and ninety Canadian journalists visited the World's Fair. Every Canadian visitor to the Fair should wear a little maple leaf, as it leads to many pleasant conversations. Mr. Cliffe, of Carleton Place, describing the incidents during his stay, tells the following story:

"One day a gentleman from Chicago and his wife were at our table in the Inside Inn. We discoursed pleasantly, I opening by remarking on the speed with which American people dashed through their menus, he assenting to the fidelity of the indictment and lamenting the rapid march of the people to premature decay. Suddenly wheeling around at me, not noting my maple leaf, he said: 'What State are you from?' I think Divinity shaped my answer, for with suave boldness I instantly replied: 'I am from Greater America.' 'From where?' he said, his knife and fork suspended in mid-air, his face a map of surprise. 'I am from Greater America,' I said over again, positively but pleasantly. I wasn't going to lose the opportunity of licking all creation over there when but a phrase could do it, and so I stuck to my gun. As he comprehended my meaning, his countenance tipped over and fell off. But his appreciation of my claim to a vaster birthright than has been was soon apparent and we discussed the fishing and shooting of Canada till the sherbet separated us and I saw him no more."

CANADA AND ITALY

A NEW steamship line is contemplated between Canadian and Italian and other Mediterranean ports, says the *B.C. Review* of London, England. The project is feasible, and should prove remunerative, especially for Italy, which sends large quantities of oranges and lemons to Montreal. It is supposed that the Dominion Government will grant a subsidy to the proposed new line, also that a preferential duty may be allowed on Italian wines and products in exchange for a preference on coal and flour, lumber, wood pulp, petroleum, agricultural implements, and other products exported from Canada to Italy.

A large Italian shipping firm, possessing, it is said, upwards of 100 vessels, is originating a scheme for an Italian colony in the North-West Territories.

One point which these people advance as important is the division of fruit cargoes, which would mean a steadier market and better fruit, instead of a glut once a year, with large waste, due to keeping the fruit for such long periods.

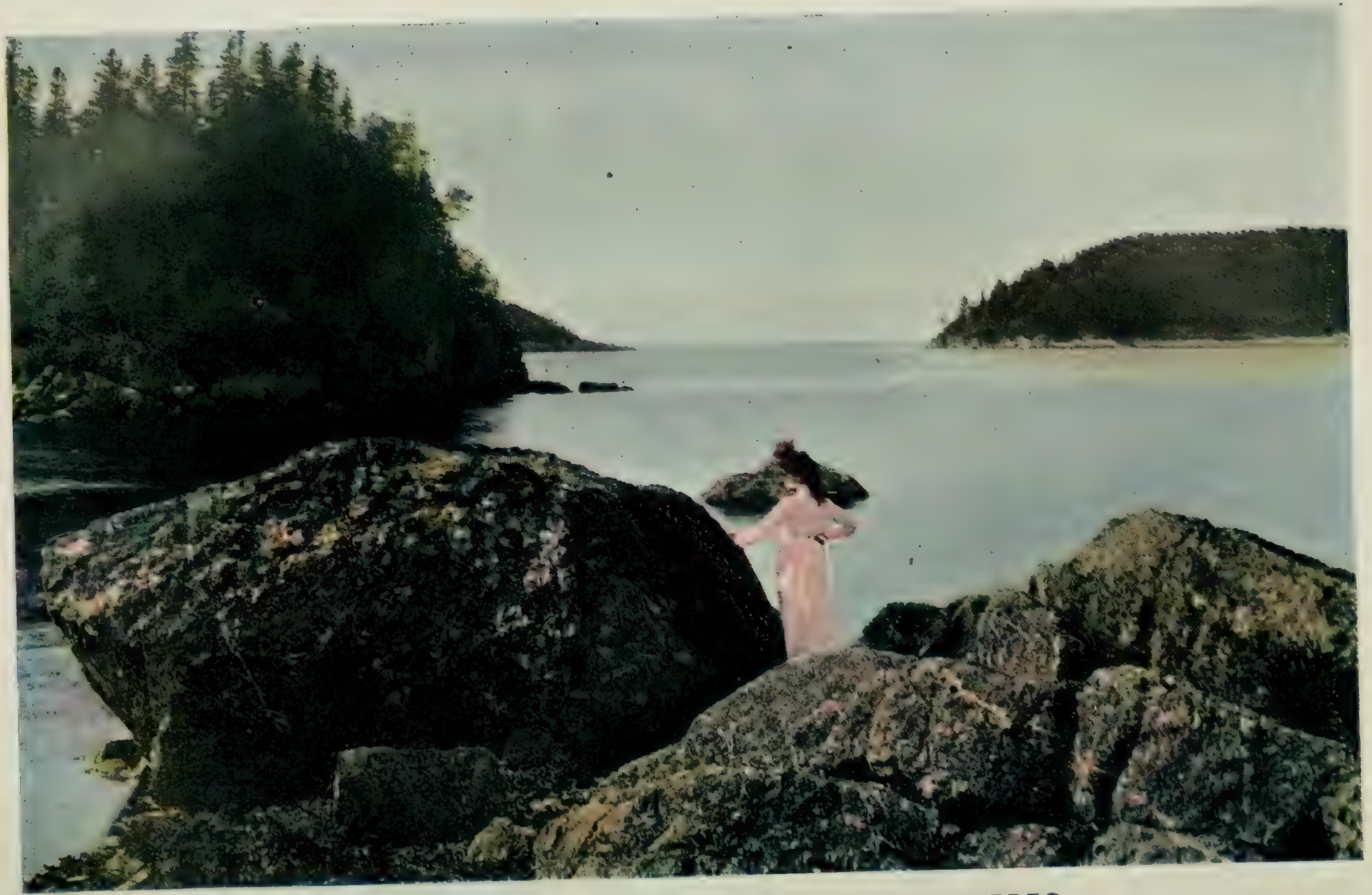
Official reports show that during the past two years the immigration from Italy has represented the largest additional incoming to the United States, and also it is pointed out that Italian emigration to other parts of the world has almost entirely fallen off, and that for the present the tide is setting towards the United States and Canada, with constantly growing dimensions. Upwards of 200,000 people so emigrated in the last fiscal year, and as the tide of people is continually increasing, it is proposed to operate a direct line of steamers from Sicily and other Mediterranean ports to Montreal next season. Some years ago the Argentine was a favourite point for emigrants, but owing to political unrest and lack of business many of the lines running to these ports had been obliged to abandon the River Plate.

The total population of Italy is now estimated to be 31,000,000. The annual emigration is fully 500,000 men, women and children; yet notwithstanding this tremendous drain there is a steady annual increase in the population of the country of between 6 and 7 per cent. More than two million Italians have gone to the United States in the past thirty years, of whom about one million have remained permanently in their adopted home.

TARIFFS THAT PROHIBIT

A NOTABLE example of how a tariff may turn the stream of trade into a new channel is the change in our sugar trade caused by the surtax levied during the past year on Canadian importations from Germany. During the nine months ending March 31st, 1904, the importations of sugar from Germany dropped from 150 million pounds to a half million; while the imports from the British West Indies and Guiana increased from forty million pounds to 162 million.

The total imports from Germany show a remarkable decrease. Whereas for the nine months ending March 31st, 1903, the total dutiable goods entering Canada from Germany amounted to $7,776,205, they had sunk for a similar period, terminating March 31st last, to $5,076,383, a falling off of $2,699,822. No wonder the man with the mailed fist is calling for a halt in the war of tariffs. In March, 1903, Canada took $928,831 worth of German dutiable goods. Last March this country bought only $491,440. In view of these facts, Germany seems to be getting more than she bargained for when she raised the duties against Canada because of the preference given to Great Britain.



AMONG THE ROCKS, BIC THE BEAUTIFUL, QUEBEC

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY OF CANADA

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIII TORONTO, AUGUST, 1904 No. 4

JAPAN IN TIME OF WAR

By EDWARD A. WICHER, Union Church Pastor, Kobe

THERE is no country in the world where there is greater unanimity in all matters of public policy than there is in Japan. This whole nation is absolutely one—one in its faith in the greatness of Great Nippon, one in its adoration of the Emperor, and one in its resolve to drive back Russia and save Asia from what it regards as a Slavic peril.

Before the outbreak of the war there was not an absolute unanimity of sentiment either as to the necessity of war or as to the strategic moment at which hostilities should be begun. There was in November and December of last year an emphatic difference of sentiment between the Ministry and the House of Representatives. The latter, favouring war and fresh from a general election, moved a vote of want of confidence in the Government because after Russia's second failure to implement her promises to evacuate Manchuria it did not at once send an armed force to compel evacuation. But the Government, not being responsible to the house, instead of resigning, replied by dissolving the house and ruling without a popular assembly. Just at this time, however, the Strong Foreign Policy Party (the Tairo Doshi Kaisha, usually shortened to Taidokai, the three initial characters of the name in the native *Kana*), composed chiefly of young and vigorous politicians, and very much influenced by Professor Tomasu of the Imperial University, was gaining constantly new strength in the nation, and profoundly affecting public opinion against Russia. The leaders of this party believed with their whole hearts that Japan would have to defeat Russia or ultimately lose her own independence, and they wanted the struggle to come as soon as possible. The statesmen in power were in no hurry to accede to the demands of the enthusiastic younger men, though subsequent events have shown that they were not unwilling to have the latter agitating the people in the direction of war.

Now every class and party is acting

THE MIKADO

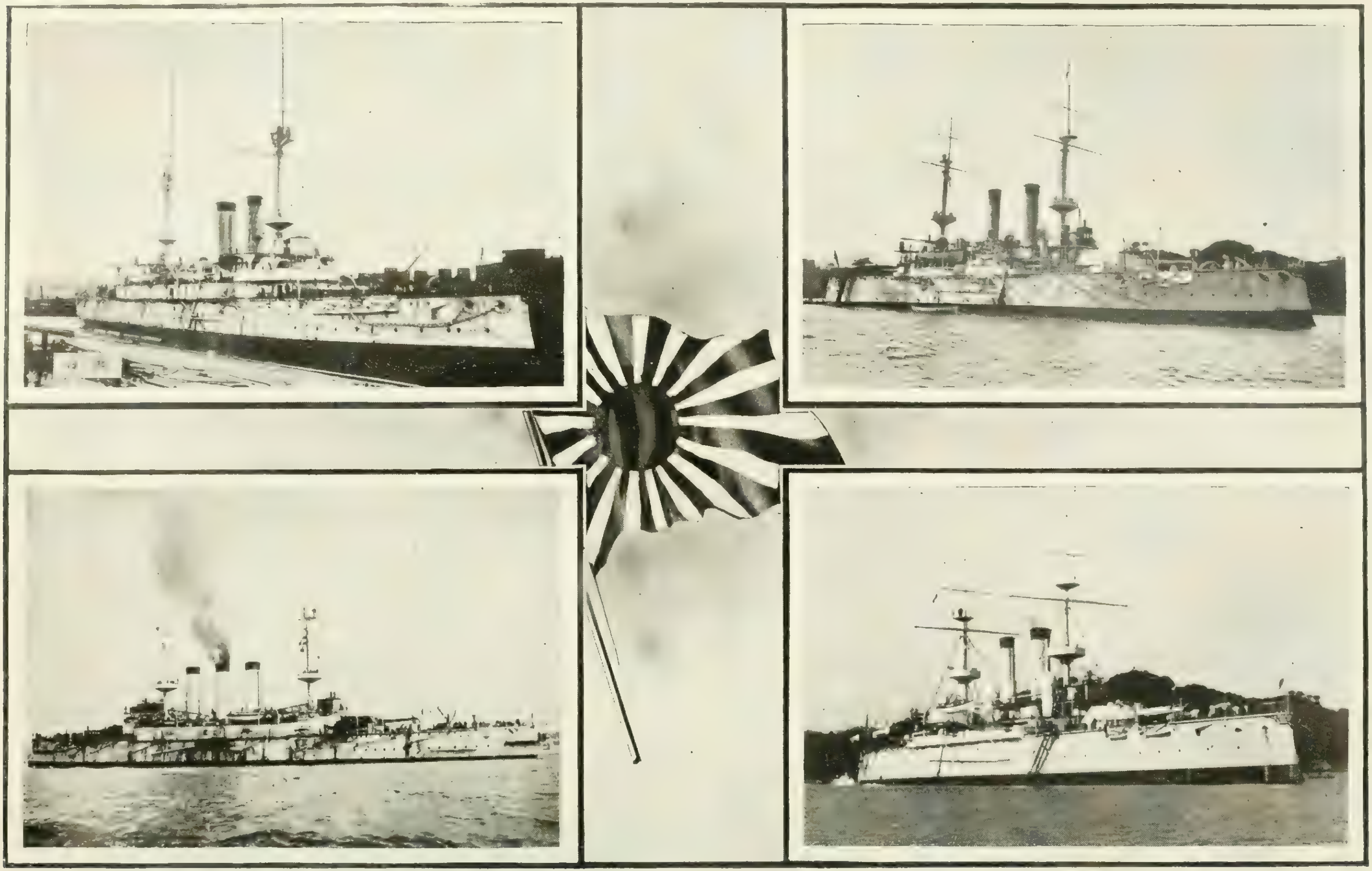
A CELEBRATION AT KOBE STATION IN HONOUR OF DEPARTING TROOPS

A RARE PHOTOGRAPH

together. The officers of the army, the descendants of the old *Samurai* class, have the fighting blood of generations in their veins; the rank and file, the descendants of the old coolie class, have for generations been accustomed to following the instructions of the *Samurai*, and are now rejoiced at the grand opportunity of fighting. Feudalism, as a system, is abolished in Japan, but the spirit of feudalism is still by far the most powerful force in the national life. It may manifest itself in modern forms, but the spirit is none the less feudal. Has not the Emperor said to fight? Is not the *Samurai* leading? Then, Banzai, let us fight.

There were some prudent people who before the war began were disposed to discount the popular enthusiasm. They would wait until the strain of hunger and the anguish of bereavement came, and see whether it would not die out. But it is more pronounced now than it has ever been before. Passing through the country at this time one might think that there was a great national festival in progress, such an appearance do the streets of cities and villages present. Flags, bunting, streamers, and large pictures which are illuminated by night, are everywhere. Looking down from the balcony of the Manse, where I am writing these words, I can see literally tens of thousands of large flags waving over the whole city from east to west. But along the lines of the railways where the troop-trains run the decorations are most elaborate and imposing.

Nothing could be more indicative of the war spirit of Japan than the behaviour of a crowd at the passing of one of these trains. On the days when



ASSHI—SHIRISHIMA

FUJI—YASHIMA

JAPAN'S FIGHTING CRAFT

A PROCESSION IN KOBE TO CELEBRATE JAPANESE VICTORIES

A RARE PHOTOGRAPH

the soldiers are going through the railway stations are thronged with people, as are also all the places in the streets from which a clear view of the track is afforded. After a little time a small black speck is seen away down the shining rails. It grows and becomes more animated until an engine with a train of twelve or fifteen cars suddenly becomes large and dashes past in front of the spectators. The cars may be third-class passenger cars or ordinary freight cars. All kinds are now pressed into service, and it is seldom that an officer has the privilege of riding in a first-class coach; more often it is the third-class for him also. There is no fuss and feathers about the Japanese military officer in time of war. As the train approaches the city the car windows are opened, the doors of the freighters are thrust back, and there is seen a long row of heads leaning forward, with more heads behind these again, and all shouting "Banzai." Long before this time the crowds on the streets have begun to shout. Cheer after cheer sweeps right across the city and can be heard distinctly miles away in the country. There are lusty young fellows, not yet been called out, and envious of those who have been, who throw up both arms and shout with their whole might "Banzai." There are aged men and women, bent half double as is the manner of the aged in Japan, who are sometimes seen to fall upon their knees and pray (to which God who can say?) for the victory of Great Nippon. There are mothers with their babies strapped to their back, the babies clasping diminutive flags in their diminutive hands, and shouting with their mothers "Banzai." If it be a holiday or after school hours, there are school-children whose boisterous merriment swells the general confusion and enthusiasm. No one ever thinks of correcting

JAPANESE SOLDIERS CROSSING A BRIDGE AT SUMA NEAR KOBE

A RARE PHOTOGRAPH

school-boys in Japan, partly because they know so much, and partly because they are boys. And the national infection makes them uproariously loyal when they shout "Banzai." Sometimes the foreigners are seen in the crowd, and I do not know a foreigner who, when a train of soldiers is passing through, would not in foreign fashion take his hat from his head, wave it tumultuously in the air, and shout "Banzai." We are almost, if not quite, as eager for the Japanese victory as are the Japanese themselves. After one train has passed through there is a subsidence for half an hour, and then another train comes and it all begins over again.

Another feature of the celebrations of the time are the frequent processions organised by the different groups of trade and business, which parade the city by night carrying illuminated lanterns and shouting war songs. The Japanese have an inimitable eye to effect in this kind of thing, and can get up processions in an artistic style not to be surpassed. The children, too, have their processions. It is not an uncommon sight to see thirty or forty youngsters, of from four to twelve years of age, walking in regular order under their leader and singing at the top of their voices,

Nippon Kata, Nippon Kata,
Rushia Makita.

which means:

Japan is on topside, Japan is on topside,
Russia is down below.

The loyalty of the people has shown itself in the willingness with which they have made financial sacrifices in the support of the various war-funds. The nation as a nation is poor. Her soldiers are serving with practically no wages except their food and uniforms. The Government, as such, makes no provision for the support of the families of the reservists who are called out, or the widows and orphans of the fallen. All the money spent in this way is derived from private sources. All kinds of personal sacrifices are being made for the collection and maintenance of the necessary funds. Old families have in some instances parted with rare

A CONVOY TRAIN PASSING THROUGH THE COUNTRY NEAR KOBE

A RARE PHOTOGRAPH

and valued private possessions in order to contribute. There has never been a time since I have come into the country when the curio shops contained anything like the number and variety of beautiful old goods which they do now. And the sacrifices of the poor have been even more touching than those of the rich, for they have given out of their own scarcity.

In some cases, too, where a husband and a father has been called to serve, the wife and mother has already had to undertake slavish labour for the support of the little ones—labour which is now hard to find and, when found, very poorly paid. Indeed, these cases are now so numerous as to pass without comment among the people. And very few of these women would keep their husbands at home with them if they could.

Of the soldiers going to the front, it is true to say that practically every man would rejoice in the prospect of death on the field of battle, if by that death his country's honour could be advanced. Undoubtedly their Oriental fatalism plays a part in their indifference to their own lives; and there is a real danger that some of them may throw away their lives recklessly, or may commit hari-kari in the hour of reverse, forgetting that even though they were taken prisoners to-day, they might live to fight to-morrow's battle. But fatalism is not the whole explanation of their attitude of mind; their feudal training, which has ground into them the idea of subordinating the individual to the State, is a far more important part of the explanation. Judging from the temper of both soldier and civilian, I would conclude that the army of Japan must either defeat Russia or be annihilated; and the history of the war thus far looks very much like the former.

* * *

THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN
A progressive woman

THE CROWN PRINCESS SADA
Wife of Prince Haru

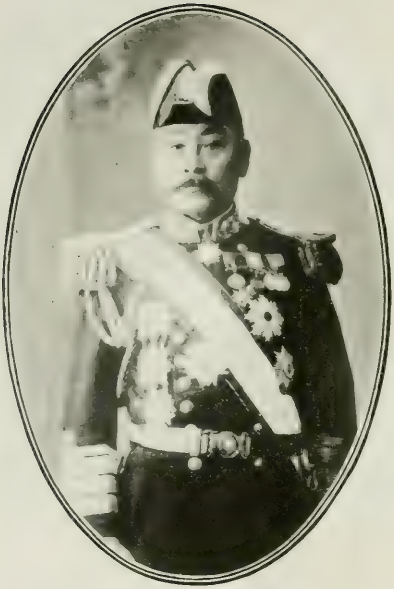
JAPAN'S LEADERS

By NORMAN PATTERSON

ANY kind of uniform, a good rifle, a pouch full of cartridges, and a twenty-pound bag of rice, and you are ready to march through Manchuria with the diamond edition of Humanity, the little brown men of the Mikado. The keynote to the character of the Jap is "simplicity." He lives simply, eats simply, works simply, and dies simply. He does not go to the front with ovens, cooking-stoves, biscuits, flour, canned meat, canned fruit and a bath-tub. He carries a bag of rice. He does not require huge supply trains and all sorts of merchandise to follow in his wake—only extra ammunition waggons and a few cartloads of rice. He makes no fuss. He quietly marches up the hill, and if he marches down again, it is down *the other side*. If this does not occur, his comrades bury him on the top.

When the war broke out, Chicago thought the Jap would require canned beef and wheat, London thought he

THE CROWN PRINCE HARU
He is the first heir-apparent to be educated in public. He has two sons, Prince Micho and Prince Atsu.



MARQUIS ITO
The chief subject of the Mikado and one of the greatest statesmen of modern times. Also said to have less worldly wealth than any other man of his rank in the world.

would need money, and prices began to soar. They have all come down again. The Jap does not do business except on his own terms. He floated one small loan in London, and they choused him; but they will not gain anything by such conduct. He will place a memo. in this little book on a page headed "John Bull." All sorts of travellers went to Japan to sell the Jap hygienic underwear and all the accessories that make soldiers useless, and they are now coming back—without orders. Men trained in *Jiu-jitsu* do not mind being under-clothed and under-fed. They can fight sixteen hours at a stretch, they can march fifty miles in a day without horses, they know how to shoot and how to make rifles of their own, and nearly every man of them is an athlete, soldier and engineer rolled into one.

Who are the leaders of this nation? The pictures of some are scattered through these pages. No one man is responsible. A nation is a multiple of units; as is the unit so is the multiple. There must be many great men in Japan, otherwise there could not be that thoroughness of preparation for this great struggle; or that clear-cut conception of what the occasion would require. "There is," says the *Times*, "something almost terrible in the way in which these Japanese officers have bettered the instructions of their European teachers in reducing the art of slaying men to something of the nature of an exact mathematical process."

Let us look at the careers of some of these men, and perhaps we can guess the rest.

Mutsuhito, the present Emperor, succeeded his father, Komei, in 1867. Soon after his accession the Shogun, or real ruler of Japan, resigned his position and a new system of government was formed with the Emperor in direct control. Henceforth, Mutsuhito's name was appended to all laws, ordinances and treaties instead of the Shogun's—for the first time in Japanese history. Since 1868, he has been Emperor both *de jure* and *de facto.*

GENERAL TERANCHI
Minister for War

ADMIRAL YAMAMOTO
Minister for Marine—the man who is directing the work of Admirals Togo and Uriu.

He at once inaugurated a progressive policy. Kobe, Osaka, Yedo and Niigata were opened to foreign trade. Lighthouses and telegraphs were introduced in 1870, and a postal system, a mint, railways, newspapers and other improvements in the next two years. The founding of the Imperial University and the withdrawal of anti-Christian edicts immediately followed. Then the reaction set in, and the Saga Rebellion of 1874 and the Satsuma Rebellion of 1877, both which were speedily crushed, were protests against the progressive spirit of modern Japan. Finally, in 1881 came the promise of constitutional government and Japan had irrevocably adopted western civilisation. The constitution was adopted eight years later and Prince Haru proclaimed Crown Prince.

Mutsuhito may or may not be the 122nd ruler of his line, but he certainly represents an ancient dynasty, perhaps the oldest in the world. That, at the same time, he should be the most progressive monarch of modern times, is a matter of considerable import. Though cradled in absolutism and oriental despotism, he has become a constitutional monarch, bridging at one step a gulf which yawned beneath many generations and kingly houses in Great Britain before it was finally crossed. Mutsuhito laid down his "divine rights" and his immense personal power to take up the less ostentatious and possibly less satisfying duties of a King who must rule according to his elected advisers. His predecessors lived in seclusion; he frequently shows himself in public, is the leader of his people and commands their armies and navies. His Empress does not have shaven eyebrows and blackened teeth. She, too, appears in public, is a generous patron of female education, and is a leader in social and philanthropic enterprises.

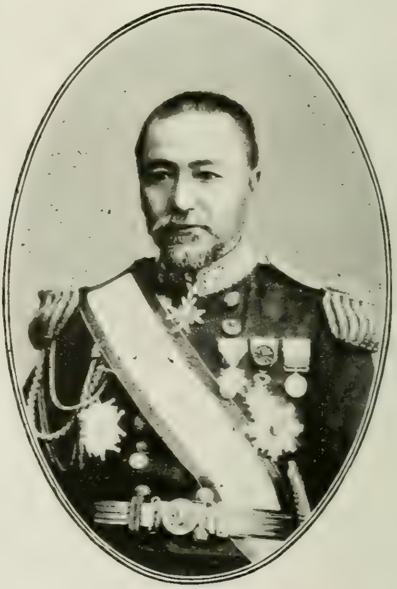
In Canada there are men in high places who are the sons of farmers; in Japan the chief subject of His Majesty Emperor Mutsuhito is a farmer's son. Juzo Ito, the father of Marquis Ito, was a rustic gardener or

MARSHAL YAMAGATA
He will act as chief of staff in Tokio during the absence of Marshal Oyama in Manchuria. He was Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese forces in the Chinese-Japanese war.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL HASAGAWA
Commander of the Imperial Guards

small farmer—a numerous and respectable class in Japan, where agriculture is the chief industry. The average farm is, however, only about two acres in extent. Juzo Ito had ambitions. He could not carry two swords, since he was not born a Samurai. He negotiated for his rank when an opportunity presented itself, and purchased superior position. He did not become a Samurai, but he secured a rank which enabled him to wear the coveted two swords. This, of course, helped his son, Hirobumi Ito, although he too had difficulties to face. He required education and travel. As a common sailor on a merchant ship he made his way to England. As a starving student, he led a solitary life at the Erle settlement, New York. He surmounted all difficulties, patiently bore great hardships, and has been Prime Minister of Japan four times. His great characteristic in private life is his love of reading. He devotes five or six hours a day to Japanese, German, English, French and Chinese books and periodicals. He is a student to-day, as in his younger days. He is no orator, and seldom makes speeches. He thinks. He has been the thinker of the Japanese nation. He is not worshipped by the people, but he is held in great respect; his reputation at home is equal to his reputation abroad. He is unostentatious, lives simply, has never sold his country's secrets, as Li Hung Chang did, has never indulged in speculations, is generous according to his means, speaks in a most deliberate tone, with a sweet, gentle expression, and he is a good conversationalist.

The Marquis Ito was the leader of those who formed the famous Japanese Constitution promulgated on February 11th, 1889. In this document the Empire voluntarily and generously admitted the people to a share in the administration of public affairs "in consideration of the progressive tendency of the course of human affairs, and in parallel with the advance of civilisation." This constitution is patterned after the German constitution. It provides for a Privy Council (Sunitsu-In), appointed by the Emperor, and consisting of a presi-



ADMIRAL TOGO
A Christian and a hero

ADMIRAL URIU
Educated at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, United States

dent, vice-president and twenty-five councillors. This council of advisors has power to look after international treaties, the question of peace or war, and generally to assist the Emperor in his duties. It is distinct from the cabinet, which includes ten responsible ministers, with a premier at their head. All are subject to change when a government goes out of power, with the exception of the two ministers of the army and the navy. The Imperial Diet consists of two houses, the House of Peers and the House of Commons. The former contains about 328 members, some hereditary, some elective and some appointive. The members of the Imperial Family, and princes and marquises are hereditary. Other members are elected for seven years. Others are appointed by the Emperor for meritorious services to the State or because of prominence in literature, science or art. The members of the House of Commons number 376, and are elected for four years. The Constitution further provides that no man is to be arrested, detained, tried or punished except by law, and no house can be entered or searched without the owner's consent except in due process of law. Freedom is guaranteed to the press and for public meetings. Marquis Ito is thus notable as the father of a constitution which embodies the principles of Western Government—the first time they have been adopted by an Eastern nation. It is by this he must be judged. He must be progressive, intelligent, and wise beyond the average of his race and class. He is now the head of a party known as the *Seiyukai*, a moderate party corresponding nearly to what we would term Conservative.

Admiral Uriu was born of Samurai parents in 1858, was thoroughly trained in the English language by a tutor, and in the late seventies was a cadet in the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. He graduated in 1881, twenty-sixth in his class. He was slow to learn, but showed great persistency. After two years in Europe, he spent some time in the Naval College at Tokio and in 1885 took up his

COUNT MOUYE, REAR-ADMIRAL
When at the Annapolis Naval Academy he was called "Anyway"

SIR ARCHIBALD L. DOUGLAS

Vice-Admiral in the British Navy, who, when a captain, went to Japan to instruct and to assist in founding a naval college there.

regular work in the navy. Three years later he was attached to the General Staff, and from 1893 to 1897 was naval attache to the Japanese Legation at Paris. In 1900 he commanded the battleship *Yashima*, the flagship of the fleet. Since the war began he distinguished himself by sinking the *Variag* and *Korietz* at Chemulpo.

Count Mouye, Rear-Admiral, was with Serata and Uriu at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. In 1882 he became a lieutenant and from 1884 to 1887 was a member of the Admiral's personal staff. He gained considerable glory during the Chinese-Japanese war. He is said to have found it hard to master English. On one occasion when he met an old classmate in Japan he forgot all the English he ever knew, but showed his pleasure by repeatedly embracing the United States officer and swearing his affection in the purest Satsuma dialect.

When the Japanese Government was organising its army and navy, it established the Imperial Naval College at Tokio. The work was done by Vice-Admiral Sir Archibald L. Douglas, at present at Halifax and soon to be transferred to Portsmouth, who was then a captain. He took over to Japan with him an entire ship's company, including a commander, lieutenants, sub-lieutenants, midshipmen, mariners and other lesser dignatories. The Japanese wanted a complete crew so that each man could teach the Japanese of his own rank exactly what was required of them, even down to ship's boys. Their crews are thus duplicates of the British crews.

General Teranchi is the Minister for War and is senior to the Commander-in-Chief, the Chief of Staff, the generals and other officers in order. The army has come into great prominence under him, and to him much of the credit will be given, although he has no control over the navy. All Japanese subjects are liable for service between the ages of 17 and 40 years. There is (1) active service with the colours for three years; (2) First Reserve term of four years; (3) Second Reserve term of five years; and (4) Service in the Territorial Army for a short period. In time of peace those in the last three classes are called out for drill only once a year. The peace footing is about 200,000, and the war footing 500,000.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

LITERARY PORTRAITS

By HALDANE MACFALL, Author of "The Masterfolk," etc.

IV—CONAN DOYLE

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE has the prize-fighting conception of life—he estimates man by his brute pluck, his so-called sporting instincts, and by the acute cunning that he brings to the game. The wide universe, with its vasty significance, passes before his eyes, that are wholly indifferent to it except in its eternal warfare for the survival of the fittest; it is the bugle alone that calls him to attention. And yet, to show how large a part this fighting instinct plays in the human imagination, his work is perhaps amongst the best known of any living writer's in our England of to-day. There is scarce a man, woman or child but knows whom you mean if you speak of Sherlock Holmes.

Now, make no mistake about it, that is a very triumphant thing to say of any man's creation; it is to say that he has created a world-type. Sherlock Holmes is known also in nearly every foreign tongue of Europe. And this is all the more remarkable when we remember that Conan Doyle's stories of Sherlock Holmes are largely devoid of literary style; there is no grip of the music or rhythm or other emotional quality that makes of prose a splendid art; and there is little grip of character—not a single character besides Sherlock Holmes lives in the memory—he simply creates a cunning fighting human machine, who talks the story through its narrative length. Of the pulsing life and thrilling blood, of the live bone and the sensitive flesh, moved by the breath of subtle emotions that make of the body a live human entity, there is small trace. The manner of writing is bald as a guard-report, as unquickened as a statute-book; the descriptions as unimpassioned as an inventory. But always there is that statement of the eternal warfare of life; and though that statement is not a full and true statement of life, it is an obvious part of life, and a part that lies at the base of every human instinct.

The reason that it is not an artistic statement of life is due to two facts: Conan Doyle has not that sense of the musical quality of words to transfer emotion; he tells everything in exactly the same manner, whether it be love, or war, or anger, or sighs, or thunder, or whispers—everything is in the same word-colour. Secondly, in his survey of life, he sees only the struggle of brute strength and of intellectual strength; and the man who can see no further into life than that cannot see life in its fulness.

It is, of course, absolutely true that the fittest survive. It is as absolutely true that the struggle is eternal to be the fittest. And it is to a certain extent true that the prize-fighter and the swash-buckler breed courage for the struggle of the race. But they do not breed the best sort of courage. And if it comes to that, the man of meanest physique with a revolver in his hand is the master in the death-grip with the most powerful prize-fighter ever bred, In fact, this worship of prize-fighting, this over-rating of what is called sport, is not only disproportionate to the value of essential manhood; but, what is far more serious, it breeds the lowest form of the community—the crowd that goes to see others fight, always a low tribe.

It is true that the fittest survive in the mighty struggle for life. The Best are the Fittest. But—mark the law!—it is not the individual that survives to attain the mastery, but the race. Thus, even if you were the most exclusive and aristocratic of apes, tracing your lineage to the first ape—nay, even to your uttermost beginnings in the ooze, you would go under the heel of, and become subject to, the most rude bucolic community of men; and this, though ape to man, you had the greater body's strength, the deeper conceit, the fiercer wish to slay. The master people must be strong of body; but it is not enough. If strength of body made the overlords of the world, then the lion and the tiger would have been overlord to man, and the negro would have overborne the white man. But man's brain wrought the knit brotherhood of the clan, and weapons and wondrous defence, and the science of war; so that the brute force of the lion and the tiger went down before the lesser brute force that was guided by higher cunning than theirs; and the brain's strength came to be above the body's strength; so that the fierce courage of Mahomet's black legions that charge out of the desert withers and they are mown down like grass before the level fire and the ordered volleys of the white troops.

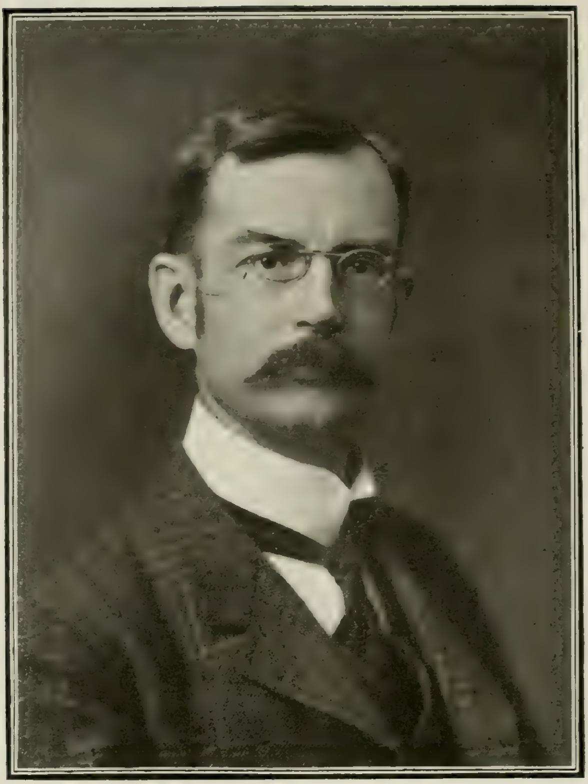
But the cunning of the intellect is not enough. It is clear that a man may have giant's strength of body and be in brain a giant, and yet be an utter criminal; and were these forces to determine the position of the master race he would, as a matter of fact, reach the master place in proportion to his criminality and his ruthlessness. A race, then, may be strong of body and strong in cunning; but, foot to foot with such as are of the like strength of body and cunning, it will go down before the overlordship of such as are strong in conduct, for the close-knit faith and trust of a race in its fellows must overthrow a race of which the members seek but their own individual advantage—conduct being one's relation to the others in the community. And he that has not discipline, he who debauches his powers and makes license of his body's gifts, and loosely scatters his brain's will, falls to inevitable disease of his faculties. His nerve grows weak, and the will, which is at the centre of life, grows enfeebled and melts to water, so that he arouses ill-will and contempt amongst his companions; and the enmity of the commonweal blots him out.

The master people, then, must be strong of thew, but stronger still in thinking, and stronger still in conduct and in will; but, even so, these are not enough, for the will that acts against the conscience becomes but a bully's strength, and will reel before it finish. It is through the conscience that man shall achieve purification in his search, which is the eternal search, for the godhood within him that leads to the fullest life. For instinct is the mystic centre of life, and conscience is the clean guide of instinct, to lead it to the mastery; and the conscience will get through where the unspurred body's strength would fail. That race will be the overlords of the earth which is spiritually the strongest, together with the strongest conscience and the strongest will to act its noblest instincts, in the strongest body, with the clearest intellect.

The master race may not ignore any of these sources of strength, and the failure of the one will lead to the weakening of the others. To the greatest race Life gives its force and its wisdom—not to the rich, but to the alert; not to the arrogant, but to the ready; not to the paltry and self-seeking after ease, but to the noble and the united and the strong, to the clean-hearted, the vigorous of soul. And they that fall away from the potentialities of the godhood that is in them fall below and take rank beneath, according to the measure of their insignificance, breed by breed, nation by nation.

So that a people's strength shall be in the number of its splendid companions. Hate turns the blood to blackness and the will sour, and kills the body's clean nourishment; but the merry heart makes the body's health. The masterfolk have good-will for their breath, and are a jovial folk and bland. Your surly man of aloofness and of mystery deceives but himself and other fools—and the honour of fools is not worth the reaping. The masterfolk do not, in their secret aspirations, long that their companions may be less than they—the masterfolk seek companionship only with the masterfolk, and their pride is in the strength of their splendid companions. To pine for the strong man over them is the mark of the weakness of the slave-folk.

But if a man have not the strength for many companions, let him reject first the weakest—the vigorous of body before the resolute of will—the resolute of will before the upright in honour—the loyal last of all. For the spirit will go through the scorch of trial where the body would but burn. And Conan Doyle, in some vague measure, feels this mighty truth, even whilst he belauds and cries "Worry!" to the prize-fighter and the cunning within us. His historical romances are, in a fashion, more artistic in the phrasing than his Sherlock Holmes; but we forget them, they die out of the memory. It is in Sherlock Holmes that his repute will live. And Sherlock Holmes, for all his physical courage, for all his elaborate cunning, when the lust of fight is not upon him, for his recreation and his soul's stimulant has to fall back upon the hypodermic syringe and cocaine! So some mighty Clive conquers India and—drowns life in a drug bottle. So some Napoleon conquers the world and—fumes his life away in childish complaints in St. Helena. And so many a man who passes before our eyes today in conceit of intellect goes to a stealthy drowning of his genius in a wine-bottle.



HERBERT BROWN AMES

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

No. 53—HERBERT BROWN AMES

WE have very few representatives on this continent of a class which is, in some respects, the glory of England—men who have deliberately withdrawn from all commercial pursuits to devote themselves, through good or ill fortune, to public affairs. We have, of course, plenty of men—far too many, indeed—who make of politics a profession, expecting it to pay them handsome wages; but this class of person is as far removed from the public man of the British stamp as the free-booting "soldier of fortune" is from the patriotic volunteer. We have yet another class quite distinct from both of these; and that is the men who have been gradually drawn into political life, its absorbing interest slowly weaning them away from their profession or business, and its incidental and entirely proper winnings sufficing for their needs. But these men have not chosen the public service until they were fairly assured of success therein, which means that they would not have devoted themselves to the public at all if they had chanced to espouse a cause which had its way yet to win.

But of quite a different character are the men who, while youth still offers them the choice of many doors into the world, deliberately enlist in the public service, without any guarantee that they will ever get so much as a school trusteeship as a proof of their acceptance. This course is quite common among that section of the youth of England who are born without any need to give attention to the great bread-and-butter question. Obviously, it could not be taken by any lad who had his living to make. This at the outset debars nine-tenths, and more, of the people from choosing this service. I am one of those who think that the world would be better if this nine-tenths were not so debarred. I would like to see an economic condition under which every man would be so sure of his livelihood that he could give a great deal of attention to public affairs. But that condition does not now exist, and we have in its place an arrangement under which—let us say—nine-tenths of the young men must devote themselves almost wholly to making a living, while the other tenth are entirely freed—if they so desire—from that necessity.

In America the youth of this "gilded" tenth usually either play at amusing games all their lives, or else go in for making more "bread," which they cannot possibly eat, as a sort of hereditary game. In England, many of them, on the contrary, devote their lives to the State, either in the diplomatic service, in the army or navy, or in politics. Both of the great British parties are largely manned by recruits from this class. Wilberforce, battling against slavery for years without much encouragement, was such a man. So was Gladstone. But Cobden was not; and Chamberlain is not. British history is full of the brilliant services of men who did not enter politics by the golden path. I am not commending the system which creates this class; but I am simply saying that, given such a class, it is better to have them serve the State than "break" an automobile "record."

In Canada we hardly have the class yet; and it is encouraging to see one of the first members of it following the English model. Herbert Brown Ames found himself, when he emerged from college, the heir of the senior partnership of a great shoe business. No young man ever had a better chance to go on making shoes and accumulating a bank account. But young Herbert Ames thought, looking over the matter with the uncommercial eye of youth, that he had—figuratively speaking—shoes enough. He calculated that he could not wear out all the "shoes" he had in stock if he kept afoot for the rest of his natural life; so it struck him as a good idea to stop making "shoes" and to try making something of himself.

I had the good fortune to come into contact with Mr. Ames at the very outset of his volunteer public service, when he was still on the defensive for having adopted such an extraordinary attitude toward his opportunity to make more "shoes" than he wanted. And he did not lack for hostile criticism. Many of his best friends thought that he was permitting the foolhardy enthusiasm of youth to lure him into a by-path where he would waste much precious time. But he was not to be discouraged. He resolved to answer criticism with results.

At that time municipal politics in Montreal was more like a comic opera than the sane business management of the affairs of a great city. The people were in a state ranging from exasperated despair to amused despair in proportion as they were "bled" for their compulsory seats at "the play." The press protested in the boldest of type; the people assembled and "viewed with alarm" the situation; but, when election day came around, respectable citizens long dead arose from their graves to vote for "the clique," and men journeyed all the way from California, Europe and Australia for the same noble purpose, and the "reformers" found themselves in the usual minority.

Just at this point young Mr. Ames decided to intervene. He drew about him a body of young men, who took the name of the Volunteer Electoral League, and who set out to see just what men had a right to vote in the city, and what they each looked like.

Great was the merriment at the City Hall! "The Boys' Brigade, "the Kindergarten" was welcomed to the field of battle with a shout of Homeric laughter from the veterans. But the volunteers went quietly to work, undertaking a house-to-house canvass in one of the fighting wards, where they undertook to see each voter and to jot down on a card a short personal description of him while they held him in conversation. As might be expected, this canvass was not without its humours. One of the members of the League was a public-spirited Japanese, who was no larger than his countrymen usually are, and who had a full share of their indomitable spirit. But, unfortunately, he mistook his instructions. He knew that the real purpose of his visit was to get the "personal description" card filled up, and he decided that the safest way to do this would be to ask each man what the colour of his eyes was, whether he were bald, what his personal peculiarities were, etc. The sequel showed, however, that safety was not the chief virtue of this method; for more than one big Irishman refused to submit to this catechising by a "heathen Chinee," and refused with vigour.

However, the canvass of the voters was completed; and two results followed. The names of the dead were reverently struck from the voters' lists, and the "personators" found on polling day that they could not pass the scrutineers armed with these cards. After the first encounter, the laughter at the City Hall was not quite so Homeric. The work of the League was extended; other wards were captured for the reform element; and finally a reform majority sat in the City Council.

A member of that majority was Ald. Ames; for in 1898 he stood for St. Antoine ward and was elected by an overwhelming vote. The Homeric laughter had not wholly disappeared even yet; but the two years' fighting in Council, put in by Ald. Ames before the final victory of the "reformers" in 1900, successfully silenced it. This industrious, informed, aggressive alderman from the St. Antoine district, might be a "Y. M. C. A. young man," and might lack certain sorts of human sympathy, and might utterly fall short of being "one of the boys," but he could win elections, and probe schemes to the bottom, and talk out where prying newspaper men could hear him, and make a decided nuisance of himself generally.

But Mr. Ames did not confine himself to saving taxes for the tax-payer—though that would have been one man's job; he determined to break a lance against that grimmest monster of modern urban civilisation, "the slum." Concurrently with his work for municipal reform, he conducted a minute investigation into the social condition of the people who live in "the City below the Hill." Without going into the results of this enquiry, which were published serially at the time in the Montreal *Star*, we will simply refer to one of the outcomes of it—a group of model tenements built by Mr. Ames right in the heart of the district described. His motto was "Philanthropy and Five Per Cent." and he thinks that in this investment he is realising it—along with a far richer return in a consciousness of making life a little brighter for some whose outlook is cloudy enough. These buildings provide for 39 families, are built in the most sanitary manner, have a janitor on the premises to look after the garbage and all such things, and even have play-yards for the children. It is better, however, to read of model tenements than to see them. There are few things more disheartening to the man from a real home than their clean and ordered ugliness. Philanthropy will never take the place of economic justice which will enable every family to make its own home in its own way.

An insight into Mr. Ames's character may be obtained from the facts that he has been President of the Young Men's Christian Association and of the Montreal Christian Endeavour Union. He is also a member of the Protestant Section of the Quebec Council of Public Instruction, and a Governor of the Montreal Dispensary. Always you feel that he is the typical "church layman" working in the world; and you could probably pay him no compliment that he would appreciate more keenly than the saying of just this. Still he has had a touch of business experience which stands him in good stead. He was for a while with his father's firm—Ames, Holden & Co.—and is now a director of the Great Western Life Insurance Co. and of the Dominion Guarantee Co., and a member of the Council of the Montreal Board of Trade. As a member of the Council of the Board of Trade, he had much to do with making the Chambers of Commerce Congress a success last summer; and this year he was enthusiastically received in Britain when in company with other delegates he "returned the call." The Canadians were in great demand at all sorts of public occasions, which suggests that it is rather a pity that our representative public men do not go over oftener. Lately he received the Conservative Parliamentary nomination for the St. Antoine division of Montreal, and the high esteem in which he is held by the voters in that division makes him a strong candidate. He is a man whom the public trust. It has never been his plan to "jolly" his way into popularity; he has sought rather to win the confidence of the people, and in this he has succeeded. Still he is one of the most approachable of men, and has a wide circle of very close friends.

He is yet a young man. Born in 1863, he has just turned forty, and ought to have much before him. He has a delight in work, and will certainly take an effective part in the business of Parliament. Then he is high-principled without being unpractical. He can take an honest stand in Parliament, and then can go in and win an election on the same lines. He is a living proof that elections can be "made with prayers"—if we take "prayers" to mean honest methods, determined vigilance in protecting the ballot, and entire trust to the patriotic good sense of the people.

Albert R. Carman

ON THE JOURNEY*

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT

SINCE leaving Cannes the carriage had been full, and being all acquainted, we conversed together. As we passed Tarascon some one said, "It is here the murders happen." And we began to talk of that mysterious assassin who had never been caught, and who, from time to time during the last two years, had offered up to himself some traveller's life. Every one hazarded suppositions, every one gave his opinion; the women looked shiveringly at the sombre night behind the panes, fearing to see the head of a man show suddenly in the doorway. And we began to tell dreadful stories of terrible adventures, of some tête-à-tête with a madman in an express, of hours passed opposite suspicious-looking persons, quite alone.

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* Copyrighted in the United States by Harper and Brothers. Maupassant, like Zola, is of the naturalist school of French writers. He is one of those who attempted to study man and life as they are, to paint people exactly as they appear, selecting of course such phases of life as have dramatic interest. They desired to put Romanticism and Idealism behind them and to show where society stands and whither it tends. Maupassant was a nephew of Flaubert, one of the first of this school. He was born in 1850 and died in 1893. In early life he was apparently strong and robust, but later he fought with insanity and death. This fight made his work somewhat gruesomely pessimistic and realistic. Nevertheless as a maker of compact phrases, as a master of concise diction, as a finished stylist he is one of the greatest of nineteenth century novelists. His short stories were originally published in sixteen volumes, while his novels are eight in number.

All the men had stories "on their honour," all had intimidated, knocked down and choked some malefactor in surprising circumstances, and with admirable boldness and presence of mind. A physician, who passed each winter in the south, wished in his turn to tell a tale.

"I," said he, "have never had a chance to try my courage in an affair of that sort, but I knew a woman, one of my patients, who is now dead, to whom there happened the strangest thing in the world, and also the most mysterious and the most affecting.

"She was a Russian, the Countess Marie Baranow, a very great lady, of exquisite beauty. You all know how beautiful the Russian women are, or, at least, how beautiful they seem to us, with their fine nostrils, with their delicate mouths, with their eyes of an indefinable colour—a sort of blue-gray, set close together—and with that grace of theirs which is cold and a little hard. They have about them something naughty and seductive, something haughty and gentle, something tender and severe, which is altogether charming to a Frenchman. It is perhaps, however, only the difference of race and type which makes us see so much.

"For several years her doctor had perceived that she was threatened with a malady of the chest, and had been trying to induce her to go to the south of France, but she had obstinately refused to leave St. Petersburg. Finally, last autumn, the physician gave her up as lost and so informed her husband, who at once ordered his wife to leave for Mentone.

"She took the train, alone in her carriage, her servants occupying another compartment. She leaned against the doorway, a little sad, watching the country and the passing villages, feeling herself in life so lonely, so abandoned, without children, almost without relatives, with a husband whose love was dead, and who, not coming with her, had just thrown her off to the end of the world as he would send to the hospital a valet who was sick.

"At each station her body-servant, Ivan, came to ask if anything was wanted by his mistress. He was an old servant, blindly devoted, ready to carry out any order which she might give.

"The night fell, the train rolled onward at full speed. She was much unstrung; she could not sleep. Suddenly she took the idea of counting the money which her husband had given her at the last moment, in French gold. She opened her little bag and emptied the shining flood of metal upon her knees.

"But all of a sudden a breath of cold air struck her in the face. She raised her head in surprise. The door had just swung open. The Countess Marie, in desperation, brusquely threw a shawl over the money which was spread upon her knees, and waited. Some seconds passed, then a man appeared, bareheaded, wounded in the hand, panting, in evening dress. He shut the door again, sat down, looked at his neighbour with glittering eyes, then wrapped a handkerchief round his wrist, from which the blood was flowing." The young countess felt herself grow weak with fright. This man had certainly seen her counting her gold, and he was come to murder and to rob.

"He kept staring at her, breathless, his face convulsed, ready, no doubt, to make a spring.

"He said, suddenly: 'Have no fear, madame!'

"She answered nothing, being unable to open her mouth, hearing her heart beat and her ears hum.

"He continued: 'I am not a criminal, madame.'

"She still said nothing, but, in a brusque movement which she made, her knees came close together, and her gold began to flow down upon the carpet as water flows from a gutter.

"The man, surprised, looked at this rivulet of metal, and suddenly he stooped to pick up the money.

"She rose in a mad fright, casting

all her treasure to the ground, and she ran to the door to throw herself out upon the track. But he understood what she was about to do, rushed forward, caught her in his arms, made her sit down by force, and holding her wrists. 'Listen, madame, I am not a criminal, and the proof is that I am going to pick up this money and give it back to you. But I am a lost man, a dead man, unless you can help me to cross the frontier. I cannot tell you more. In one hour we shall be at the last Russian station; in one hour and twenty minutes we shall pass the boundary of the empire. If you do not rescue me I am lost. And yet, madame, I have neither killed nor stolen, nor done anything against my honour. I swear it to you. I cannot tell you more.'

"And getting down on his knees, he picked up the gold, looking even for the last pieces which had rolled far under the seats. Then, when the little leather bag was once more full, he returned it to his neighbour without adding a word, and again he went and sat in the other corner of the carriage.

"They no longer stirred, either one or the other. She remained motionless and dumb, still fainting with terror, then little by little growing more at ease. As for him, he did not make a gesture, a movement; he sat straight, his eyes fastened before him, very pale as though he had been dead. From time to time she looked at him suddenly, and as suddenly looked away. He was a man about thirty, very handsome, with every appearance of a gentleman.

"The train ran through the darkness, cast rending cries across the night, sometimes slackened its pace, then went off again at full speed. But suddenly it slowed, whistled several times, and stopped.

"Ivan appeared at the door to get his orders.

"The Countess Marie, with a trembling voice, considered her strange companion for the last time, then said to her servant, with a brusque voice:

"'Ivan, you are to return to the Count; I have no more need of you.'

"The man, speechless, opened his enormous eyes. He stammered: 'But —Barine!'

"She continued:

"'No, you are not to come; I have changed my mind. I desire that you remain in Russia. Here is money to return. Give me your cap and your cloak.'

"The old servant, quite bewildered, bared his head and held out his cloak. He always obeyed without reply, being well accustomed to the sudden wishes and the irresistible caprices of his masters. And he withdrew, the tears in his eyes.

"The train went on, running towards the frontier.

"Then the Countess Marie said to her neighbour:

"'These things are for you, monsieur; you are Ivan, my servant. I add only one condition to what I do: it is that you shall never speak to me, that you shall not address me a single word, either to thank me or for any purpose whatever.'

"The unknown bowed without uttering a word.

"Very soon they came to a stop once more, and officials in uniform visited the train. The Countess offered them papers, and pointing to the man seated at the back of the carriage:

"'My servant, Ivan. Here is his passport.'

"The train went on.

"During the whole night they remained in tête-à-tête, both silent.

"In the morning when they stopped at a German station, the unknown got down; then, standing straight in the door-way: 'Forgive my breaking my promise, madame; but I have deprived you of your servant, it is right that I should fill his place. Have you need of anything?'

"She answered coldly:

"'Go and find my maid.'

"He went to do so, then disappeared.

"When she got out of the carriage at some restaurant or other, she perceived him from a distance looking at her. They reached Mentone."

The doctor was silent a second, then resumed:

"One day as I was receiving my patients in my office, I saw enter a tall young fellow, who said to me:

"'Doctor, I come to ask news about the Countess Marie Baranow. I am, although she does not know me, a friend of her husband.'

"I replied:

"'She is doomed. She will never go back to Russia.'

"And the man suddenly commenced to sob, then he got up and went out, reeling like a drunkard.

"The same night I told the countess that a stranger had come to inquire from me about her health. She seemed moved, and told me all the story which I have just told you. She added:

"'That man, whom I do not know at all, now follows me like my shadow; I meet him every time I go out; he looks at me after a strange fashion, but he has never spoken.'

"She reflected, then added:

"'See, I would wager he is under my windows.'

"She left her easy chair, went to pull back the curtains, and, sure enough, she showed me the man who had come to see me, now seated there on a bench upon the promenade, his eyes lifted towards the hotel. He perceived us, rose, and went off without once turning his head.

"And from that time forward I assisted at a surprising and sorrowful thing—at the silent love of these two beings who did not even know one another.

"He loved her with the affection of an animal who has been saved, and who is grateful and devoted unto death. He came each day to see me: 'How is she?' understanding that I had divined the secret. And he cried when he had seen her pass each day feebler and paler.

"She said to me:

"'I have spoken but a single time to that strange man, and it seems to me as if I had known him for twenty years.'

"And when they met, she would return his bow with a grace and charming smile. I could see that she was happy — she, the abandoned, the doomed—I could see that she was happy to be loved like this, with such respect and such constancy, with such exaggerated poetry, with this devotion which was ready for all things. And notwithstanding, faithful to her mystical resolve, she wildly refused to receive him, to know his name, to speak with him. She said: 'No, no, that would spoil for me this curious friendship. We must remain strangers one to the other.'

"As for him, he also was certainly a kind of Don Quixote, because he made no attempt to approach her. He meant to keep to the end the absurd promise of never speaking, which he had made her in the railway carriage.

"Often during her weary hours of weakness she rose from her long chair and went to open the curtains a little way to see if he was there beneath her window. And when she had seen him, always motionless upon his bench, she went back and lay down with a smile upon her lips.

"She died one day about ten o'clock. As I was leaving the hotel he came up to me with a distracted face; he had already heard the news.

"'I should like to see her for one second in your presence,' said he.

"I took him by the arm and went back into the house.

"When he was before the couch of the dead he seized her hand and kissed it with an endless kiss, then escaped like a madman."

The doctor again was silent; then continued:

"This is certainly the strangest railway adventure that I know of. It must also be said that the men take sometimes the wildest freaks."

A woman murmured, half aloud:

"Those two people were not as crazy as you think. They were—they were—"

But she could not speak further, she was crying so. As we changed the conversation to calm her, we never knew what she had wished to say.

THE RECHRISTENING OF DIABLO

By W. A. FRASER, Author of "Thoroughbreds," etc.

THE Maharaja of Darwaza was tired of crocks. He said so himself, and when the Raja spoke it was law; also, if anyone contradicted him it was—the deuce. By "crocks" he didn't mean pickle-jars, he meant broken-down race-horses.

He had been a fair mark for every racing officer in the land. When a high-priced nag threw a splint, split a hoof, or went wrong in his wind, he was sold to Darwaza as a special favour at a fair, generous price. The result was that he had a rare collection of antiquities in horse-flesh.

Yearly he gave a cup at the big meet in Calcutta; and yearly he failed to win any sort of a cup himself.

He was a Maharaja with a string on. The British really ran his Raj through the resident Political Agent. So, relieved of most of the executive drudgery of a boss monarch, he had nothing to do but play at being king. Racing is the sport of kings, so naturally the Raja played the game after an expensive fashion. He had considerable fun at it, but, as I have said, little loot, for he won nothing.

Of course he had a high-priced trainer, a man resembling a cocktail in his genealogical make-up. Irish, Scotch and English had contributed their quota, and the result was Drake —"Dumpy" Drake, as he was called. The only distinctive national trait that had survived the evolution of Drake was an elliptical English form of speech.

Each year, when the Maharaja said they must win the Cooch Behar Cup, or the Durbungha, the Ballygunge, or some other cup, "Dumpy" would look through the equine bric-à-brac and report on the possibilities. Why the report should come as a surprise to the Raja was not understandable, for it was monotonous in its annual sameness. The Kicker couldn't be trained—his feet wouldn't stand it; Ring was only fit for the stud; Diablo's temper was worse than ever—the stable-boy had to feed him through a hole in the wall now; Silver King had liver; and so on, through the whole list, running into the hundreds, there was a black mark against every name.

The Raja had been educated at Eton. He had also attained to other bits of learning in divers quarters, so he could give expression to his astonishment and indignation in very aristocratic Hindoo-English.

"Dumpy," who was more or less of a linguist on occasion himself, used to retire from this annual cyclonic interview with a perilous regard for the higher forms of education.

That was pretty much the state of things the year Darwaza set his heart on winning the "Pattialla Cup." Raja Pattialla, who had only been racing a short time, had won two of *his* cups; so why in the name of all the Hindoo Pantheon should he not annex one of Pattialla's mugs to grace his Darwaza palace?

He asked "Dumpy" about it. Drake ran his fingers meditatively through his hair as he stood before the Raja, cap in hand, as if he might, by some peculiar physical method quicken the thought-germ into life, and bring forth a goodly idea.

'It's no good buyin' a 'orse from hany the hofficers, yer 'ighness," he said.

"No," replied Darwaza, his impenetrable Indian face showing nothing of the strong things that were working in him over "Dumpy's" remark. "We must always buy horses from them, but not to win races, eh?"

"Dumpy" passed over this observation judiciously, for sometimes when these same horses were sold, a commission dropped from the clouds, and was found on his dining-table in the shape of a big bag of rupees.

"Yer 'ighness might send to Haustralia for a cup 'orse."

"We tried that twice," answered the Raja. "One year the man we sent blew in the 'oof' on the Melbourne Cup, and we never saw man, horse or money again. The other time we got two horses, and between the two they couldn't furnish four sound legs."

The Raja saw that "Dumpy" was thinking. This was usually a laborious operation, eating up much time, but Darwaza had the patience pertaining to the Orient, so he waited.

At last spoke the trainer, "If Diablo would gallop, yer 'ighness, there's nothin' in the land would stand afore 'im."

"Which nag is that, trainer? Can't remember to have seen him. Didn't know we had a fast horse in the stables."

"Don't think yer 'ighness never saw 'im. We bought 'im from Major Gooch. 'E's never run much."

"Well, I don't want to see him if he's like that. I hate the sight of the whole imperial lot. But can't you do anything with him?"

"No, yer 'ighness. There never was but one who could ride 'im: Captain Frank Johnson. He rode 'im for Major Gooch."

"Then he'll never gallop for me if he waits for Captain Frank," said the Raja, with fine English decisiveness.

"Dumpy" knew that; he knew that Johnson's caustic-tipped tongue had laid into Raja Darwaza at the Rawal Pindi durbar over some fancied racing grievance.

"Diablo's turned reg'lar cannibal, too, yer 'ighness; e'd rather heat a man nor gallop hunder 'im."

"What has he been doing now, Trainer Drake?"

"Heaten the harm hoff the ridin' boy, yer 'ighness. Pulled 'im hout o' the saddle this mornin,' hand shook 'im like Nipper would a rat."

"That's bad," remarked the Raja. "I don't want the people eaten up by my horses; it's bad enough for them to get mauled when we're out after tiger.

"What'll I do with 'im, yer 'ighness?" asked "Dumpy."

"What do we do with an elephant when he gets bad, Drake?"

"Tie 'im by the 'ind leg to a tree, yer 'ighness, hand leave 'im to think hit hover. But that won't do Diablo no good. We've tried starvin' 'im, hand heverythink helse."

"What happens the *hathi* when he's *real* bad?"

"'E gits shot, yer 'ighness."

"Well, you now know what to do with this son of Lucifer; you can arrange the details."

When "Dumpy" left His Highness he had every intention of carrying out the king's order about Diablo, but he got thinking about Captain Johnson, and the longer his mind plodded along on that road, the clearer he saw his way to doing a stroke of business. Also he would be a humanitarian. It would be a sin to shoot a fine, upstanding English horse, whose grandsire had won a Derby. Why not sell him to Captain Frank?—that was the goal his mind arrived at. It stood like a huge, white-washed fence at the end of this lane of thought; he could see nothing else. There was no need of bothering the Raja any more about it.

Now Captain Frank was down at Lucknow, two hundred miles away; but that didn't matter—in fact it was all the better; if he could make the sale Diablo would be that much farther off.

That night Drake took the train for Lucknow, to bury a cousin of his wife's.

"Dumpy" had not had native servants for years without learning something of Eastern diplomacy.

Of course they made a deal. One doesn't want a fancy price for a horse that's got to be shot. And Captain Frank's mouth had long watered for Diablo; for he knew just how good a horse he was, and could get that good out of him.

"I want you to change his name," the trainer said to Captain Frank.

"What for?" queried the captain.

"Family reasons," answered Drake. "My grandmother hobjects to 'is name."

"'Dumpy,' you're fat, and your brain lies deep," remarked Johnson, pleasantly; "and to relieve the sensitiveness of your maternal ancestor, I'll call him The Dove. Do you think that will please the old lady?"

"Hi'm sure she'll be satisfied," said the trainer, shoving Captain Frank's cheque in his pocket.

"I'll change it in the right way, though," continued the captain. "It'll cost me twenty-five rupees to give the Calcutta stewards notice of the change. I'll have to run him at some small meeting as The Dove, late Diablo, and after that your ancestress will sleep easier."

Drake went back to Darwaza with a thousand rupees in his pocket, and the feeling that he had saved the life of a good horse—good as far as speed went, but devilish bad as regards temper.

On his return he found the Raja bubbling over with a scheme to get a good horse. The plan was simple—simple for a king, who had the means to carry it out.

He would give the "Darwaza Ruby" as a prize for a race to be run at the Calcutta meeting. The race would be a very swell affair; and also it would test the staying powers of the horses entered. A mile and three-quarters on the flat was the thing, the Raja declared; no sprint for him. There would be no entrance fees, absolutely nothing. The winner would take the ruby, worth at least twenty thousand rupees; and all Darwaza claimed was the right to buy the first, or any other horse in the race at an outside limit of twenty thousand rupees.

"It'll bring out a big field," he said to the trainer; "and the horses dicky on their pins will never stay the distance, for the ground will be as hard as a bone then. It'll be a straight-run race — they'll go for the ruby. And even if I think the best horse hasn't won, I can claim him, you see."

It was a unique way of getting a good horse; quite Napoleonic in its subtle strategy; and it looked all right.

Certainly the horses in Darwaza's stable at that time had cost him the price of twenty rubies, and he hadn't a beast fit to start at a "sky meeting."

That was in October. The Raja would have his race, the "Darwaza Ruby Trials" run at the first Calcutta meeting in December. All the good horses would be there, and the ruby would bring out a good field.

The "Pattialla Cup" would be run for at the second Calcutta meeting, January 20th, so if he got a good horse by means of this plan he could certainly win the coveted cup.

The Raja's secretary corresponded with the Calcutta stewards, and the announcement of the new race was published broadcast—on the notice boards, in *The Asian*, the racing calender—in fact, everywhere. It opened up a pleasing vista to the eyes of racing men on the *qui vive* for that charmingly illusive thing known as a "soft snap."

The scale of weight was very simple. A handicap would give a poor horse the same chance of winning as a good one; so Darwaza would none of that. Catchweights over 8 stone 7, was what he said; and let the best horse win.

When Captain Frank heard of it he whistled softly to himself and went and winked at Diablo. The horse laid his ears back on his neck, and put both hind feet through the side of his stall, in an ineffectual effort to brush the captain to one side.

"You're feeling good enough to run a mile and three-quarters, my buck," said Johnson, looking admiringly at the great glossy quarters of the horse. Then he went in beside Diablo, and twisted his ear good and hard. "That's for kicking, my beauty," he said; "now behave."

The horse curled his lip and turned his head away in disdain, but he didn't kick any more. That was why Frank could ride him—the horse knew Johnson wasn't afraid of him; and when a horse knows that you can do anything with him.

Other owners went and looked at their horses too, when they heard of Darwaza's good thing. They looked, and their souls watered in sweetened anticipation of the big ruby and the twenty thousand that might be won in the matter of about three minutes ten seconds of hard galloping.

Darwaza was after a good horse, while the owners were after that ruby and purse.

Lord Dick really had a great chance. In his string was an English horse, Badger, strong of limb and good of wind. He would carry this tidy weight, 8 stone 7, and gallop from start to finish of the mile and three-quarters.

Lord Dick said to himself, "I'll *puckerow* [catch] that ruby, and get twenty thousand for Badger."

Captain Frank looked at Diablo meditatively. "I must hurry up and get your name changed, old man; not that it makes any *great* difference, for it's a free for all."

So Diablo went through his little rechristening race, and henceforth was known as The Dove.

From October to December 20th were months of peace. Darwaza solicited aid from both sides of the godhead, Christian and Hindoo, to help do up Pattialla. "Dumpy" put on ten pounds of fat through the soul-cheering thought of the immediate prospect of getting the best horse in India in his hands.

Captain Frank went the length of securing a passage home in a P. & O. sailing for England in January. "If I pull off that forty thousand," he thought, "I'll go home and see what they're doing on the turf there."

Lord Dick wrote to England arranging for a horse to replace Badger at £500.

So you see everybody was going to do well out of the "Darwaza Ruby." It was really a good thing.

One day "Dumpy" Drake's share of the peace carnival was destroyed; he lost seven pounds weight that day. It was Captain Frank's entrance of The Dove for the "Darwaza Ruby" that caused this disaster. "With Johnson hup 'e'll win, hand Hi shall be ruined," whispered "Dumpy" to himself. "'is 'ighness'll fire me sure," and indeed for days he was very unhappy.

Then something came his way. By the purest fluke in the world he learned that Captain Frank had backed a note for a friend. An avaricious Hindoo money-lender held the note, and Cashmere held the friend. He was there shooting.

"Dumpy" was not exactly a quick thinker, but, as Johnson had remarked in banter, he was deep. So he went to the money-lender and toasted him on his tender side—his fear of losing the amount of the note for ever and ever.

"This sahib who's gone to Cashmere," said "Dumpy," "'asn't ha bloomin' rupee to 'is name. 'E howes a *lackh* of debt; besides 'e's hin Cashmere where the law can't touch 'im. Captain Johnson's hin Calcutta, hand 'e's booked ha passage for 'ome," and Drake showed the money-lender Johnson's name in the newspaper's list of engaged passages.

"*Huzoor*," cried the Hindoo, "these sahibs of evil descent, who scatter rupees as a *bheesti* throws, will ruin me."

"Hof course they will," affirmed "Dumpy."

"Tell me," begged the money-lender, "you who are my friend, tell me what I shall do."

"*Puckerow* [catch] Johnson sahib afore 'e gets hoff 'ome," said Drake, decisively; "hand keep 'im hin jail till 'e pays hup. You can do that heasy; hall you've got to do his swear 'e's leavin' the country."

"That'll stop 'im," thought the trainer to himself, as he left the Hindoo. "If they coop Captain Frank hup, nobody helse can ride The Dove. Hi 'ate to do hit, for hit's clear dirty, but Hi can't 'ave 'im ruinin' me. There's nobody down Calcutta way knows 'im well enough to pay five thousand to keep 'im hof the *Thanna*."

That was why Captain Frank got a pleasant surprise the day before the race for the "Darwaza Ruby." He had been riding The Dove in all his work, and felt sure that the same gem was all but in his pocket.

As I have said, the day before the race the unexpected happened. Frank was having his bath at his hotel, when his bearer came and said, "Sahib wanting to see master."

"Give him my salaams and a drink," answered the Captain, "and tell him to sit down for a minute."

When Frank came back to his room he was greeted by a gentleman who was most effusively polite.

"He was awfully sorry—painful duty, sir—no doubt the Captain would arrange it satisfactorily—"

"What the devil are you driving at?" asked Captain Frank, blandly.

Well—well, the truth, the unpleasant truth, was that he had a warrant for the gallant Captain's arrest on account of that note he had backed in Lucknow.

The captain's argument was somewhat erratic. The Hindoo was a blood-sucking Jew—his friend was an officer and a gentleman naturally, and would pay the note as soon as he returned from his hunting expedition in Cashmere. It was an outrage, and the Hindoo money-lender was the unregenerate offspring of low-caste animals.

The bailiff admitted that this was probably all quite true; in fact, speaking from his own varied experience, he was almost certain it was. But, at the same time, the little informality of his friend, not having paid the note before he left, had placed Captain Frank in this awful predicament. The law did not look much at the antecedents of the contracting parties in a case of this kind.

"Oh, damn the law!" said Captain Frank, irritably; "it's a blundering, bull-headed thing, anyway."

"I quite agree with you," rejoined the patient, polite bailiff; "but you can arrange this matter easily by paying the amount, or depositing it; and when your friend comes back you can settle the matter between you."

It was very simple, according to the bailiff; but to Frank it appeared to be no end of a mess. He'd have to pay the other man's bill or lose the Darwaza ruby.

The Calcutta law firm issuing the writ had attached a polite note, asking the captain to call at their office to arrange the matter. Pay or deposit the amount.

Now Captain Johnson banked at Lucknow; this he explained to the bailiff.

"That's nothing," remarked the latter. "Come over to Bang and Cox's, and through them wire to your banker."

Everything was so simple—with the bailiff. Together they went to Bang and Cox's; in fact, from that moment forth until the money-lender was paid off Frank and the bailiff would be together, the latter explained politely.

Through the solicitors the arranged-for telegram was sent. Now "Dumpy's" depth of wisdom had extended even to this eventuality, and because of divers reasons, for which he was responsible, the telegram brought forth nothing, not even a reply.

While they were waiting for the answer Frank entertained the bailiff. He was really a good fellow, and it wasn't his fault; but he stuck to his man as closely as Victor Hugo's policeman did to Jean Valjean. They drank together and they smoked together. Captain Frank had visionary ideas of putting the bailiff under the table by generous hospitality, but he gave it up just in time to save himself utter annihilation; the bailiff was a strong-headed man.

He had to give The Dove a gallop

that afternoon, as a final preparation for his struggle on the morrow.

"Most certainly, it was quite in order," only the bailiff would accompany him, that was all. When they returned no doubt the matter would have been all arranged.

Of course the bailiff couldn't stick close to Johnson when he got on The Dove's back. He was thinking over this point while Frank was preparing to mount. As soon as the captain was in the saddle, and The Dove commenced to pick holes in the atmosphere with his feet, it became a certainty with him.

"I'll take your word not to clear out," he said, and sat down where he wouldn't interfere with the horse.

When they got back to Bang and Cox's office they found things just as they had left them. It was depressing, this ominous silence of the wires.

"What if we don't hear from there at all?" asked Johnson, apprehensively.

"I'm afraid—you'll have to accompany our friend here to the Queen's Hotel [jail], captain," answered Mr. Bang. "But why not get somebody to go security for the amount?" continued the lawyer, inquiringly; "that's simple."

"Yes, everything's infernally simple, according to you fellows," drawled Captain Frank; "but it seems to me I'm the only simple thing in it. You see," he continued thoughtfully, "I hardly know a soul that's good enough —unless it's Lord Dick."

"The very man!" ejaculated Bang, brightening up. "Just step over to Government House with your friend here and get him to endorse your cheque for five thousand."

Now Lord Dick was one of the best little men ever put together—muscles, head, heart and all; so as soon as Captain Frank told him his trouble Lord Dick said blithely: "Cert', my boy! I'll soon straighten that out."

And he did. "Barrackdale" written across the cheque settled the whole business.

Johnson didn't say anything about The Dove to Lord Dick—which was diplomatic. Neither did Lord Dick mention the horse, which was unfortunate—for him. But then The Dove had never shown any form Badger couldn't give pounds to.

Next day the Darwaza Ruby Cup was the event. There had been many entries for it, and quite a dozen starters went to the post. Lord Dick rode his own horse, Badger, and of course Captain Frank piloted the diabolical son of Lucifer. Frank knew that it wasn't a question of speed at all; it was only a matter of temper on the part of The Dove. If he ran kindly there was nothing else in it; if the horse sulked Johnson would have a good view of the race from the rear.

Darwaza was as much interested as any native prince ever becomes in anything. It's not consistent with the ancient traditions of their lineage to appear to care two straws what happens, so that he sat in considerable state up in the grand stand, and watched the twelve more or less good horses cotillon up and down the course in front of the stand in the preliminary show off. A dozen good racing men and true had assured him that Badger would win, so the slight interest he evinced was directed toward Lord Dick's handsome bay.

"Dumpy" was watching, with a beating heart, Captain Frank on the Raja's cast-off. If he should win—it was too horrible to think of. He piously invoked heavenly help to avert that disaster.

They were soon away to a good start. Even when the shout went up "They're off!" Darwaza paid little attention. It wasn't kingly to do so, you know; but all the same no movement of the many coloured silk jackets escaped his full, dark eyes—he saw it all.

The Dove had been shaking his head viciously from side to side at the start, throwing flecks of foam all over his glossy dark skin and the black jacket of his rider. "Steady, you devil!" commanded Captain Frank, giving him a full pressure with his knees in the ribs by way of authority.

And so he galloped, stubbornly, sticking his toes in the hard earth like a proper pig, and almost bucking Frank out of the saddle with his vicious, short, pony jumps.

Johnson had all the qualifications of a good rider, of which "common sense" is the greatest, so he didn't bustle the horse, but let him think that he liked it—that it was just what he had expected of him. "He'll get lonesome," he muttered, "when the others begin to leave him."

It was that way all round the back of the course.

Badger, moving like a beautiful piece of mechanism, was well up with the leaders, lying handy for a rush to the front when the proper time should come.

The Dove was last, there could be no doubt about that, for a good three lengths of daylight shone between him and the nearest horse. Still Johnson made no effort. There was plenty of time yet, he knew, before they had covered the mile and three-quarters, so be it The Dove took it in his head to gallop.

But it looked as though the horse meant to cut it for the whole length of the race. Half a mile from home he was still last, but his rider sat quietly and nursed the iron mouth of the sulky brute with a gentle bit.

As they passed the old race-stand, three furlongs from the finish, something happened. It occurred to The Dove that his master wanted him back there, and he set the bit hard against his bridle-teeth, and, straightening his neck rigid as an iron bar, laid his ears back and galloped as though a thousand bees were bustling his hind quarters.

Captain Frank braced his face to the cutting wind and laid his body close down over the working withers of the mad animal. He carried the horse wide on the outside at the corner; it wouldn't do to get pocketed near the rail with a sour-tempered brute like The Dove—he would give up running and take to savaging the others.

He was going at a terrific pace. One by one they commenced to drop by him as he tore around the turn and into the straight. Then three dropped back in a bunch, looking as though they were standing still. Ahead of him still was Badger, and two others hanging to the leader's quarters. As Johnson overhauled them rapidly a mighty shout went up from the stand. A babel of voices were shouting: "What's that dark horse coming?" "It's The Dove—he'll win in a walk! Lord, look at him gallop!"

Frank was muttering to himself, "If he'll only stick it to the end." The Dove was thinking, "I'm running away. He wants to keep me back there with the others, but I'll show them—bur-r-r!" That was the clamping of the bit against the hard white of his ivory teeth.

And he *did* show them. Never had such a gallop been seen on the Calcutta course. He won by a clear length from Badger.

Lord Dick thought he had the race well in hand toward the finish, and was trying to remember just what they had heard the ruby was worth when the thunder of vicious pounding hoofs struck on his ear. Before he could pull Badger together for a supreme effort something dark swept by him like a cloud on the outside and won.

The horse ran a quarter of a mile before Frank could pull him up. When he rode back to the scales to weigh in Lord Dick was there. He saw Johnson as he dismounted and a look of blank, utter amazement came into his placid, blue eyes.

"*You*, Johnson! nipped me on the post! I wish to God I had let you go to jail; then I'd have got this infernal Darwaza ruby."

It had taken a kingly effort on the part of Darwaza to keep from shouting when the gallant brown flashed past the judges' stand. Never had he seen such a horse in his life—never.

"Secure him at once," he said to his secretary. And turning to the trainer added, "Eh, Drake, we want that fellow in our stable."

"Dumpy" was paralysed; he could

say nothing. He kept feeling his neck, to see if it were not already broken; they would hang him sure.

Now it had happened that the Raja had not recognized The Dove as Diablo, neither had he heard any man say that The Dove had ever been known as Diablo; so, when the secretary came back and told him Captain Johnson didn't want to sell the horse as he thought he might not suit His Highness, Darwaza himself went down to see about it.

He settled the matter in his own imperious way. "Examine that horse," he said to a veterinary surgeon.

When the latter reported the horse sound as a bell he said: "That settles it; I claim him for twenty thousand rupees."

"Dumpy" was quaking in his shoes. Then, when he saw that the Maharajah did not recognise the horse, hope rose in his breast, and it occurred to him that with Frank's help they might yet win that Pattialla Cup that Darwaza wanted so much.

To the Maharajah he spoke thus: "Your 'ighness, this 'orse we've got has halso hof han hevil temper, but hif yer 'ighness will consent to request Captain Johnson to ride 'im yer sure hof the Pattialla Cup now."

To be a good enemy with a man he didn't like was a pleasant thing to the Raja—a proper thing; but to win the Pattialla Cup was also a great thing—a greater, for there he played against a king, you see—Raja Pattialla. So it was all arranged that way. Captain Frank rode The Dove for Darwaza and won the Pattialla Cup in grand style.

That night there was much Darwaza enthusiasm in India; also many battalions of empty champagne bottles lying dead on the field of battle next morning.

TO IZAAK WALTON

BY JOHN HENDERSON

A mind contented was thy earthly dower
Amid the shifting scenes of days of old ;
Far richer thou than Crœsus with his gold,
More bless'd than Cæsar with imperial power.
Though party strife distracted hall and bower,
And death had claimed the firstlings of thy fold,
Thou hadst the faith that never waneth cold ;
Thy life was fragrant as a summer shower.

A rippling current on the quiet Lea,
Or shady pool upon the crystal Wye,
More precious was than power and pelf to thee,
Where trout and grayling nimbly took the fly.
O master, thou this lesson hast for me :
In sweet tranquillity our pleasures lie.

THE SETTLEMENT OF NOVA SCOTIA

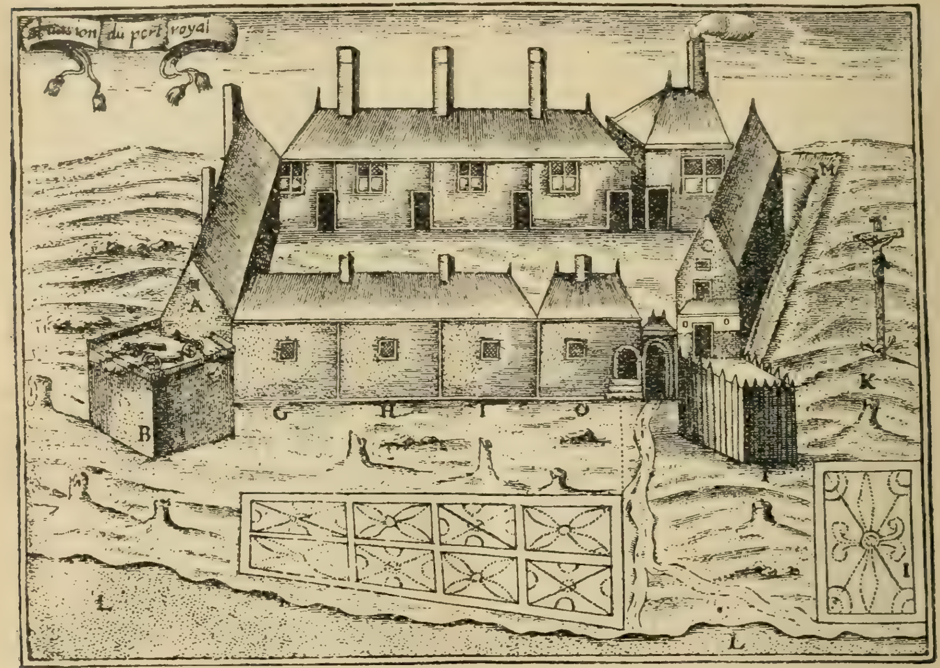
By JAMES HANNAY, D.C.L.

THE recent celebrations at Annapolis, N.S., St. John, N.B., and St. Croix Island, connected with the names of De Monts and Champlain, have directed the attention of the people of Canada to a portion of the Dominion whose romantic history is but little known or understood outside its immediate boundaries. Yet this history is well worthy of our attention, not only by reason of the human interest which attaches to it, but also because of the manner in which it illustrates certain phases in the history of Europe and the great movements which stirred the civilised world at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

The continent of North America was discovered by the Cabots in 1497; the Basque and Breton fishermen were engaged in their arduous work on the coast of Nova Scotia as early as 1504, yet one hundred years were suffered to elapse before any attempt was made by either France or England to form a settlement on these shores which they both claimed by right of discovery. Why was it that while Spain and Portugal were engaged in gathering the riches of South America the larger and more important continent was neglected by the two energetic nations which were destined in after years to control its destinies? We must look for the solution of this problem in the religious struggles which took place in France and England during the sixteenth century, and which so profoundly affected the political life of both countries. When these struggles were ended, or had ceased to be acute, the nations were in a position to begin the grand work of colonising North America.

The Government of Canada has made an appropriation for the erection of a monument to De Monts at Annapolis within the grounds of the old fort there, which was founded almost three centuries ago. This is eminently proper because De Monts was the originator and leader of the expedition which formed the first settlement in Acadia of which Port Royal or Annapolis was so long the capital. Yet some of the men who accompanied him to Acadia such as Champlain, Poutrincourt and Pontgrave are entitled to share with him the glory of that great enterprise. De Monts was undoubtedly a man of vigour and capacity or he would not have been able to obtain from Henry IV such extensive powers over half a continent as were given to him by that able king. He was attached to the person of the monarch as one of the gentlemen of his bedchamber, so that the king had the best possible opportunity of studying his character and estimating his ability. We have also another means of judging De Monts in the character of the men he selected to accompany him and the very elaborate preparations which he made for his expedition. It was equipped in a manner which should have insured its success, and which would have done so but for the unfortunate Cabals in France which resulted in depriving De Monts of his authority and caused him to sever his connexion with Acadia.

Of the men who accompanied De Monts to Acadia Champlain was by far the most eminent, although of lower rank than either Poutrincourt or Pontgrave. The Province of Quebec claims Champlain as the founder of that colony, yet it is well to remember that Champlain had previously assisted to found a colony in Acadia. Champlain was a man who deservedly stands very high in the estimation of students of history. He was an ideal type of explorer, bold, sagacious, careful and zealous, filled with a strong desire to extend the possessions of his country and an even stronger desire to convert the savages to the Christian religion. His position in the expedition was that of pilot and sailing master, and he was also charged with the duty of making charts of the places and coasts he visited. How well this work was done may be seen by referring to the books he published containing an account of his voyages and explorations, all the illustrations and maps in them being made by him. Poutrincourt was a nobleman and a soldier who had become weary of the turmoils which had troubled France for so many years, and who hoped to found in the new world a settlement in which he might spend the remainder of his days in peace. It was he that selected Port Royal as a suitable place for the new colony, and his choice was fully justified, for no more beautiful spot could have been chosen, although as a means of controlling a large area of territory and carrying on the fur trade the mouth of the St. John River would have been better. Poutrincourt was not destined to obtain the rest he sought, for although his colony was established at Port Royal circumstances compelled him to abandon it, and he died a soldier's death in one of the sieges which arose out of the civil wars in 1616. Pontgrave was a seaman of St. Malo who had made several trading voyages to America, and was, therefore, able to give the expedition the benefit of his experience.



PORT ROYAL IN 1605

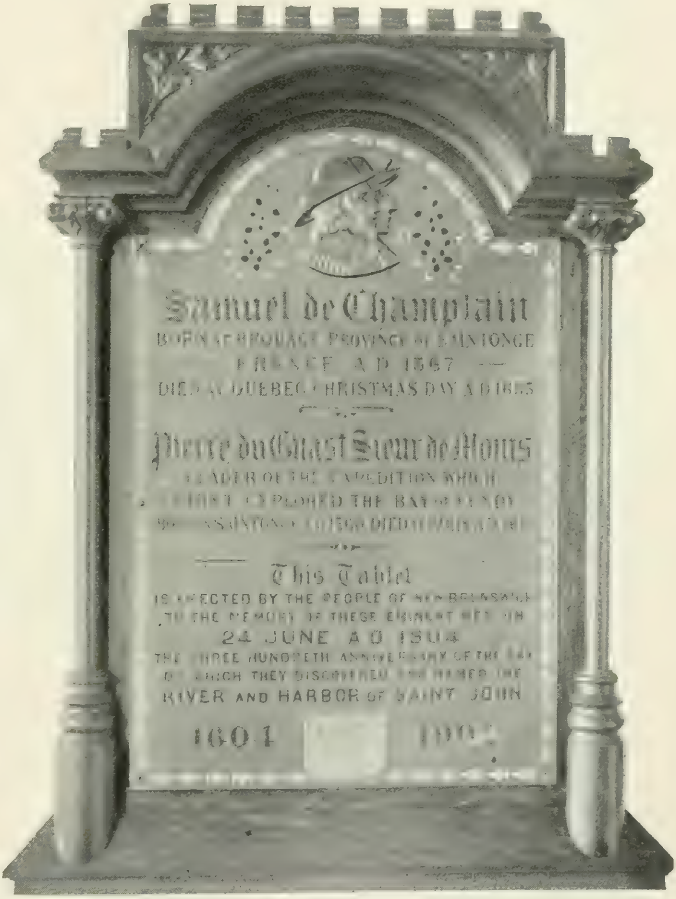
This, the first collection of European buildings in Nova Scotia, was situated five or six miles further down the River than the site of the later Fort Anne (now Annapolis Royal).

THIS IS REPRODUCED FROM CHAMPLAIN'S DRAWING

Port Royal, however attractive it appeared to Poutrincourt, did not seem to De Monts so suitable for his settlement as the St. Croix River, and a small island in that river with an area of less than ten acres, became the site of the buildings necessary for the accommodation of the colony. The St. Croix is now the boundary between Canada and the United States, and St. Croix island has become a portion of the latter country. The selection of this island showed an entire ignorance of the climatic conditions of the country, for it was without water and there were many days during the winter when it was impossible to reach the mainland. Yet the substantial character of the buildings erected on the island shows that it was seriously intended to make it a permanent settlement. Its only inhabitants at present are the keeper of the lighthouse and his family.

The story of St. Croix Island is quickly told. Seventy-nine persons, including De Monts, Champlain, d'Orville and Champdore, undertook to spend the winter there and before the spring came thirty-six of them were dead of scurvy, a disease which proved very fatal to the early voyagers, and which has only been banished by modern science. In the early summer of 1605, Pontgrave arrived from France with supplies and a reinforcement of forty men, and the survivors of the colony were removed to Port Royal.

One of the features of the De Monts tercentenary celebration at Annapolis in June last was a visit to the site of the fort built by Champlain and Pontgrave on the shores of Port Royal Basin. It is about six miles below the town of Annapolis on the north side of the river, and there is now hardly anything to indicate that a fort once existed there. Yet it appears from the picture and description of it in Champlain's book to have been a comfortable habitation and sufficiently strong to resist any attack that might be made by the Indians who were the only enemies the French then feared. But neither at that time nor at any future period did the Indians give any trouble to the French in Acadia. They were always the allies of the French and the enemies of the settlers of New England.


Samuel de Champlain
Pierre du Guast Sieur de Monts
This Tablet
24 JUNE A D 1904
RIVER AND HARBOR OF SAINT JOHN
1604

THE TABLET WHICH WAS UNVEILED IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING AT ST. JOHN, N.B., ON JUNE 24TH.

The winter of 1605 was less fatal to the colonists than its predecessor had been. Forty-five persons wintered at Port Royal of whom six died before spring. The winter was passed in tolerable comfort, although their dwellings were sometimes damp and they found the labour of grinding corn

DE MONTS AND CHAMPLAIN'S SHIP AS REBUILT FOR THE ST. JOHN PAGEANT OF JUNE 24TH.

in their hand mills very hard. But the colony had no means of supporting itself, and had to depend on the assistance it received from France which was sometimes very tardy in arriving. The ships of those days were so slow that it was impossible to calculate within a month or two when they would reach their destination. In 1606 the *Jonas*, the vessel that was sent out with supplies for the colony, did not arrive until the 26th July when Pontgrave had despaired of help reaching him and was on the point of abandoning Port Royal. Poutrincourt came out in the *Jonas* with De Monts, and brought with him Marc L'Escarbot, an advocate of Paris, to whose lively book we are indebted for most of the information we possess in regard to the Port Royal colony.

It is a singular feature of the story of Port Royal that the men who lived there are more interesting to us than the deeds they accomplished. We seem to know them better than many individuals who occupied equally prominent positions in this province much nearer our own time. Much of this is due to the minute and graphic account which L'Escarbot gives of them, and something also to the fact that we have the story at first hand, for both Champlain and L'Escarbot narrated events in which they had themselves taken part. One of the most interesting matters connected with the settlement was the *Ordre de bon temps* which was founded by Champlain. Its real object was to keep the table of the officers and chief persons of the colony well supplied with food, by introducing a spirit of emulation amongst them. There were fifteen persons who sat at the table, each of whom, in his turn, became steward and caterer for the day. It was the steward's duty to obtain supplies for the table by hunting or fishing or by purchase from the Indians. At the dinner the steward with his napkin on his shoulder, staff of office in his hand, and the collar of the Order round his neck led the van to the table. The other guests followed in procession each bearing a dish. The duties of the steward

THE SLIP IN ST. JOHN HARBOUR WHERE DE MONTS AND CHAMPLAIN ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE LANDED IN 1604. ON THIS SAME BIT OF BEACH, THE LOYALISTS LANDED IN 1783—LOW TIDE.

ended with the day, and he then surrendered the insignia of his office to his successor. Thus did these lonely Frenchmen, three thousand miles from their own fair land, seek to relieve the tedium of their lives and give a practical aim to their amusements.

Among the persons who wintered at Port Royal in 1606-7 was Claude de Latour, a man of good family who had been ruined during the civil wars of France. He had with him his son Charles, then a youth of fourteen, who was destined to make a greater figure in Acadian history than any other person who lived in the seventeenth century. Latour was a Huguenot, as was also De Monts, for the Acadian colony was founded on a basis of religious toleration, and Huguenot ministers as well as Catholic priests accompanied De Monts on his first voyage. This happy condition of affairs did not continue beyond the time of De Monts, and the only Huguenots who continued to reside in Acadia after his day were Claude Latour and his son.

The Port Royal colony was abandoned in the summer of 1607 by the withdrawal of the company which had been supplying the funds for its maintenance, but in 1610 Poutrincourt again took up the enterprise with the assistance of a merchant named Robin, but on a reduced scale. The heavy outlay and the smallness of the returns had a discouraging effect on the work of colonisation, and Port Royal continued in a weak condition up to the time of its destruction by Argal in 1613. This piratical adventurer from Virginia destroyed all the French settlements in Acadia, including the new Jesuit colony of St. Sauveur. Port Royal at this time was under the control of Biencourt, a son of Poutrincourt, who had taken his father's place in Acadian affairs. It is stated by Charlevoix that when Port Royal was destroyed by Argal upwards of one hundred thousand crowns had been expended upon it. Biencourt and his lieutenant, Charles Latour, were driven out into the wilderness and compelled to live with the Indians for many years.

DE MONTS AND CHAMPLAIN'S SHIP MANNED BY MEMBERS OF THE YACHT CLUB SAILING UP THE ST. JOHN RIVER ON JUNE 24TH, 1904, THREE HUNDRED YEARS AFTER THE REAL EVENT OCCURRED. PHOTOGRAPH BY ERB & SON.

The next attempt to form a settlement at Port Royal was made by a Scotchman, Sir William Alexander, who obtained a grant of Acadia or Nova Scotia from James I of England in 1621. Six years later Alexander sent out seventy colonists who occupied the site of the fort built by Champlain at Port Royal. This colony remained four winters in Acadia and might have become strong and flourishing had it not been for the transfer of Acadia to the French by the treaty of peace made between England and France in 1631. The Scotch colony at Port Royal was broken up, but several of its members remained in Acadia and became the founders of families that are now represented among the French Acadians.

When Acadia again came into possession of the French the commander, Isaac de Razilly, continued the work of colonisation on a more substantial scale. Neither the colony of De Monts nor that of Poutrincourt contained any women, and in the Scotch colony of Sir William Alexander there were only two. But Isaac de Razilly brought out forty families, so that it contained within itself the possibilities of future growth and permanency. These colonists must be regarded as the real founders of Nova Scotia, for their descendants occupy the country still, although they are largely outnumbered by people of British origin. Of all the gallant gentlemen and intrepid explorers who were the companions of De Monts, Champlain and Poutrincourt not one has left a descendant in Nova Scotia. The only person of the original colony whose blood now flows in the veins of the Acadian people is Charles Latour, who was then a mere boy and took no active part in the work of settlement. But the names of the members of de Razilly's colony, with hardly an exception, still survive in Acadia, and are likely to survive for centuries to come.

Most of the people who were brought to Acadia by de Razilly were farmers from the western coast of France, but other employments were also represented, such as carpenters, coopers, tailors and blacksmiths. The first census of Acadia, which has been preserved, was taken in 1671, and there were then ten men living at Port Royal who came to Acadia with de Razilly and were then grown up. Their names were Jean Blanchard, Jean Terriau, Pierre Martin, Vincent Brun, William Trahan, Francis Gauterot, Michael Boudrat, Antoine Bourc, Pierre Commeaux and Abraham Dugast. Other Acadian names which were probably represented in this colony were Bourgeois, Hébert, Scavoye, Petipas, Landry, Girouard, Belliveau, Cormier, Rimbaut, Richard, Robichau and Melanson. These people were settled at La Have in 1635, or perhaps a year earlier. In 1636 Isaac de Razilly died and his property passed to his brother Claude, who in 1642 transferred his rights in Acadia to Charnisay. The latter removed the La Have colonists to Port Royal which from that time continued to grow and flourish and to send out its most enterprising members to settle in other parts of Acadia. Between 1642 and the end of the century Acadia was the scene of a civil war between Charnisay and Charles Latour, and of many contests between the French and the English, but these troubles hardly affected the growth of the Acadian settlements, which showed a steady increase in population at each successive census. In 1671 Port Royal had 325 inhabitants; in 1686 the number had grown to 592, although in the meantime new settlements had been founded at Chignecto and Mines, the former with 127 inhabitants and the latter with 57. In 1701 the population of these three settlements was 1,134, and in 1714, after Acadia had passed into the possession of the English, Port Royal had 637 inhabitants and Mines 653. The population of Chignecto was probably, at least, equal to that of Mines.

The English captured Port Royal in 1710 and renamed it Annapolis, and by the treaty of Utrecht all Acadia became British territory. But for the next forty years the hold of the English on the country was extremely slight. The French inhabitants multiplied exceedingly so that in 1755 their number was not less than 7,500, and they acted as if the country still belonged to France. In fact, there were no English settlers, except a few officials at Annapolis, and it was not until 1749 that any attempt was made to bring over any people of British birth. In that year Halifax

THE INDIAN POW WOW AFTER THE LANDING OF DE MONTS, CHAMPLAIN AND THEIR COMPANIONS—ST. JOHN, JUNE 24TH, 1904.—PHOTOGRAPH BY ERB & SON.

was founded by Cornwallis, who brought out with him upwards of 2,500 persons, of whom 500 had been seamen in the Royal navy, while many of the others were disbanded officers and soldiers of the army. Such persons were not very well fitted to take up the work of colonising a wilderness country, but their presence had the effect of establishing a centre of British authority in the land and of causing the English people to take some interest in Nova Scotia. The inevitable conflict between French and English followed; war broke out between the two nations, and in 1755 about 6,000 of the French Acadians were deported from Nova Scotia and sent to the English colonies to the south. A few years later the rich marsh lands which the French had occupied were given to settlers from New England and from the British islands. Yet when the wars were ended the French returned in large numbers to Nova Scotia so that there are now 140,000 persons of French origin in the Maritime Provinces, most of whom are descendants of the colonists brought out by Isaac de Razilly in 1634.

The last great wave of colonisation which reached Nova Scotia had its origin in the American Revolution. After the conclusion of peace upwards of 30,000 persons who had taken the side of the king settled in Nova Scotia and almost doubled its population. These Loyalists, as they were called, were the real founders of the Province of New Brunswick, which until 1784 was a part of Nova Scotia, and they added greatly to the strength and vigour of the colony which still bears the ancient name given to it by Sir William Alexander. They gave a character to the colony for loyalty which it has never lost, and which is never likely to be lost so long as the sons of Nova Scotia are true to the traditions of their fathers.

ST. JOHN MEDAL

GREETINGS OF THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION TO THE NOVA SCOTIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, AT THE DE MONTS TERCENTENARY, JUNE 21, 1904

By REUBEN G. THWAITES, LL.D.

I HAVE been instructed by the American Historical Association to convey to the Nova Scotia Historical Society, and to the citizens of Annapolis, upon this interesting and important anniversary its greetings, congratulations and good wishes.

How old must anything be to make it historically interesting? This is a question variously answered in different lands. In the British Isles, anything more modern than Elizabeth is deemed insignificant; in France and Germany, nothing later than the Middle Ages is of historical concern; in Greece, Italy, India, Arabia, Egypt, other standards prevail. Time is but a relative term. The pioneer in one of our Western American States who, in his own short span of life, has seen his commonwealth develop from the savage-haunted backwoods up to its present condition of a highly-organised community, served materially by every modern invention, and intellectually by an ambitious State university, and imbued with cosmopolitan ideas and aspirations, has experienced more, seen more, done more, thought more, than the ancient Methuselah, in whose time the world moved as a snail.

American history may, despite its brevity, properly be divided into prehistoric, ancient, mediæval, and modern periods—with this difference: all have been, and in some instances still are, in progress at the same time, side by side, upon the same continent. This it is that gives to American history its opportunity and its zest. The cliff-dwellers and Pueblo Indians of our Southwest are still in the prehistoric stage, with archæologists contemplating them at first hand, and thus incidentally illuminating the archæology of every other land. The study of primitive man in Europe is accompanied by immense difficulties, owing to his separation from us by a long span of centuries; the most successful and imaginative investigator knows him but by a few dumb relics—a carved bone, the pilings of a lake-dweller's house, a copper bracelet, a stone axe, or a human skull that has escaped the ravages of decay. In America our separation from the problem is measured by but a few days of travel and the price of a railway ticket.

The heroes of American ancient history are the explorers: those who first were brought face to face with savage nature, or first planted within the primeval forest the fruitful seeds of civilisation—Verrazano, the Cabots, Champlain, De Monts, John Smith, the Pilgrim Fathers, the Jesuit missionaries of New France.

I think we may properly consider as mediæval the period when other Europeans were rushing in upon the footsteps of the first-comers, and organising here a primitive society; here in Acadia, let us say, the romantic period of the La Tours, Charnisay, and Sir William Alexander.

Our distinctly modern period is that in which industrial and commercial development has taken place. In the great Mississippi basin there are States wherein modernity did not begin until the close of the War of Secession; in others, it was noticeable by 1850, while upon the western uplands of the Alleghanies it had arrived early in the nineteenth century. The Middle West of the American States was still in the mediæval stage when her sisters upon the Atlantic coast had entered upon the modern; such was her condition when, a hundred years ago, the Louisiana Purchase was acquired—another event in which France is directly interested — and the United States took that gigantic forward stride upon the westering path which has within the present decade led her to the position of a world power.

We have assembled here to-day to celebrate an incident in the ancient history of America—an event dramatic in itself, and fraught with immense consequence. When, three hundred years ago this month of June, De Monts, Poutrincourt, and Champlain, with their brilliantly-accoutred company of adventurers, landed here in Annapolis Basin, amid this striking panorama of hill, and sky, and sea, and erected the arms of Henri IV, they were playing a part in the history of the New World quite as significant in its way as the beaching of Cæsar's boats below the white cliffs of Dover, sixteen and a half centuries before. In the long interval between these two historical events England had passed through the weary throes of her ancient and mediæval experiences. The modern James was wrestling with his Puritan subjects when the ancient history of New France began.

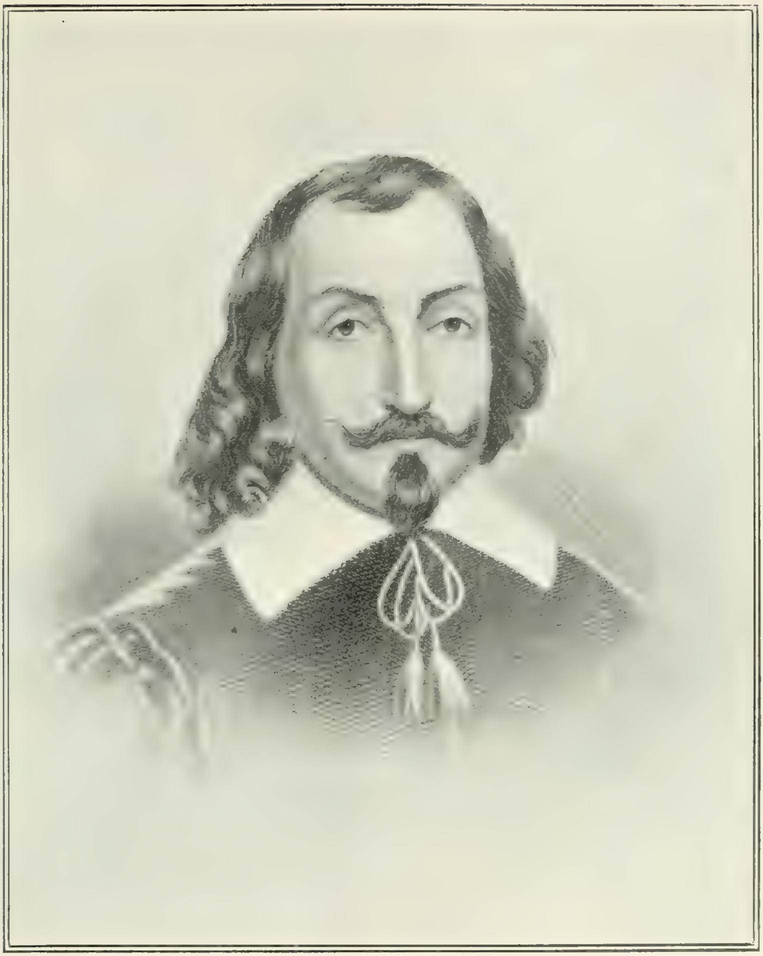
HON. J. W. LONGLEY
Who inspired the Historical Celebrations which were held at Annapolis Royal, N.S. on June 21st and 22nd, and in St. John, N.B. on June 23rd and 24th.

The career of New France was one of the most thrilling, as it was one of the most picturesque episodes in human history. In a little over a century and a half, covering the ancient and mediæval periods of North American development—for we may safely date the commencement of Canada's modern epoch with the treaty of 1763—the banner of the *fleur de lis* was planted all the long way from Louisbourg's stone walls to the log palisades of the farthest Post of the Western Sea, on the headwaters of the mountain-fed Saskatchewan; from the sub-arctic Hudson Bay to the little white town of sub-tropical New Orleans. Along three great continental drainage systems—the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, the Winnipeg, and the Mississippi—the waterside forts and hamlets of the laughter-loving French held political mastery over the vast wilderness of the interior, at a time when England's prosaic colonies were confined to the narrow eastern slope of the Appalachians. Throughout the enormous stretch between the Alleghanies and the Rockies, French explorers like Jolliet and Vérendrye pushed their indomitable way; *coureurs de bois* like Du Luth and Perrot, awakening the dark arches of the forest with gibe and song, propelled their birch canoes along the glistening waterways; Jesuit missionaries, like Marquette and Jogues, draped in sober cassocks, and Recollet friars like Hennepin and Membré, in cowls and sandals, with enterprise unsurpassed, with bravery undaunted, with lofty idealism, carried the cross to the most distant savage tribes; French soldiers, miners, adventurers of every sort, the wander lust within their veins, found no road too difficult, no peril unsurmountable, for their ceaseless journeyings. The far-stretching, interlacing rivers were to them both an invitation and a means. Pride of Empire had reared an ambitious structure. But their cordon was too weak, their base too far removed; and when at last the advance guard of the slow-growing colonies of England came tardily, but fiercely sweeping down upon the inland waters of the West, and challenging the control of these maritime provinces, the end was near. New France, to the last fighting with noble courage, fell before the resistless onslaught of New England and her neighbours, and the curtain was rung down upon the tragedy of a nation.

But while France no longer controls our continental interior, Frenchmen, stronger and more numerous than those whom Montcalm summoned to the death struggle, still stoutly hold much of Canada and Louisiana; and French-Canadian communities, wedded to Norman tongue and Norman manners, are yet tenacious of their hold upon the quaint hamlets which, as in fur-trade days of long ago, still nestle upon the côtes of St. Lawrence Gulf and River, and on many a Western portage path and waterway. By their strong loyalty to new political conditions; by their hardy, domestic virtues; by their modest thrift and contentment; by their love of music, and their kindly social graces, French-Canadians in the United States furnish us an example well needed in these days of our strenuous self-seeking. For these homely legacies, for its example of high daring, lofty ambition, gallant manners, and splendid bravery, American character owes much to new France; and the pages of American history, in particular, have through the medium of the old régime acquired many a chapter of glowing colour, well needed in a tale, which sometimes, I fear, is too sordid.

The American Historical Association is, sir, American in the broadest sense. Many of our most active members are citizens of the Dominion—indeed, our president this year is Dr. Goldwin Smith. But be they resident north or south of the boundary, American historical students are keenly conscious of their debt of gratitude to the men and to the historians of New France. Your history is warp and woof with our own—whether it be Minnesota, which once knew Du Luth and Hennepin; Wisconsin, claiming Jean Nicolet as her discoverer; Michigan, proud of her Cadillac; Indiana, having within her bounds the portage paths of La Salle; Ohio, with her memories of Céleron; Pennsylvania, where Washington met the French advance; New York, wherein Champlain brought slaughter to the raging Iroquois, and Jogues met retributive martyrdom; New England, with her century and a half of border turmoil by land and sea, long remembered with bitterness, but at this distance viewed with philosophic calm; Louisiana, founded by Iberville and Bienville—wherever French habitant leisurely toiled in sweet contentment, French explorer feverishly extended the bound of empire, French fur-trader wandered, cassocked priest said mass, white-frocked soldier kept watch and ward over the interest of the great Louis, ambitious miner found veins of copper and coloured earths, or English and French and Indian met in mortal combat on the frontiers of civilisation, the history of New France is taught as the local tradition of the land.

And so, sir, speaking officially for my colleagues of the American Historical Association, let me again express to you their fraternal greetings upon this memorial day, assuring you of their common concern and active sympathy in the motives which underly this celebration, and congratulating you upon its splendid consummation.



CHAMPLAIN

From a steel-engraving from a lithograph by Ducornet, a French engraver. It is probably spurious. (See Acadiensis, Vol. IV, p. 306 et seq.)

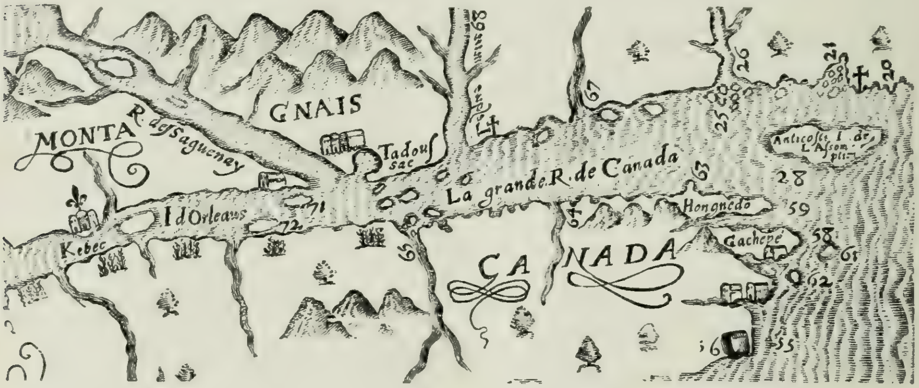
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL

By JUDGE A. W. SAVARY, M.A.

WITH the tercentenary celebration of the founding of Annapolis Royal recurs the questioning fancy of the poet:

> Annapolis, do thy floods yet feel
> Faint memories of Champlain's keel;
> Thy pulses still the deeds repeat
> Of Poutrincourt and d'Iberville?

The everlasting tides of the rushing river still flow as of old to the Baie Française through the strait which De Monts and Champlain, first of white men, entered three hundred years ago; that strait which Dutch or German sailors afterwards called the "gât," or gate, through which one enters the magnificent basin of the Annapolis, and now known by a vulgar corruption of the Dutch name. The Charter under which De Monts took possession of this region for King Henry the Great, begins in this way: “Henry, By the Grace of God King “of France and Navarre:—To our dear “and well beloved the lord of Monts, “one of the ordinary gentlemen of our “Chamber: salut. As our greatest “care and labour is and always has “been since our coming to this crown “to maintain and conserve it in the ancient dignity, greatness and splendour thereof, to extend and amplify “as much as lawfully may be done the “bounds and limits of the same; we “being for a long time informed of the “situation and condition of the lands “and territories of La Cadia, moved “above all things by a single-minded “zeal and devout and constant resolution which we have taken with the “help and assistance of God, Author, “Distributor and Protector of all “kingdoms and estates, to cause this “people which do inhabit the country, “men (at the present time) barbarous, “atheistic, without faith or religion to “be converted to Christianity and to “the belief and profession of our faith “and religion, and to draw them from “the ignorance and unbelief in which “they are.”



THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER IN 1609—FROM LESCARBOT'S MAP

De Monts was no Pizarro, come over the ocean to rob and ravish, and then to exterminate with fire and sword, a helpless and unoffending race, and Father Massé was no Valverde to encourage his religious disciple and civil chief to deeds of hell in the name of the beneficent God. The watchword of De Monts evidently was “for God and the King.” As Macaulay writes:

> “Now glory to the Lord of Hosts from whom
> all glories are,
> And glory to our Sovereign liege, King Henry
> of Navarre.”

A statue of Father Massé has long been erected in Quebec, the scene of his later labours; a statue of De Monts at Annapolis Royal will henceforth overlook the site of the oldest settlement of Europeans on the continent of North America.

As Parkman says: “Spanish civilisation crushed the Indian, English civilisation scorned and neglected him, French civilisation embraced and cherished him.”

The ease and expedition with which the Micmacs were converted to Christianity and induced to lay aside their barbarous religious rites have probably no counterpart in the history of Christian missions, but it was long before the benign influence of their new religion availed to mitigate the diabolical ferocity of their warfare. When we read of the famous old Sachem, Membertou, and his gallant warriors we cannot help thinking that there was better material in them than is indicated by their posterity of to-day. If the English Government of Nova Scotia had placed them on reservations of some of the best farming lands of the Province, and made such efforts as Canada is now making with the Indians of the Northwest to give them a good education and instruct them in the art and practice of agriculture, we might now have a body of useful citizens in place of a degenerate remnant of a once lordly race, not far removed from the nomadic habits of their remote ancestors.

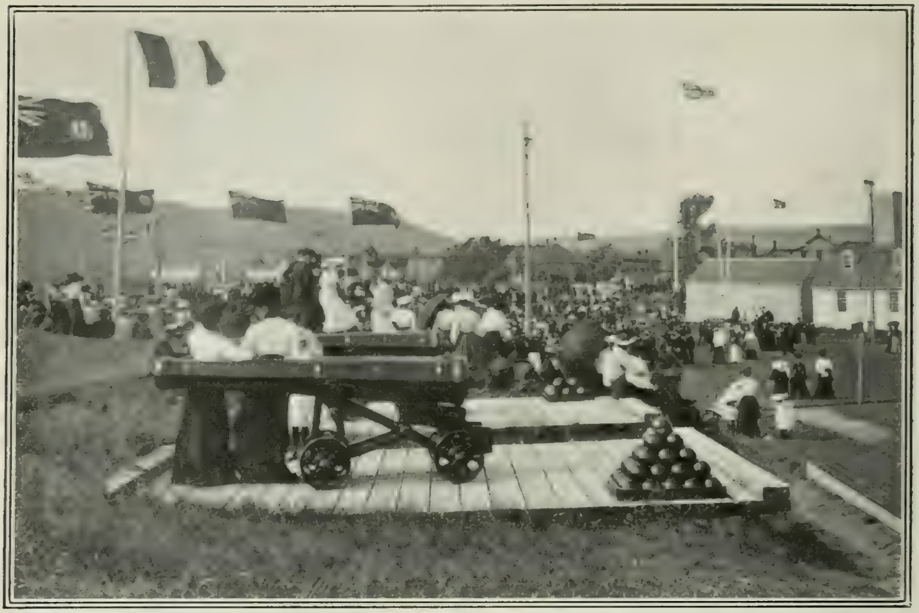
There is no doubt that the date on the lost "masonic stone" (see Calnek-Savary History of Annapolis, pp. 9, 256, 641) was 1606, as stated by Haliburton, instead of 1609, as stated by every subsequent writer, even by Sir Sanford Fleming, to whom the late R. G. Haliburton, D.C.L., the historian's son, gave it to take to Toronto and deposit with the Canadian Institute. A cut of it appears in the "History of Free Masonry" which I consulted in the library of the Grand Lodge in Boston. The date is very distinct, the square and compasses less so. I have no doubt that Dr. Jackson, the geological surveyor who found it in 1827, was correct in calling it a fragment of a grave stone; and I believe it marked the resting place of one of Poutrincourt's men who was killed by Indians during his exploratory voyage along the New England Coast in 1606. It must have been impossible for him to bring home the bodies of the three who were killed outright; and of the two who were wounded one died on the 14th of November following, who was, I conclude, a Free Mason, and hence the Masonic emblems on the stone.

The last relic that I have heard of as having been unearthed in the vicinity of the first fort is a small crucifix worn in 1890 by Rev. Father A. B. Parker, then Curé of St. Bernard's, Clare, Digby County, now in New York, the promoter of St. Anne's (Acadian) College in Clare, a poet, and one warmly and affectionately interested in the character and traditions of the Acadian French. I understood from him that he secured it immediately after its discovery a short time previously.

DE MONTS

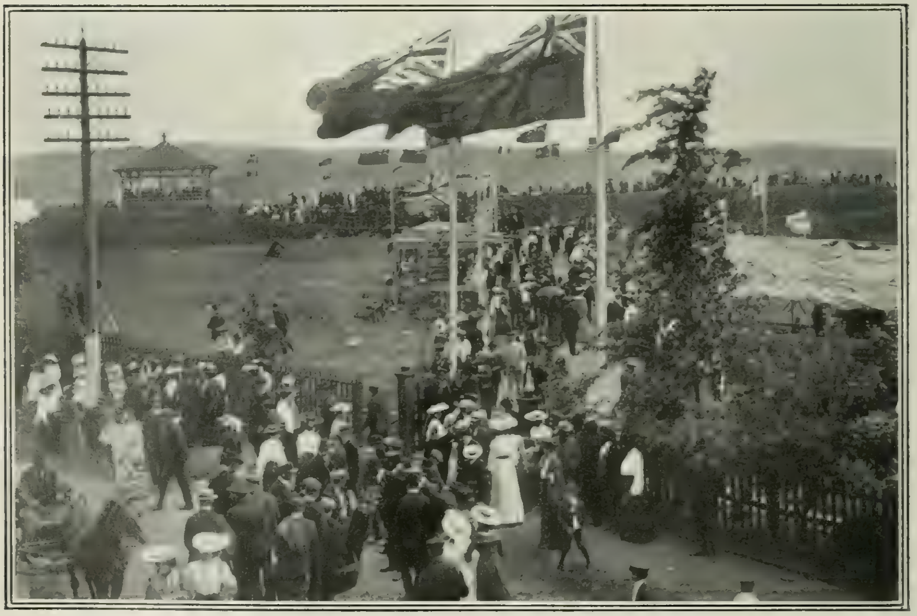
This is a copy from the water-colour in "Massachusetts Archives: Documents Collected in France," Vol. I, p. 441, which was supposed to have been made from a painting. It is probably spurious.

As to the natal day of Annapolis Royal, fixed for the purpose of the tercentenary at the 21st, I believe that the precise day on which De Monts entered the strait does not appear. Calnek says it was about the middle of June. I have written in the margin of my copy of the book, I cannot now remember on what authority, "18th." The map or sketch made by Champlain (who accompanied De Monts for the purpose of making maps and charts), a copy of which is, I believe, in the archives or library at Ottawa, represents Bear Island (l'isle d'Hébert) as two islands, a large one and a small one. This, I thought, was very remarkable, suggesting as it did the speculation whether the tragedy of Atlantis had repeated itself on a small scale in the waters of the basin! But



OLD FORT ANNE, BESIDE WHICH THE MONUMENT TO DE MONTS WILL STAND

This view is taken from beside the old Magazine and looks across the fort enclosure towards the business part of Annapolis. The hills to the left are across the river which flows towards the left.—Photo by Atlee, June 22nd, 1904.



OLD FORT ANNE AS VIEWED FROM THE MAIN STREET OF ANNAPOLIS

The De Monts statue will stand to the right of the pathway leading into the fort. Photo by Atlee, June 22nd, 1904.

a year or two ago when passing the island by train at the time of a very unusually high tide, I observed to my surprise that the island presented the same phenomenon that it does on Champlain's map. The tide had overflowed a depressed portion of the southern side of the island and temporarily divided it in two. Now as the sketch was no doubt made the day they entered the harbour, if we could ascertain on what day of June, 1604, the highest spring tide occurred, we would have correctly the day on which to celebrate yearly the origin of Annapolis Royal.

On the question when the present fort was built I see no reason to correct what I said in the History of Annapolis, pp. 182-3. D'Aulnay de Charnisay could have had no fort on the site of the old French fort and of the Scotch fort on the Granville shore, and could have had no guns mounted on the present fort when in July, 1643, chased by Latour, he sailed past both points and was obliged to submit to a battle on the bank of what is now called the Lequille. He anticipated no enemies when he took possession in 1633 or 1634 and was in no hurry to build or equip elaborate fortifications. The traditional site of a church at the present village of Lequille where "apostle spoons" and similar ecclesiastical relics have been found is an indication that he relied on the works erected in 1607 for the protection of the mill. (See History of Annapolis, p. 15). He built his church in this protected spot and no doubt kept it there until the present fort was completed. Probably no one who has written on this question has consulted the archives in Paris. Perhaps there may yet be found correspondence of de Charnisay with his superiors in which all the progress of these fortifications from their inception to their completion may be traced.

I will close by asking if any place in

A COLLECTION OF HISTORICAL RELICS IN THE OLD BARRACKS AT FORT ANNE the world can be named which has had within and around it so many battles and sieges as this venerable old town. Besides being the scene of one battle between contending factions (1643), once ravaged by pirates (1690), and once by piratical privateers (1781), it has been subject to twelve sieges or attacks as follows:

A.D. 1654, captured by Sedgwick.

A.D. 1680, captured by the British again, without much, if any, resistance.

A.D. 1690, captured by Sir William Phipps, and after its desertion by him recaptured by Villebon.

A.D. 1707, twice besieged and attacked by New England troops.

A.D. 1710, finally captured by General Nicholson.

A.D. 1711, attacked by Indians led by the priest Gaulin.

A.D. 1724, attacked by Indians.

A.D. 1744, twice attacked, first by Indians under de la Loutre and afterwards by French under Duvivier.

A.D. 1745, besieged by Marin.

A.D. 1746, besieged by French under de Ramezay.

In 1742 an attack by Indians was planned and frustrated, and in 1746 the fort was menaced by French ships. Some writers put the number of its battles and sieges at fourteen, but to do so it seems to me they must include these last mentioned two occasions, or the incursions of the pirates and privateers.

Murdoch says (History of Nova Scotia, p. 71,) that Sir David Kirke "made himself master of Port Royal" in 1628, but at that time it was in possession of Sir William Alexander under a charter from James I of England. Kirke merely added military to the civil authority wielded by Sir William Alexander.

THE FIRST EUROPEAN SETTLEMENT IN NORTH AMERICA

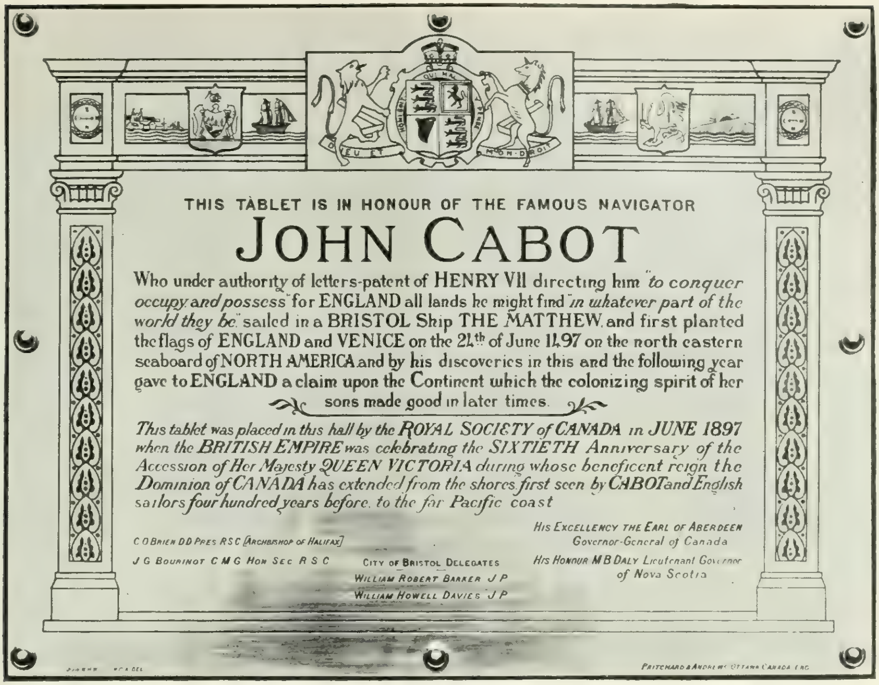
Historical Note by The ***Editor***

DURING the celebration at Annapolis the question of the first permanent European settlement came up for discussion. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, of Boston, claimed the honour for Massachusetts and the Pilgrim Fathers because that settlement contained women and children—the possibilities of continuity and development. The claim does not stand investigation.

The first settlement in North America which had any permanency, if the Spanish settlements in the West Indies and Mexico are excepted, was that of St. Augustine, Florida, which was founded by Menendez in 1565. This soldier was deputed by the King of Spain to visit Florida and to burn and hang all the French Lutherans he found in it. His force contained many soldiers but was accompanied by settlers with women and children. Justin Winsor's history says that St. Augustine is "the oldest city in the present territory of the United States."

The Cabots, Hawkins, Drake and Raleigh attempted settlements, but none were successful. Winsor's work says, "But although the colonies he sent to Virginia perished, to Raleigh must be awarded the honour of securing the possession of North America to the English."

Next in order to St. Augustine, comes Jamestown. On May 13th, 1607, a party of Englishmen, profiting by Raleigh's experiences, sailed fifty miles up the James River and founded Jamestown. In the following year, the first women arrived. These were Mrs. Thomas Forest and her maid Anne Barras. The latter in a few



THIS TABLET IS IN HONOUR OF THE FAMOUS NAVIGATOR

JOHN CABOT

Who under authority of letters-patent of HENRY VII directing him *"to conquer occupy and possess"* for ENGLAND all lands he might find *"in whatever part of the world they be"* sailed in a BRISTOL Ship THE MATTHEW and first planted the flags of ENGLAND and VENICE on the 24th of June 1497 on the north eastern seaboard of NORTH AMERICA and by his discoveries in this and the following year gave to ENGLAND a claim upon the Continent which the colonizing spirit of her sons made good in later times.

This tablet was placed in this hall by the ROYAL SOCIETY of CANADA in JUNE 1897 when the BRITISH EMPIRE was celebrating the SIXTIETH Anniversary of the Accession of Her Majesty QUEEN VICTORIA during whose beneficent reign the Dominion of CANADA has extended from the shores first seen by CABOT and English sailors four hundred years before, to the far Pacific coast

C O'Brien DD Pres RSC [Archbishop of Halifax]

J G Bourinot C M G Hon Sec R S C

City of Bristol Delegates
William Robert Barker J P
William Howell Davies J P

His Excellency the Earl of Aberdeen
Governor-General of Canada

His Honour M B Daly Lieutenant Governor
of Nova Scotia

Pritchard & Andrews Ottawa Canada Eng

ANOTHER MEMORIAL IN NOVA SCOTIA—THE CABOT TABLET AT HALIFAX

weeks became Mrs. John Laydon and this marriage was the first celebrated in Virginia.

Prior to the founding of Jamestown, De Monts and Champlain founded Port Royal and the settlement exists to this day, although there was an interval of three or four years during which there were no settlers there. Women did not arrive until probably fourteen years after Jamestown had been favoured with their presence. If the presence of women is in test of permanent settlement, then the honour must go to St. Augustine and Jamestown. Yet, as Archbishop O'Brien said at Annapolis:

"Several years before the *Mayflower* had been moored to Plymouth Rock, before Jamestown or even Quebec had been founded, the rites of Christianity had been practised and its doctrines promulgated, in the rude camp of Port Royal. This is a glory which is vindicated and brought to the knowledge of all by this tercentenary celebration. May the children of Nova Scotia ever remember that as their Province was the first discovered, the first colonised, the first to receive the Gospel of holiness, so they should strive to be the first in virtue, first in intelligence, first in an enlightened love of country."

The City of Quebec, founded in 1608, had no white women within its walls until 1617 when Sieur Hébert arrived with his family. The next year his eldest daughter, Anne Hébert, married Etienne Jonquest, the first marriage solemnised in Quebec. Mr. George Johnston in his "First Things in Canada"* says the first white woman settler in Canada was Madame Hébert who landed in Nova Scotia in 1610. There seems to be no proof of this, although she undoubtedly came to Quebec in 1617. Her husband was in Nova Scotia for some years before coming to Quebec, but it does not follow that he took his wife with him on his first voyage to a strange

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*Third Edition, p. 210, Ottawa, 1897.

OLD BURYING GROUND ANNAPOLIS—OLD BARRACKS OF FORT ANNE IN DISTANCE

country. The same author says that the first white woman in New France was Marguerite Vienne who arrived in Quebec in 1616 with her husband; if this is true, she was a citizen of Quebec a year before Madame Hébert. Perhaps when all the documents relating to the period are examined, the names of other women may be discovered. These may even be entitled to the honours now given Madame Hébert and Marguerite Vienne. Yet whatever the result concerning names, there can be no gainsaying the statement that there were women in Quebec long before 1620. McMullen, one of our best historians, says that Quebec was the first permanent settlement with the exception of Jamestown.

In any case the honour of the first permanent settlement cannot go to the Massachusetts colony of 1620. St. Augustine 1565, Port Royal 1604, Jamestown 1607, Quebec 1608, all have prior claims on the distinction.

There is one point in connection with De Monts' settlement which is worth recalling. The Hon. Charles Langelier aptly expressed it at Annapolis. He spoke in French, but the following is a free translation of his reference:

"I thought proper, in a day consecrated to the memory of the founder of Port Royal, to recall his history. In organising this celebration you have accomplished an act of true patriotism. The people of Nova Scotia have not only accomplished an act of patriotism, but they have proved also that those sentiments of tolerance which animated De Monts, are not extinguished amongst them, for, though De Monts was a Calvinist, he brought with him Catholic priests and Protestant clergymen, showing thus that his colony was open to all, whatever might be their religious beliefs. Yes, I proclaim it to the honour of Nova Scotia, that your province has always shown a great religious tolerance. We have never seen among you those religious conflicts which have troubled other provinces.

"May the lessons given to us by history cause to cease these struggles, which serve only to destroy the good harmony which should exist among all good citizens. If the celebration of to-day was only to remind us of those things it would be sufficient to greet it with joy as a national festival."

THE FIGHT FOR NORTH AMERICA

BY A. G. BRADLEY

A HISTORY IN TWELVE INSTALMENTS

CHAPTER VIII.—ABERCROMBY TAKES COMMAND IN AMERICA—LARGE BRITISH ARMY GATHERS AT ALBANY—ABERCROMBY ATTACKS TICONDEROGA—REPULSED WITH GREAT LOSS—CAMPBELL OF INVERAWE—1758.

WHEN Captain Amherst, bearing his brother's despatches, arrived in England with the news of the fall of Louisbourg and laid the captured French standards at the king's feet, the nation, long accustomed to reverses, broke out into a wild frenzy of joy. With beat of drum and flourish of trumpets, the French flags were carried, through crowds of shouting citizens, from Kensington Palace to St. Paul's, and there deposited with a faint echo of the long tempest of artillery which had preceded their capture. The country, too, had just been plunged in mourning by news of the disaster of Ticonderoga which has to be related in this chapter; and the revulsion of feeling accounted no doubt in part for its excessive exultation. Bonfires flared and church bells pealed from John-o-Groat's to the Land's End, while addresses of congratulation poured in upon the king from every quarter. American troops had taken a very small part in this achievement; but if this fact in any way damped the joy of the colonies at a victory which was more precious to them even than to the mother country they did not show it. Each city celebrated the occasion in its own characteristic fashion. Boston by a flood of pulpit eloquence, New York with cakes and ale and a prodigious amount of toast-drinking, while the peace-at-any-price element of Philadelphia were well content to let the more worldly portion of its community indulge, like the rest, in bonfires and rockets. It was not till long after Boston and New York had completed their rejoicings for the victory, says Captain Knox, that news of it reached the lonely forts upon the western coast of Nova Scotia, where he and his comrades were eating their hearts out among mosquitoes, black flies and scalp-hunters.

At the fall of Louisbourg Wolfe was ardent to push on at once to Quebec. Boscawen and Amherst would probably have consented, with such a strong naval and military force at their disposal. It is idle, however, to speculate on what their decision might have been, or what their chances of success, for news had come to Louisbourg as to

London, which made it plain that one more "Incapable" had to be removed, before the road to success was cleared of obstacles. Amherst had now to hasten away to New York and to Abercromby's assistance with several regiments, leaving Whitmore in charge of Louisbourg, and Wolfe to ravage the coast-villages of the St. Lawrence gulf, a task he makes wry enough faces over in his letters home.

Pitt had this year appealed to the colonies for a force of 20,000 men to operate against Canada. The northern provinces, particularly those of New England, had already made great and creditable exertions. Massachusetts was easily the foremost in this spirited competition, and had pledged her credit to the extent of half a million sterling, a heavy burden on her finances, for in Boston the taxes had risen to 13s. in the pound on real and personal estate. Connecticut was but little behind, while the small province of New Hampshire placed one in three of her adult males in the field. These northern colonies, including New Jersey and New York, replied to Pitt's appeal with an actual force of 17,480 men, 7,000 of whom were supplied by Massachusetts. Poor Shirley had been long recalled, and ill-requited for his public spirit; not so much, perhaps, because he had made mistakes, as that he had provoked jealousy among rivals even less successful. Governor Pownall now reigned in his stead over the Puritan Commonwealth, and took some steps this year to make the officers of its willing, if not very formidable, militia more effective disciplinarians. When a corps of picked rangers or woodsmen, destined for special service, elected their own officers, the results were excellent, but when the militia of a rural democracy, steeped in village politics, followed the same system, it was a very different matter. The notion that a private was as good as his captain, even if sometimes justified by facts, did not conduce to success, in the face of Montcalm's veteran regiments. A great improvement in this particular was now introduced by methods which do not directly concern us here.

Abercromby was at Albany, the inevitable base of all operations, by May 11th, but the usual delays in getting the colonial troops into the field occurred, and they were not all assembled till the end of June. There was always a deficiency in arms, tents and clothing, and it was the remedying of this that, as usual, caused the delay. But, when all was at length finished, the force upon Lake George was not only powerful but in every respect complete, and its chances of success seemed practically assured. It wanted only a general.

Albany was quite a unique town in colonial America. Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, in her "Memoirs of an American Lady," has left us a delightful picture of this home of her youth, at a period corresponding about exactly with the one now treated of. The daughter of a Scotch officer, she was brought up in the household of that very famous colonial lady, "Aunt Schuyler," returning in after years to residence and marriage in her native country. She was advanced in life when she wrote the two small volumes which have been the delight of all students of old colonial life; and this, no doubt, accounts for certain inaccuracies.* When, in the summer of 1758, the luckless Abercromby gathered over 20,000 regular and provincial troops at Albany, it was still a purely Dutch town. There was a small handful of cultivated aristocratic families, like the Schuylers, owning large estates, fine houses, well furnished with old china, plate and well-painted pictures brought from the low countries, and there were the numerous burghers of the town, of lower station, and nearly all interested in the Indian trade—simple, kindly and religious, though by no means austere folk, according to our authoress. Every well-to-do family owned house negroes, whom they treated with the same consideration, and even affection, as the best families of Virginia treated their household servants: "Slavery softened to a smile" Mrs. Grant calls it. The town consisted of one very long street, running parallel with the river, and another meeting this in the centre at right angles, while others less important branched out to the right and left. The houses were even then mostly of brick, their gable ends, built Dutch fashion, fronting the street, and containing the front door with its "stoop," where the family sat on summer evenings, while rows of maple trees rustled by the sidewalk. Every house had a roomy garden and one or more cows, which were driven home at morning and evening from the common pasture-land to be milked. The old dislike of the English had greatly softened among the burgher class, and was practically dead among the patroon set, who went to New York in the season, had an English Episcopal church in Albany, and gave generously, both in blood and money and hospitality, to the English cause, which was, in fact, their own. Three years of military occupation, however, played sad havoc with the Arcadian simplicity of Albany as Mrs. Grant paints it. It was in vain that the heads of households tried to discriminate in their hospitalities between the serious and the frivolous among the officers. The younger generation could not resist the gay, play-acting young ensigns and captains, covered with lace and gold; and fell into all their strange and dubious amusements with a facility that was deplorable in the eyes of their elders. The Dutch ministers, we are told, after months of pulpit protestations gave up their flocks in despair; and the Puritan traditions of the place —which was now nearly a hundred years old—were permanently shaken. Indeed, one may well imagine that the social ethics of the second George's reign, turned loose upon a town that, though Puritan and unsophisticated, possessed much capacity for enjoyment, created a vast commotion. With the army, too, came all sorts of people, officially or commercially engaged in ministering to its wants, and the old burghers shook their heads at this flood of innovation from the outer world. All good people, however, have their failings, and the Puritan variety has been ever inclined to allow himself a special code in the matter of achieving a bargain. The innocent Albanians had carried this to such lengths with the Indians that the shaky attitude of the Six Nations towards the British was chiefly their handiwork. Lastly, we get vivid glimpses of the great dislike felt by the people of the other colonies, whether English or Dutch, to those of New England. New England, however, may well have been consoled by the fact that if she was unloved by her neighbours, she alone was regarded by the French, in a military sense, with something like respect.

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* Dr. Kalm, the Swedish traveller and scientist, who visited Albany more than once about this period, gives a very different picture of the burghers. He declares it was the only place in his wide travels in North America where he was consistently cheated. He says, moreover, that the Dutch traders did not scruple to buy the plunder of ravaged New England homesteads from the Indians, arousing thereby such fierce resentment among the New Englanders that they had more than once threatened to make an example of Albany and its inhabitants. Nor can the Doctor account for the remarkable difference which he describes as notorious between the morals, manners and habits of the Albanians and the Dutch of the lower country, whom he entirely approves of.

Woodland fighting between the Rangers of both sides was going savagely on, while the more serious warfare was labouring for a start. All the forts upon the Hudson, north of Albany, and those in the valley of the Mohawk were manned and on the watch. All the notable guerilla leaders, French and British—men of valour rather than of virtue, most of them—were out upon the war-path. British officers shared frequently in these dangerous ventures, not as leaders having authority, but as humble students in the art of forest warfare, under men like Stark and Rogers; and their inexperience not seldom cost them their lives in fights *à l'outrance*, where quarter was neither asked nor given and scalps were a valuable asset.

It was near the middle of June when Abercromby gathered together at Fort Edward the forces he was to lead against Ticonderoga. The site of Fort William Henry was now, as ever, the front of the British position. A stockade had been erected both there and upon the adjoining hill, where the massacre of the preceding year had taken place, and was strongly garrisoned, while the energetic Bradstreet, wisely placed in charge of all the transport, with 800 boatmen under him, had prepared nearly 1,500 craft of various sorts for the passage of the army down Lake George.

Now at last all was ready for the embarkation of the greatest armament that had ever darkened the surface of an American lake. Abercromby had with him, in round numbers, 6,300 regulars and 9,000 provincials, including batteau men. With the former were the 27th regiment (Blakeney's), the 42nd Highlanders, the 44th (Abercromby's), the 46th (Murray's), the 55th (Lord Howe's), two battalions of the 60th (Royal Americans), and Gage's Light Infantry. The hopes of the colonies ran high. They had made great efforts and never had so large or so well-equipped a force been collected under one command in America. Abercromby was something of an unknown quantity, but his organising powers had given good promise; while Lord Howe, who was with him, had won golden opinions upon all sides, and greatly endeared himself to the colonists. He stood somewhat on the same platform as Wolfe, and was about three years older. The latter declares in a letter that he is "the best officer in the British army;" while Pitt himself is scarcely less emphatic. Howe was, in fact, not only a fine soldier, but was wholly free from the narrow-minded prejudices that made the average British officer tread upon the corns of his colonial brother in arms almost whenever he met him. He was gifted with a precious intuition—rare now, and much rarer then—which realised that there might be social excellence outside that focussed in St. James's, and military worth in homespun coats and hunting shirts. He grasped at once the colonial point of view, a result not often achieved under a term of years by Englishmen even in our enlightened day, and was, in consequence, as much beloved by the colonists as by his own men, and they would have followed him anywhere. He admired the Rangers and studied their tactics. He saw that the Englishman was prone to be somewhat heavy, pedantic and elaborate in his movements, and slow, as he is even now, to seize the often rough-and-ready methods of expediting matters in a new country. He snipped off the long coat-tails of the infantry, browned their shining gun-barrels, cut their hair short, and improved their leg-gear; adding both comfort and speed to the poor fellows' progress through the hot and dense woods. He not only set an example of good manners to his officers in their behaviour to the people of the country, but was rigid in cutting down superfluous baggage, going so far as to wash his own linen and eat his dinner with a clasp knife, as an example to his subordinates. And yet, so mysterious are the ways of Providence, that he was killed by the very first shot fired in an enterprise which some men said depended on his leadership. In the meanwhile, a word must be said of what was happening all this time with the French at Ticonderoga.

De Vaudreuil had cherished designs of his own against the Mohawk valley by way of Lake Ontario, and had weakened his none too numerous forces by dividing them. He was anxious, too, about Quebec, in the event of the fall of Louisbourg. Bourlamaque, however, was at the stone fort at Ticonderoga with the regiments of La Reine, Guienne, and Béarn, some Canadian regulars and a few militia. Montcalm had hurried down there with further reinforcements, comprising the battalions of La Sarre and De Berry. Lévis had been sent westward by de Vaudreuil, but was hastily recalled when even that prodigious egotist admitted that a great crisis was impending. The French force with Montcalm was but little over 3,000 men, though these 3,000, to be sure, were of the very best.

A reference to the map will remind

the reader of the topography of this memorable position. Fort Carillon, or Ticonderoga, will be seen on the point at the head of Lake Champlain, just where the little river, having circled round its eight-mile bend, comes hurrying from Lake George. The middle four miles of this, it will be remembered, were unnavigable rapids, and a road, forming as it were the string of a bow, had been cut from the head to the foot of this shallow water. At the foot of the rapids, whence boats could flow into Lake Champlain, and two miles above the fort was a saw-mill and a bridge. Here Montcalm awaited news, sending a force to occupy the Lake George or the upper end of the rapids, and a party of 300 into the woods beyond, to report on the movements of the English. Large as Abercromby's army actually was, its numbers were exaggerated by scouts and Indians, and Montcalm may well be excused if even his stout heart began to sink. French tactics had usually been wise, but this year Montcalm had been over-ruled, and de Vaudreuil outwitted. By every law of human chance Montcalm had only one hope, namely, in retreating as rapidly as he could. But recent experiences had taught him there was one chance not allowed for in the rules of war, and that was in King George's generals, and he boldly decided to count upon it.

He heard that the army had embarked from William Henry, leaving him, therefore, about two days for preparations. He longed for Lévis, who was expected hourly, and, in the meantime, there was much discussion as to the best spot for resistance. The stone fort was voted out of the question, as being too small, and overlooked, moreover, by Rattlesnake Mountain. Crown Point was thought of, but the day advanced, and some definite decision was urgent, in the face of such fearful odds. Bourlamaque and his men had, in the meanwhile, been recalled from the Lake George end of the rapids, where the English were expected to land, and the bridge destroyed. The entire army, officers and men, now set to work, with axe and pick and shovel, to carry out the plan which at the last hour was agreed upon.

Fort Carillon, or Ticonderoga, stood near the point of a high promontory, with the mouth of the river on one side and Lake Champlain on the other. The ridge which formed it ran inland for some distance, leaving a strip of densely wooded swamp on either side, between its slope and the water's edge, and along this ridge only was it easy of access from the land side. Here, some half-mile from the fort, by the infinite labour of the whole army, and in an incredibly short space of time, was thrown up an intrenchment impregnable to anything but artillery. The crest of the ridge was lined with a solid wall of tree trunks, piled one above another to a height of eight or nine feet, and traced in zigzag fashion, so that its face could be enfiladed from any point. The ground, even in the front, sloped away, while on the sides towards the marshes it was steep and rocky. For the space of a musket-shot in front the dense forest had been cut down, the trees lying in tangled confusion as they had fallen. Immediately before the breastwork, and constituting the most formidable barrier of all, layers of large trees had been laid, with their tangled branches facing outward to the foe, twined together, and sharpened at the points. This work was begun upon the morning of the 7th, and was only just completed when Abercromby delivered his attack, upon the morning of the 8th; Lévis having just arrived with 400 men, bringing Montcalm's force up to 3,600 of all arms.

In the meantime, with such pomp and circumstance of war as had never been witnessed, even from the blood-stained shores of this romantic lake, Abercromby had embarked upon the enterprise which no man thought could by any possibility again miscarry. It was July the 5th, and the very week in which those despairing sorties of the French from Louisbourg heralded their approaching defeat, when the British flotilla crowded out on to the surface of Lake George. The pages of historian and novelist alike glow, when they recall the splendour of this notable scene. The faded types of old colonial journals, the yellow tattered letters, written at the time by those who saw it, all testify to the glories of such a pageant as is not often spread before the eyes of men. Many who have never set actual eyes upon Lake George will have surely visited it time and again with those fascinating companions whom Fenimore Cooper provided for their youthful fancy, will have stood upon its shores with Guert Ten Eyck and Corny Littlepage, or pierced the mysteries of the surrounding forest with the wily Uncas and the resourceful Leather-stocking.

On this memorable July morning twelve hundred boats, laden with troops and munitions of war, stretched like a vast armada across the bosom of the lake. The summer dawn was brilliant and cloudless. The sun had just risen over the mountain tops, and chased away the mists that night had gathered along the swampy shores. Not a breath of air was stirring on the water, not a ripple ruffling the silver sheen of its surface; nor over that illimitable sea of woodland, which swept upwards in successive waves from the island-studded shores, came breeze enough to move a blossom or a leaf. With regular precision, its wings stretching to right and left, and as the narrow lake grew narrower, reaching almost from bank to bank, the splendid pageant swept slowly northwards. In the centre were the British regiments, all gay in scarlet and white and gold. Upon the right and left and in the rear went the colonial troops, in blue and red. In the front was the gallant Bradstreet, with his sailors and axemen, in soberer guise, and Gage's light infantry, with their strange caps and short jackets and moustachioed faces.

From the whole dense flotilla came the glint and flash of burnished arms, and above the boats, at intervals, hung the standards of famous regiments, impatient to inscribe some American triumph on their folds, while the brave show of over a thousand tartans—those of the "Black Watch"—filled in the picture. Ten thousand oars, with measured beat, caught the sunlight, and the bands of various regiments, with their martial music, woke the echoes of the mountains, which, as the lake narrowed, lifted high above it, upon either side, their leafy sides and rocky crests. Many a man went proudly down Lake George that day beneath the flag of England who, twenty years later, was upon this very spot to be found turning his sword against his mother country and his king. Lee was there, a hot-tempered British captain, and, curiously enough, of marked unpopularity among the provincials; Starke and Israel Putnam, too, were present, hardy and conspicuous riflemen from New England frontier farms, and Philip Schuyler, Dutch gentleman and patroon, now leading a New York company, and some day to be Washington's favourite general, and Alexander Hamilton's father-in-law. Now, however, the French peril had crushed out for the moment such germs of future movements as had already, in vague fashion, taken root. With France upon her flanks, the very existence of New England depended, whether she liked it or not, upon the mother country.

Landing for a few hours at Sabbath Day Point, twenty-five miles down the lake, the men re-embarked again at dark, and, pressing onward through the summer night, reached the foot of the lake at ten on the following morning. Montcalm's outposts had been withdrawn from here, and the bridge over the outflowing river destroyed. The British landed, therefore, without opposition; and, leaving the boats under a strong force, prepared to march down the left bank of the connecting river. Headed by Lord Howe and his light infantry, the whole force, the English in the centre and the colonials on the flanks, moved forward through a country, not only densely timbered, but encumbered with the wreckage of fallen trees. The men forced their way through the dank tangled bush in such order as they could, till it became evident that some one had blundered, and that the column was hopelessly astray. Suddenly from the front came the sound of firing. It was the 300 men that Montcalm had sent out to feel the English advance, under his partisan captain, Langy. The denseness of the forest and the darkness of the preceding night, had been too much even for Langy's guides, and the contact was one of pure accident upon both sides. The surprise was mutual, and was followed by two hasty volleys. It was Lord Howe's rangers and light infantry that were engaged, and that gallant nobleman fell dead at the first discharge, shot through the heart. We must not concern ourselves with what might have happened but for this luckless shot in a petty skirmish, which resulted in the death or capture of nearly all Langy's men, or whether Howe's influence would have averted the catastrophe that has to be related. It is enough to say that his fall was greeted with a wail of grief throughout the army and the colonies. Mrs. Grant, so often quoted, tells us how Madame Schuyler, at whose hospitable country house, near Albany, Howe, like most of the principal officers, had spent much time, received the news: "In the afternoon a man was seen coming on horseback from the north, galloping violently, without his hat. The man galloped on, crying out that Lord Howe was killed. The mind of our good aunt had been so engrossed by her anxiety and fears for the event impending, and so impressed by the merit and magnanimity of her favourite hero, that her wonted firmness sunk under this stroke, and she broke out into bitter lamentations. This had such an effect on her friends and domestics that shrieks and sobs of anguish echoed through every part of the house." Wolfe, while before Louisbourg, writes "if the report of Howe's death be true, there is an end of the expedition, for he was the spirit of that army, and the very best officer in the king's service." Even Abercromby, in his official report, notes the universal outbreak of grief caused by his death. In Westminster Abbey may be seen a monument, somewhat unique in its origin, erected by the Government of Massachusetts, to the memory of George, Lord Viscount Howe, etc., "in testimony of the sense they had of his services and military virtues, and of the affection their officers and soldiers bore to his command."

The army, baffled by the nature of the country on the west bank and the want of guides, had to bivouac in the woods on this night, the 6th, and return in the morning to the landing-place. A day of infinite value had been lost, but this Abercromby could not know. He determined now to take the rough but direct and beaten road on the east bank of the stream and rebuild the bridge, which Montcalm had destroyed, re-crossing the river again at the farther end of it, near Ticonderoga. The invaluable and active Bradstreet was, therefore, pushed forward with a strong force on the morning of the 7th, and rapidly restored the broken bridge.

Abercromby, with the main body, came up in the evening and camped at the saw-mill for the night. He was now less than two miles from the intrenchment at Ticonderoga which Montcalm was busy finishing. He had left such guns as he had, and on which hinges a vital question, at the landing-place, six miles back. In the morning Abercromby sent what most historians, with unconscious but misleading grandiloquence, call his "chief engineer," Mr. Clerk, to report on the French defence. On this also hangs a tale. Mr. Clerk seems to have been merely a subaltern "commissioned sub-engineer and lieutenant, January 4th, 1758."* He had, therefore, been just six months in the service. The poor young man, happily perhaps for himself, died the next day—one of the victims of his own inexperience or rashness. One may well wonder at the system which left the safety of an important army to the judgment of a half-taught youth. It is bad enough to find Wolfe, as a then unknown and untried boy of sixteen, adjutant to his regiment at Dettingen. But this seems even worse.

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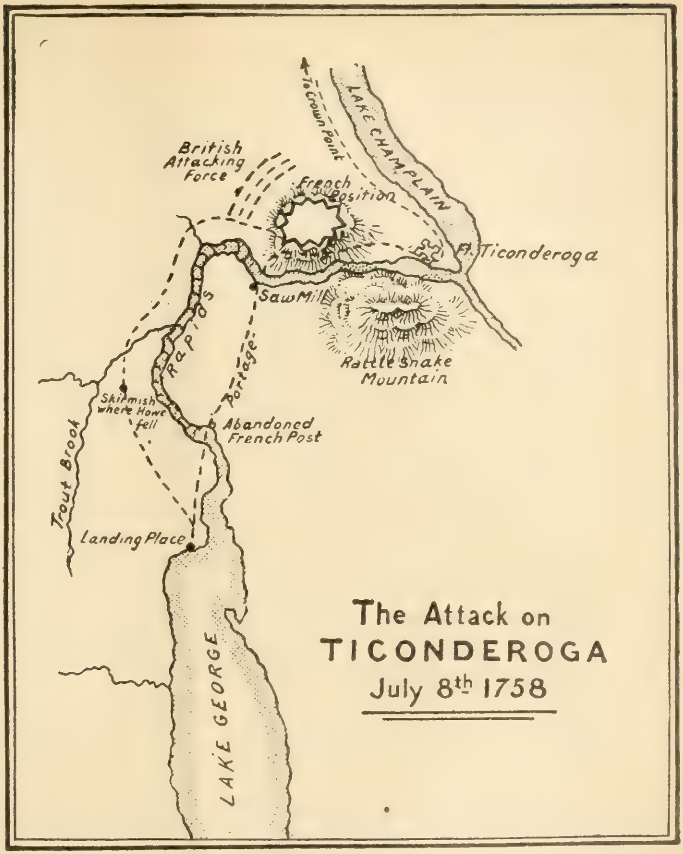
* See Kingsford.

In the thick forest there was only one spot from which the French position could be reconnoitred, and that was Mount Defiance, just across the mouth of the little river, within a mile of their intrenchment. It was from the top of this eminence that Clerk examined the formidable breastwork of hewn logs girdled with the *cheveaux de frise* of fallen trees in the midst of the tangled clearing, and decided that they could be carried by assault. Abercromby's information was to the effect that 6,000 Frenchmen were here, and more coming, which we know was inaccurate. He was therefore in a hurry to attack. He had left his guns at the landing-place; having brought them thus far apparently for the purpose of covering his landing in case of the opposition he expected, but, as we know, did not encounter. He now decided, on the strength of Clerk's report, to attack Montcalm's intrenchments, which, by the way, contained some artillery, with the bayonet. This initial error might have been forgiven. But that when it became apparent, it should have been persevered in at such frightful cost, is unforgivable and unforgetable. Most of the officers of that force seem to have been of the type whose mission was to enjoy themselves in peace, and in action to get themselves killed cheerfully, without criticising the tactics of their commanders. Moreover, few had seen the redoubt. There appear to have been a few dissentient voices on this occasion, probably from those who had, but they were not too insistently raised. The colonists, many of whom knew the district well, may have wondered at the tactics of the British general; but every one's blood was up, and the business at Fort William Henry had left a burning desire for revenge. "I think we were all infatuated," wrote a young officer, describing the scene by letter to Captain Knox, in Nova Scotia. Lord Howe was dead, and the brain of the army was paralysed. The pity of it all lay in the fact that Abercromby had left his guns at the landing-place, whence they could have been fetched in a few hours.

From Mount Defiance he could then have pounded the huddling mass of Frenchmen within the intrenchment at will, or knocked their defences about their ears in an hour; for they were not strong enough to venture an attack. They had only a week's provisions, and were nearly 200 miles from their base. Even if no artillery had been available, the British general, with his 15,000 men, could have surrounded them and starved them out without firing a shot. There were several alternatives, all practical certainties, and probably bloodless ones ; and Montcalm knew this when, on the sole chance of having a blunderer in front of him, he staked his all on this forest ridge at Ticonderoga.

It was high noon, and a blazing sun poured its rays vertically down on the front ranks of the British columns as they moved out of the forest into that mass of tangled branches, through which they were to fight their way. The Rangers and light infantry, who had been pushed forward to drive in Montcalm's outposts, fell back on either flank as the long red lines of Grenadiers, supported by the Highlanders of the "Black Watch," over a thousand strong, all with bayonets fixed, stepped out of the shadow of the woods into the fierce sunlight. Their orders were simplicity itself: to go forward, namely, at the charge, and not fire a shot till they were within the ramparts. From the top of Mount Defiance, where Abercromby's cannon should have been stationed, 400 friendly Indians, who had just arrived with Sir William Johnson, to share the British triumph, looked cynically down with shaking heads and many deep guttural ejaculations of contempt. It might be magnificent, but it was not war according to their notions of the



The Attack on TICONDEROGA July 8th 1758

game, and they absolutely refused to throw their lives away in any such midsummer madness.

It is a lamentable tale that has now to be told, and one of tragic monotony. Forcing their way through the tangled chaos of tumbled trees, the front lines of British infantry pressed on as best they could, with orders to carry by steel alone those bristling barriers behind which over 3,000 Frenchmen lay invisible and secure, with levelled muskets. As the British approached the abattis of prostrate trees, laid outwards with pointed branches, a sheet of smoke and flame burst from the eight foot log breast-work which lay behind it, and a fierce storm of bullets, mixed with grape shot, swept through the advancing ranks. In vain the survivors of that withering discharge tried to force their way through the dense network of opposing boughs and reach the foot of the wooden wall beyond. Some acquaintance with backwoods life would help the reader to more thoroughly realise the hideous nature of such an obstruction, when alive with bullets fired by a highly disciplined and protected enemy at a distance of twenty yards. The hopelessness of the task must have been obvious to any observer; but Abercromby either did not or he would not see it. It is said that he remained most of the time near the saw-mill, over a mile away, though no imputation is cast on his personal bravery. All that remained for his soldiers was to obey his orders, and to dare and die, which they did with splendid and piteous gallantry.

The order to withhold their fire, however, was soon treated by the troops with the contempt which, under the circumstances, it deserved; but this availed them little. Here and there the head of a Frenchman showed above the rampart, as he stood on the raised platform to fire; and now and then an English bullet found its mark above or between the logs. A battery of artillery would have knocked the rude defences into splinters in an hour. but to bayonet or musket ball they were hopelessly impregnable. Regiment after regiment struggled desperately on against that fatal barrier; but as each rush of men strove to tear their way through the immovable *frise* of branches, it was met by a storm of lead such as no troops could face and live. As each shattered column fell sullenly back, leaving a fearful tribute of dead and wounded, fresh ones came rolling on like the waves of a sea, and to break as surely at the foot of that flaming parapet. Thus went on the futile heroism and the useless slaughter. Gay young officers, whose routs and plays had so lately been a fearful joy to the simple folk of Albany, hung quivering corpses amid the fast withering leaves of the interlacing trees. Here and there a Highlander, mad with fury and contemptuous of life, had actually scaled the log wall and leaped down to certain death among the enemy. Many are the tales that have come down to us of deeds of personal heroism performed upon that bloody day; but where all were heroes it matters less that there is no space for them. Now and again there was a lull, born of sheer exhaustion, the smoke lifted from the deadly clearing, and men may well have looked for some word from their sphinx-like general; but Abercromby gave no sign, except, with imperturbable fatuity, to persist in his mad course. Fresh troops were ordered forward, and with them returned to the charge the survivors of the last attacks. There was no sign of hesitation throughout the whole of those terrible four hours, and never was greater gallantry shown in an effort so lamentably superfluous.

"It was in vain at last," says Warburton, "as it was at first; and upon that rude barrier, which the simplest manœuvres would have avoided, or an hour of well plied artillery swept away, the flower of British chivalry was crushed and broken."

"The scene was frightful," writes Parkman; "masses of infuriated men, who could not go forward and would not go back, straining for an enemy they could not reach, and firing at an enemy they could not see."

It was within a day of being the third anniversary of Braddock's defeat, and, as on that fatal field, the full heat of the hottest period of the American summer simmered in the smoke-charged clearing, which even the warm lake breezes could not reach. It was five o'clock, and nearly four hours of this insensate work had not daunted the spirit of these gallant men. For it was at this moment that the most furious onslaught of the whole day was made upon the French right. Then, and then only for a few brief minutes, was Montcalm's position in danger, and he had to hurry in person with a strong support to where a group of Highlanders, with superb indifference to death, where making their way up and over the parapet. But the gallant effort was fruitless. It was the last of the succession of furious attacks to which Montcalm does full justice, marvelling in his heart at the madness which inspired them, and welling over with gratitude at his good fortune. One or two more half-hearted and despairing attempts were made upon the deadly lines, when the General, recognising at six o'clock what he should have seen at one, gave the order to retire. Then amid some desultory firing of colonials and Rangers, from the bordering forest, the shattered British regiments fell back to the saw-mill, whither the wounded had been previously conveyed in batches, and those yet to be gathered from the battlefield were subsequently taken. The French had done enough. They were as exhausted with the great strain of their victory as they were exalted, and made no attempt to molest the retreat, and the British army spent that night in peace at the saw-mill. Burning both mill and bridge, they then marched the six miles to the landing-place, and there embarked, with sad hearts and boat-loads of wounded, on the very spot where, two days before, they had landed in all the pride and confidence of anticipated victory. One hears sometimes of a certain amount of panic accompanying this retreat, but there seems no direct evidence to this effect, and it is entirely against reason, though Abercromby did believe there to be 6,000 Frenchmen inside the barricade, and that reinforcements were close at hand. As a matter of fact, the French fully expected another attack; but Abercromby, though he had still over 13,000 men behind him, abandoned all thought of further action, and put his large force again into camp at his base on the head of Lake George.

It now remained but to count the cost, and this was frightful. Very nearly 2,000 men had fallen in a short quarter of a summer day, and the greater part of these were of the 6,000 regulars, who had borne the chief part of the affray. Three hundred provincials only figure in the returns; but no half-disciplined militia, without bayonets, however brave, could have been launched upon a task so obviously hopeless. For sheer intrepidity, however, the "Black Watch" must bear off the palm on a day as memorable for individual heroism as for concrete failure. This fine regiment, "everyone of whose soldiers," says a contemporary writer, who knew them intimately, "considered himself as raised somewhat above the rank of a common man," went into action over 1,000 strong, and came out 499. The French loss was over 400, though de Bourlamaque was seriously, and de Bougainville slightly wounded.

There were some other incidents in the battle, but they pale into insignificance compared with the sustained frontal attack. The strips of densely wooded swamp on either side of the intrenchments were guarded by Canadians and Indians, and Abercromby's provincials made several futile attempts to dislodge them. Bradstreet, too, had brought some bateaux over land from Lake George, and these were filled with riflemen and floated on the river, in the flank of the French position; but cannon were brought to bear on the crowded boats, to their complete discomfiture, two or three of them being actually sunk. In the heat of the frontal attack there occurred one of those misunderstandings, or worse, that is strangely suggestive of operations proceeding at this very moment in another continent. A captain of the Royal Roussillon regiment tied a flag to the end of a musket, and waved it towards a British column in the act of attacking. The latter took it as a sign of surrender, and, crossing their muskets on their breasts, with their muzzles in the air, stepped innocently forward toward the abattis. The French troops, on their part, and, of a truth, with unaccountable simplicity, if it be true, regarded the action of the British as denoting surrender, and they ceased firing, preparatory to receiving them within the breastwork. Whether the waving of the flag was an instance of that "slimness" for which the South African Boer is noted, or was merely a meaningless and sudden impulse on the part of the French captain, is uncertain. But another captain (Pouchot), who tells the tale, describes how he arrived on the scene at this moment, and saw the English line advancing and the French standing quietly awaiting them with grounded arms. Knowing nothing of what had gone before, he shouted to the French soldiers to follow, or the English would assuredly capture them. A volley was then delivered, which, according to the same officer, killed or wounded about 200 of the unsuspecting British. There was great indignation at the time among the latter, but it seems probable that no bad faith was intended. A famous legend, too, surrounds the memory of one of the victims of this bloody field, and must by no means be overlooked.

It so happened that a certain Duncan Campbell, of Inverawe Castle, was at this time a major of the "Black Watch." Some years previously, and before the regiment was raised, so runs the story, he chanced to be sitting alone at midnight in the hall of his old castle, when suddenly there came a knocking at the gate. Going out himself he found a blood-stained Highlander, worn and torn with travel, who confessed to having killed a man in a fray, and to being closely pursued by officers of the law, and entreated the laird to give him shelter and protection. The latter consented, but the fugitive was not satisfied till Campbell had sworn secrecy on his dirk, which he somewhat rashly did. He had scarcely hidden him away when there was a fresh hammering at the castle gate, which proved to be the avengers of the law on the fugitive's track. These informed Campbell that his cousin Donald had just been murdered and that the murderer was somewhere in the neighbourhood. The laird was greatly perturbed, but, remembering his oath, professed to know nothing of the matter. That night, as may well be supposed, sleep did not come readily to his eyes, and before long was effectually banished by the dread presence of the murdered man, who suddenly appeared at his bedside, and in a sepulchral voice addressed him thus: "Inverawe! Inverawe! blood has been shed; shield not the murderer."

Campbell was so horrified, that the next day, though he would not break his oath, he refused any longer to keep the guilty fugitive beneath his roof, but took him out to the hills and hid him in a cave. This, however, would not suffice to lay the ghost of his murdered cousin, which appeared to him again the next night, repeating the same significant injunction. Campbell, distraught with superstitious fears, hastened at dawn of day to the mountains; but the cave where he had hidden his unbidden guest was empty —the murderer had flown.

Once more, on the following night, the ghastly vision stood by Campbell's bedside. Its attitude was not so menacing, but its words were perhaps yet more significant: "Farewell, Inverawe; farewell till we meet at *Ticonderoga.*"

Now at that early time neither Campbell nor perhaps any other British officer, had so much as heard the name of the obscure backwoods post; so he marvelled greatly what this strange arrangement of letters might mean, and for this very reason it remained indelibly imprinted on his mind.

Two or three years afterwards the 42nd was raised, and in due course ordered to America, and, as we have seen, became part of the force operating against Ticonderoga, which till then had been usually known by its French name of Carillon. When Duncan Campbell first heard the strange word that had lain half dormant but unforgotten in his mind for years, and that he was to attack the place which it signified, he gave himself up for lost; and, though a valiant soldier, succumbed to the mental depression which a strong presentiment is apt to produce on superstitious natures, however brave. His brother officers tried by various ruses to make him think it was not actually Ticonderoga they were about to attack. But on the morning of the 8th—the fatal day—he remarked gloomily to those about him that it was idle attempting to deceive him, for that very night he had again seen the apparition, which on this occasion had uttered but three words: "*This is Ticonderoga.*" "And this day," said the major, "I shall fall." Fall he did, and was carried wounded to Fort Edward, on the Hudson, where he shortly afterwards died. His grave may yet be seen, and on the stone above it may be read: "Here lyes the body of Duncan Campbell, of Inverawe, Esq., Major to the old Highland Regiment, aged 55 years, who died the 17th July, 1758, of the wounds he received in the attack of the Retrenchment of Ticonderoga or Carillon on the 8th July, 1758."

We must pass over the justifiable exultation of the 3,000 and odd brave Frenchmen who stood that day so staunchly behind their log breastworks, the letters that were written, the pæans that were sung, the triumph that resounded throughout France and Canada, to say nothing of the inevitable exaggerations that went out concerning an achievement that indeed required none. Montcalm, when he heard of Louisbourg, expressed a wish that his Ticonderoga heroes had been there. But in so doing his pen ran away with him. He did an injustice to his equally brave troops in Cape

Breton, and forgot for the moment that a single half-battery of Amherst's guns would have blown his wooden ramparts into fragments, and that he owed his triumph, and even his own safety, to a blunder, that he must have well known was outside every calculation of war.

Such was Ticonderoga, the least remembered, though one of the bloodiest, most desperate and most dramatic battles of our history, at once a glory and a shame. The schoolboy has never heard of it; the journalist, who in these stirring times is called upon to summarise the triumphs and defeats of bygone days, seems often in like plight. Thackeray's *Virginians* is probably responsible for much of the recollection that survives of the Monongahela, though Braddock had not nearly as many men in action as fell at Ticonderoga. Cooper was not so fortunate in fastening upon the public mind that Homeric contest on Lake Champlain, which was, perhaps, the most humiliating reverse we ever sufered at the hands of the French, and a fight that, save for Burgoyne's surrender, far overshadows any of the numerous conflicts fought in that historic region. For yet another generation was to wake the echoes of these noble solitudes with a strife as bitter, and on an issue only less momentous than this one. It is a popular impression that North America is barren of associations, that its natural beauties lack the atmosphere of history, legend and tradition. It is not so much the lack of these as the lack of equipment to appreciate them, that is at fault. He would be a callous wight indeed, who, thus equipped, could stand upon the shores of Lake George and feel no thrill but what its physical features awakened. If eighteenth century life be accounted sufficiently remote to appeal to the historic fancy—which it surely is—think with what infinite picturesqueness, with what fulness of romance, its quaint figures, its stirring pageants grouped themselves upon a canvas, in itself so exquisitely fair. Not once or twice, as a fleeting vision, but year after year passed backwards and forwards the motley martial throng: frilled and powdered dandies of the second George's time, in scarlet and lace and gold; no less punctilious exquisites from the outer circles, at least, of Louis XV's brilliant Court; long-skirted, gaitered, pig-tailed soldiers in red or white, from Devon and Yorkshire villages, from the orchards of Normandy, and from the slopes of the Pyrenees. Fair-haired Germans and hardy Switzers were here; keen soldiers of fortune some, others simple hirelings; savages, too, of tribes innumerable, in bark canoes all painted and be-feathered with the immoderate profusion of those primitive days; wild, bearded, lion-hearted Rangers, in fringed hunting shirts and coonskin caps, and masses of hardy, God-fearing rustics in blue or homespun, from Connecticut and Massachusetts farms.

The very contrasts, in a country that has lived at double speed, gives the past a greater aloofness and a stronger fascination; and never surely was war more picturesque than here. It is not much more than a century since the last cannon shot was fired, and the last actors in the final scene, that of the revolutionary war, passed from the stage. Yet what an age, however, in this new world it seems, and how vast the change! These ancient battle-fields are now the playground of an abounding population, from teeming cities that were then but trifling villages or frontier forts. The beauty of lake and mountain and forest is still here. The grey ruins of Ticonderoga may yet be seen, mouldering amid the throb of modern life. But villages and hamlets and huge hotels, gay with holiday-makers, cluster on the shores. Steamers and pleasure-boats ply joyously along the bays and through island channels, where of old scalp-hunting Indians and Rangers crouched for their prey amid the rocks and reeds. The engine screams along the banks, now smooth by comparison, and long shorn of the tangled wilderness, where redcoats blundered into ambushes, and even the ranger was sometimes at fault. But beneath the wheels of panting trains or the hurrying feet of careless tourists, and sometimes, perhaps, even yet, amid the murmur of pine and hemlock woods, there sleep unnumbered and forgotten dead—French and English, colonist and Indian, Dutch and German, who fell here when the fate of America was yet hanging in the balance, and its greater portion still lay wrapped in the silence of unbroken forest or untrodden prairie.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE UNKNOWING

BY VIRNA SHEARD

If the bird knew how through the wintry weather
An empty nest would swing by day and night,
It would not weave the strands so close together
Or sing for such delight.

And if the rosebud dreamed e'er its awaking
How soon its perfumed leaves would drift apart,
Perchance 'twould fold them close to still the aching
Within its golden heart.

If the brown brook that hurries through the grasses
Knew of drowned sailors,—and of storms to be,—
Methinks 'twould wait a little e'er it passes
To meet the old gray sea.

If youth could understand the tears and sorrow,
The sombre days that age and knowledge bring,
It would not be so eager for the morrow
Or spendthrift of the Spring.

If love but learned how soon life treads its measure,
How short and swift its hours when all is told,
Each kiss and tender word 'twould count and treasure,
As misers count their gold.

OUR MYSTERIOUS PASSENGER

A DETECTIVE STORY

By ROBERT DAWSON RUDOLF

THE last whistle had gone, the good-byes had all been said and the little tender, the final link between us and Old England, was edging away from our side. The great screw was thumping at quarter speed and we were slowly gliding down the river Mersey when a little steam-launch darted after us and, bringing up alongside, allowed a man with a small bag in his hand to leap on to the flimsy platform, which was grudgingly lowered for him from the great ship's side. "The proverbial late passenger," "Why can't people be in time?" grumbled the old stagers, and then disappeared below to arrange their cabins before dinner; while the green ones stayed on deck, and watched the low shores gradually disappear in the distance and gathering gloom.

I myself belonged to the former class of passengers and soon, having donned a slouch-cap, made my way to the smoking room, where, during the many voyages which I had to make, most of my waking hours were wont to be spent. But quick as I was in getting there, the late passenger had already put in an appearance, and soon he and I were talking away and discussing the last news, which we would have for some days—nothing of importance certainly; a small railway accident, a bank robbery and a mysterious murder were the chief items which the papers spread through many columns. As regards the last item, the rumour was that the murderer had been tracked to Liverpool and it was suspected that he would try to get away by one of the outward bound vessels. "By Jove, I hope he is not on board here," exclaimed my companion, as he rang for drinks and proffered me a second cigar.

Much travelling and mixing with my fellow men have made me very chary of voluble strangers, but this man seemed to be an exception and, before we had been talking for an hour, we were the best of friends and had exchanged cards and found mutual acquaintances which made us remark, as people always do on such occasions, that the World was small.

J. A. SMITH,
Representing
Jones Brown & Son,
Wholesale Provision Merchants,
London,

was the inscription on his card. It seemed that he had decided at the very last moment to cross by this boat to Canada and had not even had time to get a ticket at the office. Thus it was that I proposed that he should occupy the spare berth in my cabin and, hunting up the purser, we soon arranged this and also for seats at the same table in the saloon.

My new friend was a neatly dressed man of perhaps forty years of age, of medium height, with curly brown hair and a keen searching eye, which gave one the impression that he was "all there."

At dinner he proved to be the life of our table and this first meal, which as a rule is a thing to be dreaded, owing to the suspicious reserve of the average Britisher on such occasions, passed off with much merriment, of which Smith was the centre. Afterwards in the smoking-room, his stories kept us spellbound for hours and no one even proposed cards this first evening.

Never did I see a man so quick at making friends as was this cabin mate of mine. Before we had been out three days, he knew every male saloon passenger intimately and called many by their Christian names. He did not seem to care much for the society of the gentler sex and we all laughed at his excuse that he was shy. "Jim Smith shy indeed!" We all called him Jim Smith by now and some even Jim. A more open-handed fellow it would be hard to find and he never seemed to take offence at the free way in which his generosity was abused by some of the shabbier passengers. He would bring a whole box of cigars up to the smoking-room and give them away in handfuls. While not averse to a game of cards, his chief amusement seemed to be talking, and when the rest of the smoking-room habitues were deep in poker, he would as often as not take up with one of the quieter passengers and sit talking, or would walk the deck with him for hours.

The weather had been fine so far, but there are always some people who are sea-sick however calm it be, and there were several such on board. Smith made some excuse about perhaps knowing some of the invalids to hunt them up in their cabins, one by one. There he would stay by the hour, prescribing champagne and generally acting the good Samaritan to these neglected ones.

The intermediate passengers next began to enjoy his friendship, and for a day or two he charmed them as he had done us. Intermediate passengers are usually rather sensitive about their position and think that the saloon ones are "sidey," as there is not usually much intercourse between the classes; but here was a gentleman after their own hearts and they welcomed him with enthusiasm. But they did not please him as much as he did them and soon he deserted them for the steerage. I attempted to remonstrate with him one evening, as we were going in to dinner and he had been forward the whole day, but only got snubbed for my pains. Soon the sailors were his chums and then the stokers; he would be down in the stoke-hole for hours, taking a hand as he laughingly told me, and certainly getting very dirty. This was the last straw and the saloon passengers sent a deputation to the captain, and I gladly joined it, requesting that Mr. Smith should not be permitted to enter the saloon if he should persist in getting dirty "for'd." The captain sent for the accused, and his very appearance condemned him as he emerged from a companion-way leading from the stoke-hole and slouched aft, dirty, ill-dressed and hang-dog looking. What a change since the first day, when he had captured us by his charm of person and conversation! The captain's remonstrance only called forth an indignant reply to the effect that the stokers were a better lot of men than all the rest of us put together.

Nothing remained but for us to put him "into Coventry," and this we did most thoroughly. I moved to another cabin and the seat on either side of him at table became vacant. At each meal he would appear, eat silently and then at once go for'd again. As if to complete his descent in the social scale, he became specially attached to a down-draft rascal of a stoker and the two were inseparable. One day this scoundrel refused to carry out some order and, on his being pressed to do so, struck the officer on duty with a shovel. He was at once arrested and put in irons. Smith was indignant, but could do nothing, nor could he get a sympathetic ear when he tried to defend his shady friend.

About the time that the Canadian coast first came in view a rumour was started, no one knew by whom, that this versatile man, this J. A. Smith as he called himself, might be the murderer, who was expected to have escaped from Liverpool by one of the outward bound vessels on the day that we left. Some one reminded the smoke-room audience that the fellow had boarded us *after* the police officer, who had looked through the ship, had left on the tender. A large reward had been offered, so the last papers said, to anyone who would give information which would lead to the villain's arrest, and it was interesting to note what a run there was on these week-old papers. One man—an old Jew—was seen cutting out the meagre description of the wanted fugitive. Certainly this description might have been of Smith, but equally so of half a dozen other men on board, so indefinite was it.

More than ever, if possible, we avoided the man. Some were for having him arrested at once, but a lawyer amongst us voiced the general opinion that this was out of the question and, besides, he was safe enough whilst miles of ocean rolled between us and the nearest shore.

This was the state of things on the morning when we were hailed by the pilot. Many were the speculations as to whether the authorities at home could have tracked the murderer by now, and whether an officer would not be on board the pilot boat to arrest him. But no, only the weather-beaten old man, whom I had often seen before, scrambled up the side. He brought off with him a bundle of newspapers which we were soon eagerly perusing, but nothing much had happened in the eight days during which we had been lost to the world. A few lines in a Canadian paper said that the murderer had been tracked to Liverpool, but we knew that much already and thought that we knew a good deal more.

The captain wanted to put a couple of stowaways ashore by the pilot boat, one of them being the refractory stoker, but Smith made such an uproar about this, vowing that he would go with his friend and would write to the papers, so that the "old man" weakly gave in, and started again for Quebec. Some hinted that the captain did not want to lose Smith and the possible reward for the detection of the murderer.

We reached Quebec late at night and a cold night at that. The stowaways were at once ordered on shore and again Smith raised a hubbub about such cruelty. "Well, anyhow, if the stoker must go then he would go with him and he should have his top coat." We watched the strange couple go down the gangway arm and arm, and an out-and-out pair of rascals they looked. "But Smith must be the wanted man all the same," someone was muttering, when, hullo! what is happening?—a scuffle on the wharf and several loafers there are all grabbing the stoker at once, while Smith stands aside from his quondam friend and coolly lights a cigarette, a smile of quiet triumph the while spreading over his face and chasing away from it the rascally hang-dog look which it had worn for days.

We watched the stoker dragged, struggling and horror stricken, to a police van which was waiting near by, and then Smith, heaving what looked like a sigh of contented relief, stepped smiling up the gangway again into our midst.

He made straight for the captain, who stood as one dazed, and the two disappeared into the latter's cabin, but before long emerged laughing and the best of friends. Then Smith mixed with the passengers, all his old cheerful manner once more upon him, and soon we learned the truth of his strange doings.

It seems that he was a detective officer of well-known Scotland Yard repute. The authorities in London had learned, as we had already heard, that the murderer of whom we had read had got as far as Liverpool and they thought that he would try to escape on one of the three vessels sailing when we did. So an officer was ordered to board each of the three steamers, and thus Detective Officer Robinson (alias J. A. Smith) travelled with us. He did not know whether his quarry was on board at all; much less did he know in what capacity he would travel, and hence he decided to make the acquaintance of every man on board, hoping thus to come across his man. It will be remembered that the authorities had only the most meagre knowledge of the murderer's appearance. We had been at sea for nearly a week and he had suspected several of the passengers, *myself* amongst the number so he said, before he came across the stowaway who was working as a stoker. Him he spotted in some way, and from that moment stuck to him, as we had seen. At the pilot station he was afraid that he was going to lose him, but, as we saw, persuaded the captain to take him on to Quebec and himself sent a cypher message to the police at that port to be in waiting for us.

When asked why he had not arrested his man as soon as he had recognised him, he replied that he had made friends with him instead and had thus extracted much evidence of the man's guilt.

How he soothed the ruffled feelings of the "old man" for not having confided in him we never heard, but he somehow succeeded thoroughly, and as he shook hands all round and went ashore for the second time, we raised a cheer for our friend "Jim Smith," who had suffered so much at our hands.

He left Quebec that night on an outward-bound mail steamer for Liverpool with his man, and we heard some time later that the murderer was convicted and hanged for the perpetration of as dastardly and cold-blooded a crime as had occurred in recent years.

A REFLECTION

BY ROBERT ELLIS CRINGAN

IN a hammock one day,
In the usual way,
Can you guess what these two were about?
The youth seemed afraid
Lest the dear little maid
Should somehow or other fall out.

But they looked quite sedate
In their quiet tête-à-tête,
For a grim, eagle-eyed chaperone
Kept the atmosphere tense,
While they wished she'd have sense
To attend to affairs of her own.

How her soft hand he pressed,
As his strong arm caressed,
From in front none could possibly see;
But sly looks spoiled the game,
For the matronly dame
Guessed their meaning, and chuckled with glee:

" If a mirror I'd find
And place it behind,
I think there would be a fine fuss!"
Said the maid, with a wink,
" Oh Dear! Don't you think
That is quite a reflection on us?"

DRIVER DICK'S LAST RUN

A RAILWAY STORY

By ROBERT J. C. STEAD

"HO, there, Dick, wake up! You go out in thirty minutes. Hi, Dick! Dick! I say, Dick, roll out. Despatcher's orders. No palaver. Come, get goin'. Dick! you morphine-eater, I'll maul you if—"

"Eleven loads, seven empty, eighteen all," mumbled the sleeping man. "Clear for No. 8 at Haysville, open track to—" But a violent wrench of the nose brought Dick to a sitting posture. After contorting himself in a couple of heavy yawns he drawled to the one-legged man beside the bed. "Hello, Stumpy, what's doing?"

"You're doin', or, at least, ought to be. You take out a special with the Superintendent at 2.30. You've less than thirty minutes, so cut loose."

"Not any for me, Stumpy. Tell the old man I ain't well; I'm down with grip. Tell him I broke my leg on the front steps, and my wife has smallpox. Tell him anything under heaven, but give me eight hours' sleep. Fifty-six hours on duty, and a hundred minutes in bed! It's against human nature. I ain't going," and he snuggled down among the blankets.

But Stumpy had wakened weary trainmen before. With one dexterous sweep of the arm he whipped the blankets clear of the bed.

"Come, Dick, no nonsense. You simply must get up. No. 6 is snowed up at the end of the line, and you've to take out a special and get her clear. Hustle now!"

"Can't you get some one else? Where's Graham?"

"Hospital with pneumonia. On duty seventy-two hours. Bad cold. May go hard with him," briefly explained Stumpy.

"How about Stuart?"

"Ran into an open switch and broke his leg."

"Lucky dog! Try McKenzie, then."

"He's taking a wrecker out on the main. It's no go, Dick. The Sup. is going on that train, and you are going to pull him," and Stumpy's wooden member clattered down the stairs.

"And they wonder why, sometimes, a man runs full-steam into eternity," soliloquised Dick, as he hastily drew on the clothes that were still warm. "Fifty-six hours on duty, and a hundred minutes in bed, and only a twisted rail, or a broken flange, or a careless signal-man between me and the Judgment Seat! Sitting there, hour after hour, with the glint of that everlasting thread of steel tugging at sleepy eyelids, and Old Snorter panting a lullaby in one's ears. O, sometimes it happens! Then the wrecker pulls up, and while the doctors inspect the ghastly heaps on the bank, the reporters and sightseers stand by the scrap-heap. 'That's where they pulled him out,' says one. 'He and his fireman crushed to jelly. Brakes set; engine reversed, but too late.'

"Then a fool newspaper runs out a scare-head: 'Engineer Disregards Signal—Plunges Scores into Eternity—Stuck to his Post at Last.' O yes, did you ever hear of an engineer dodging death when the crash came? No, sir! not even for his wife and children! But the paper doesn't say that the sleep from which that engineer wakes in eternity began ten, fifteen, twenty miles before the wreck."

Dick heard the gate latch behind him as he turned up the street. "Well paid for it, are we? Yes, a twentieth part of what the G.M. draws. And we invest more than he does. Just our prospects of old age."

A gusty wind swept little eddies of fine snow across the tracks. The electric light threw the shadows of falling flakes upon the whitened earth, so that it seemed alive with insects. The moon was at the full, but only a misty dimness struggled through the leaden banks of cloud.

No. 360 stood on a siding with her fog up. Harry, the fireman, dozed peacefully on his cushions. Dick had scarce reached his seat when Baker poked in his head.

"Hello, Dick, you pull me to-night, do you? Well, we've an open run, so cut her loose," he said, as he handed up the order sheet.

"What's our load?" asked Dick.

"Four coals to give you weight, the Sup.'s car and my dog-house. Give the old man a whirl for his whiskers."

Dick studied his order sheet. "Con. Baker, Driver Henderson," he read. "No. 10, special. Open track over entire division. Run regardless of time. Stop for orders at division terminal."

Harry slept peacefully. "All right, old boy, take it easy for a while," said Dick, as he threw on a few shovelfuls of coal. He opened the blower and in a few minutes heard his safety threatening. Forward went the reversing lever; then, as he gradually opened the throttle, he felt the drivers grip the rails and the engine swing ahead. In a train-length he was hitting a twenty-mile clip.

The swirling snow dashed against the cab windows, and at times he could not see the track. Suddenly a red reflection flickered by the cab. "Woo-oop," said Dick, as he slammed in the throttle and opened the air brakes. "Only a tail-light, likely," said he, "but I'd better go back and make sure." Slowly he backed up, and at last passed a red signal-lantern. "On the left-hand side, and in such a night as this," he muttered. "O well, some signal-men were born fools."

Twenty, thirty, forty minutes passed, and not a soul had been seen or heard. Half a dozen times Dick felt himself falling asleep, and as often waked up with a start. All the others of the crew were sound asleep, and as the minutes dragged on Dick began to wonder if the signal had not been a mistake. A switchman might have carelessly set down his lantern. His orders read "Open track," and he was about to start out again, when his trained nerves detected a slight vibration. Nearer and nearer it seemed to come until the earth fairly shook. Suddenly the headlight of the belated "limited" loomed up through the mist of snow; twenty yards in front it took the switch and with a roar rushed by, its flickering tail-lights dying out of sight in a minute. Simultaneously a man emerged from the darkness, picked up the signal-lantern and silently disappeared.

"They'll never know how close their shave was," said Dick, as he opened the throttle.

. . . . . .

Two hours later, and Dick still sat at his post, his hand on the throttle, his face a mass of stoic inexpressiveness, his eyes peering out into the darkness that kept ever falling away before the advancing headlight. For an hour he had not moved so much as a finger. Harry had fired for men that he had to wake every fifteen minutes on a night run, but he knew Dick. "All I have to do," said Harry, "is to keep on a hundred and forty and my flues wet, and Dick will do the rest."

It was an hour before daybreak. The heavy clouds that had obscured the moon for most of the night were beginning to scatter, and at intervals a flood of hazy light fell over a desert of sparkling snow. At places there were drifts across the track, but the snow was loose, and the high speed of the train, with the momentum of her hundred and twenty tons of coal, carried her safely through.

Suddenly, in an interval of moonlight, Dick fancied he caught the glint of something red up the track. The throttle went in with a chuck; the brakes gripped and sputtered on thirty pairs of wheels, and the train came to a stop.

Directly in front was a danger signal, a signal that has many a time spelt danger and death to the foes of Britain, but which never before, perhaps, was used to flag a railway train. Dick, thinking his eyes deceived him, threw open his glass front; then sank back on his cushion with a slight cry. He was no weakling; a locomotive cab is not the place for a coward, but the blood seemed to halt in his veins, and he seized a lever to steady himself. "Go back for Baker," he whispered, hoarsely.

There, between the metals, and a rail-length ahead, planted up to the waist in snow, stood the body of a mounted policeman—dead, stone dead, the frozen face twisted in its death contortions, and the whitened eyeballs gleaming horribly in the glare of the headlight.

Before Harry was back with the conductor and brakeman, Dick's nerve had returned, and he was down beside the dead body. The frame was perfectly solid; it might have been frozen for days. On their arrival on the spot Baker and his brakeman stood aghast, but scarcely a word was spoken. Explanations were impossible; the situation even defied speculation.

Reverently the four men raised the lifeless body in their arms. As they did so Dick felt a solid mass on the chest, and, on examining it, found it to be frozen blood. "My God!" he exclaimed, as he staggered back, "the man's been murdered!"

The statement could not be disputed, and with blanched faces the train crew, so tragically converted into pall-bearers, stared at each other. But there was only one course, to place the body in the caboose and report the matter at the next telegraph office.

The moon was again obscured when Dick and Harry climbed into the cab, each with a strange unsteadiness after the nerve-wrecking experience of the preceding ten minutes. But their adventures had only begun, as they were soon to learn. Two revolvers flashed in their faces, and a low voice said, "Now, don't make a fuss; we don't want to kill you unless we have to. Do as you're told and you'll get out of this unharmed, but try to jolly us and you'll share the fate of that lion's cub you just carried back there."

Such a proposition admitted of no argument, and no matter how many armchair theories a man may have, when the alternative is represented by a loaded revolver there is just one thing he is going to do, and that is—obey. Dick mustered his self-control as best he could, and asked quietly, "What is your pleasure, gents?"

"Now that's like it," said one of the party, which now proved to consist of two persons. "Glad to see you're sensible. Had to shoot a man the other day for being foolish. You just get up in your seat and run us ahead to Turner's bridge and stop there. That's all we'll trouble you to do. We don't want your money, watches, or anything else. We're after bigger stakes to-night."

"What's the scheme?" asked Dick, as he took his seat. "We've no valuables aboard. You must have stopped the wrong train."

"O, I guess not," said the other, quietly. "You've the Superintendent on board, and that's what we're after. Reckon the company wouldn't stop at twenty thousand to get him back safe and sound."

Like a flash the whole plan went through the engineer's mind. He recalled having read a day or two before, as they took water at a mail town, of a band of outlaws that, with headquarters on the United States side, were plying their business in this territory. A mounted policeman had gone in quest of them single-handed, and as he had failed to return it was feared that foul play had befallen him. Now this nefarious gang had used their victim for a stop-signal, and actually proposed to kidnap the Superintendent. Well, they were going to fail, he told himself as he opened the throttle.

It was but a short distance to Turner's bridge, and Dick's brain was working like mad as they sped along. Gradually he notched the reversing lever forward, closing the throttle a little to hold down the speed. In his left hand he fumbled carelessly a heavy wrench. Harry was on the tender getting coal. Suddenly, and as if by accident, Dick lurched forward, falling from his seat. As he went, with his right hand he jerked the throttle wide open, and the iron monster darted forward like a spirited steed from its master's whip; with his left hand he smashed the water glass.

In an instant the cab was full of steam and water. Two revolver bullets flattened themselves against the boiler. On his hands and knees Dick crawled away from the furnace door, taking his share of the scalding water. It's an engineer's duty to be parboiled if necessary.

Groping along the cab floor, at the doorway his hand fell on a felt boot. Firemen don't wear felt boots, so it couldn't be Harry. Dick raised his wrench and struck with all his might where he supposed the body would be. He fancied he heard a choking groan as the resistance gave way and the foot slipped from the cab.

But with the other outlaw he was less successful. Scarce had they stumbled together when wiry fingers closed about his throat, and Dick knew it was a life-and-death struggle. Short and sanguinary it was. The men swayed in each other's arms; the hissing steam, the scalding water, the rushing, swinging locomotive, forgotten in that last vital contest for the mastery. Suddenly, above the din came the hollow roar of Turner's bridge, and at the same moment the struggling men swung outward, slipped, and dashed downward into the darkness.

An hour later they picked him up, stiff and pallid, but still alive. His bed of soft snow had saved him alike from death by falling, and from revenge from the check-mated outlaws, who had searched for him in vain. What became of his two passengers he never learned—but the Superintendent was safe.

. . . .

"Henderson," said the Superintendent, a week later, "I want to do the right thing with you. You've been off duty since the—event. Now we're going to give you No. 4 on the ——— line. It's the best run on the system. Highest pay, short and regular hours, and home every night."

"I am deeply grateful," said Dick, "but I—I can't take it."

"I know," said the Superintendent, "that it's no proper return for your sacrifice, but it's the best I have to offer just now. As soon as I can do better, I will."

"It's not that, sir, not that. But the fact is I have decided to quit engine-driving for good."

"Why Henderson!"

"It's like this. I like the business, but my nerve's gone. Every danger signal would now raise up that pallid face with the gleaming, sightless eyes. Ugh! Yes," he added with a pathetic mournfulness in his voice, "I am a broken man."

The Superintendent sat for some minutes in deep thought. "I have it," he at last cried, with the eagerness of a school-boy; "I have it! We are opening a division terminal at Bayview. It's a beautiful place—lake in front, hills and forest behind, a rolling prairie away to the south. Take your wife and family out there, buy an acre or two of land, and build up your home in peace. The company will give you a position as locomotive inspector, with a salary of twenty-five hundred. What do you say?"

"It's done," answered Dick, quietly. Engineers learn to make quick decisions.

As the two men shook hands the Superintendent dwelt on Dick's devotion to himself and the company.

"Well, it wasn't that that made me do it."

"What, then?" queried the official.

On the wall hung a painting of the famous "Birkenhead Drill." "I guess it was because I have some of that blood in me," said Dick, as he pointed to the picture.

QUEEN'S PAWN*

BY VERNON NOTT

"ONE of the Colonial troops, who was a chess-player, and was carrying a little set of ivory chessmen in his haversack, was wounded during the Mounted Infantry reconnaisance to Brandfort, and was left on the field. When he was found the next day, he was dead. On a stone beside him, he had placed his water-bottle—and upon it, a pawn."

Only a pawn!
Of little account in the changing game,
Where another his place can take:
What matters a pawn, one more or less,
To them that play in this game of chess,
With the ancient honour of Britain's name
Laid by the board for a stake?
Think you the players, in strength of their pride,
Will turn from their moves to mourn by the side
Of so small a piece—who merely died
For his queen and country's sake?
Ah, they never could stay, in the game they play,
For only a pawn.

Only a pawn
Who quickly sprang to his brothers' cry
That echo'd over the sea;
And reck'd but little of toil or pain,
If only the players a point should gain—
But, if players need, the pawn must die,
The rules of the game decree.
Yet out in a Colony, far away,
A wife and children to God would pray
To keep the pawn, while he fought the fray,
From sword and sickness free.
Is the grief less deep in their hearts, who weep
For only a pawn?

Only a pawn!
No carven marble will mark the place
Where is lifting a lonely grave:
No nation mourn'd when, with whisper'd prayer
For peace to the soul, they laid him there
'Neath the soil of an alien race.
Sing we the song of the brave!
Of the pawn that died in a noble fight;
Of the spirit fled to far realms of light,
Where king and queen and bishop and knight
To the hero a welcome gave.
So honour his fame, who died in the game—
Though only a pawn.

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*From "The Journey's End and Other Verses," by Vernon Nott. Montreal: A. T. Chapman.

The Tenant Who Rented A Heart

BY FLORENCE HAMILTON RANDAL

"YOU are quite mistaken," said the Girl. "I never knew you until lately. I never even saw you before you took possession of my rooms."

But the New Tenant, who had grown familiar of late, was equally insistent to the contrary. "I never forget a heart, though I don't always recognise faces," he said. "I'll admit your rooms have changed, if you like, since I looked at them before, but I once knew these quarters well, and I have not forgotten how bright and sunny they were."

"But this is so stupid of you," said the Girl. "I'll confess I am very much interested in you just now, and have been for some weeks, but if I had known you before, long ago, I could not have forgotten the fact."

"Ah, but you persist in thinking of appearances and faces," said the New Acquaintance. "Can't you look deeper?"

She gazed at him long and steadily. "You *do* remind me of some one," she said at last, "but someone I should never then have dreamed might turn out to be you—"

"Because you would not know me then," he said, reproachfully. "You drove me away, put me out of your life, disowned me. You declared I thrust myself on you, hurt your pride, lowered your self-respect—and you shut your door in my face, in short. Ah, I see you are beginning to remember! Yet I was *I* when you did not care to continue my acquaintance—just as much then as now, when you think me a fit person to associate with; it is only circumstances that have changed. Well, you would have nothing to do with me, and though some think me a pushing individual, often coming when not wanted, I respected your wishes, and went. That was because I had not known you long enough to make you feel my power. Now it is different: you could not send me away today, could you?—now when you have nothing against my character, when the barriers of conventionality are broken—*could* you send me away in polite dismissal, and tear up the lease?"

"No," said the Girl, faintly. "Not now."

"But what if it be just as bad for you to know me as before? What if the barrier which you thought broken still exists?"

"How can you torture me so?" she cried. "You know it is not true. His wife is dead—is dead—and I am only learning to live. You have often told me that."

"But suppose that was a cruel prank fate played, and that you are *not* free to choose your acquaintance as you wish—I am still an outlaw — I should still be forbidden to find rest in your heart. Will you drive me out again, now, when you know me?"

The Girl hid her face in her hands, a face from which all happiness had departed. "No," she moaned, "you will have to stay and be my lifelong punishment and solace. I cannot let you go. I know your power if I never did before—why, oh why did I ever let you into my heart? It is a sin for you to stay."

"Was it sin to harbour me those last few weeks, then?" he asked.

"No," she said, "for I thought — I thought—"

"That he was free? Poor child! Yet who can blame me or you? I am selfish, I admit. I do not stop to think whether it is better for the lessee when I want shelter. I must live. I must have houseroom. I pay my rent. Who says I do not give good measure for all I owe? So many happy thoughts and days of delightful reverie. Surely I am worth my lodging when I ask so little in return."

"You could not send me away to-day, could you?"

DRAWN BY EMILY HAND

The Girl paced up and down the floor in her misery.

"You ask my all!" she cried. "Why, oh why did I let you in?"

"You did not know me," he said. "It was not your fault."

She turned on him fiercely. "You may have houseroom," she said. "But it will be only that, you understand? A room shall be yours under lock and key, but I, I shall be your warder, and I will never let you out!"

"As you will," said he, "for I know you mean what you say, and after all, I can only do what you will let me. But take care that I do not fare badly. If you give me nothing to eat, the walls of your heart will yield me sustenance."

"You shall starve!" she cried. "You may eat my heart out if you will."

The Tenant eyed her pityingly as he retreated to his barred chamber.

"You are so brave," he said, "and you might so easily spare yourself all this. There is no more wrong in harbouring me now than before, is there? I am no worse character than I was; again it is only circumstances that have changed. Well, we won't go over the whole argument again. It is a drawn battle so far, and we shall see who will win in the end."

And neither the Man nor the World knew of the prisoned Tenant, and they deemed that her heart had small houseroom and narrow. Which was true. For so little she owned that one day she gave over possession to another Tenant, grey and old, who yet drove out the first, long a defeated victor.

Then the Man guessed the truth, but the World never

THE LOST KEY

BY ISABEL E. MACKAY

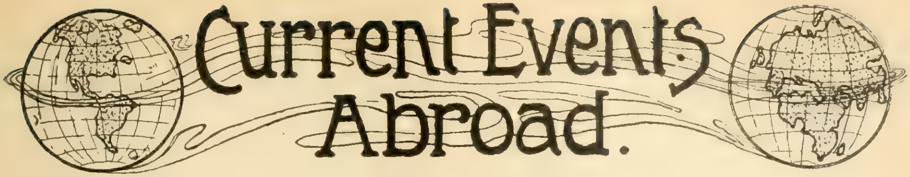
I CLOSED a chamber in my heart,
And locked the door for aye;
Then, lest my weakness traitor prove,
I threw the key away.

'Twas well I did, for soon there came
A hand that gently knocked,
"Excuse me, madam," said my heart,
"I fear the door is locked."

"No matter," said the winning voice,
"You'll open it for me."
"I cannot, madam," said my heart,
"I've thrown away the key."

She knocked awhile, then gaily tried
Her own keys one by one,
And sighed a little when she found
The lock would yield to none.

Yet, when her knocking ceased, 'twas I
Who sighed; and since that day
I've searched in dusty corners for
The key I threw away.



Current Events Abroad.

THE people of the United States are preparing for their quadrennial choice of a ruler. As was expected the Republicans have put President Roosevelt in nomination, and the Democrats with quite unhoped for unanimity have chosen Judge Alton B. Parker. Judge Parker has been for twenty years on the bench and at the moment is chief judge of the Court of Appeals. He enjoys a high reputation for judicial knowledge, integrity and incorruptibility. He has not hitherto been regarded as a politician and is really an unknown quantity. The fact that Mr. Parker's views on public questions were largely problematical furnished a useful handle for Mr. Bryan's irony at a great meeting of the New York Democrats a fortnight before the convention. He asked in turn what position Mr. Parker occupied on the great issues of the day and the answer in every case was that "nobody knows." Mr. Bryan's opposition to Judge Parker was not personal. It was chiefly offered because David B. Hill and what might be called the gold wing of the Democratic party were the chief promoters of Judge Parker's candidacy. Judge Parker was the choice of the Democrats of his own State. There was, however, a powerful section, Tammany, to wit, which strenuously opposed his selection. This will not do Judge Parker any harm, for the Democrat who is opposed by Tammany is apt to be all the more highly thought of outside of the bounds of that organisation. On election day, Tammany will swing into line as if nothing had happened. A more biting appeal was that made by Mr. Bryan to the Convention, namely, for heaven's sake to select a man who had voted for the party candidate in 1900 and 1904. This was in to the quick, for it is well known that Judge Parker like many other Democrats did not vote for Mr. Bryan in those two years.

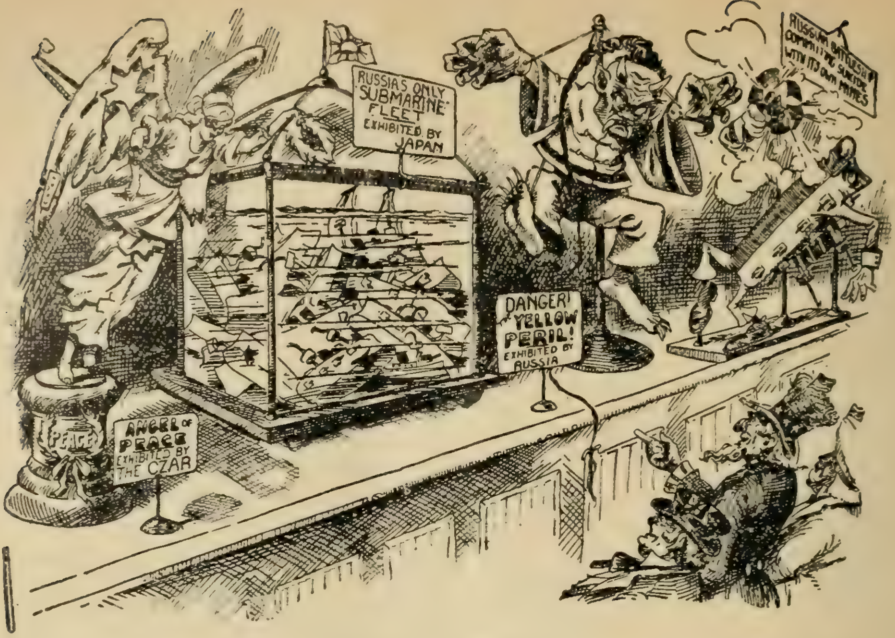
* * *

It is said that those looking on are often better judges of the game than the players. For this reason the opinion of a Canadian observer may have some value. That opinion would be then that Judge Parker's election is a most unlikely event. President Roosevelt interprets for the moment the general mood and spirit of the American people. What this mood is may be gathered to some extent from the following fragment from Judge Black's nominating speech eulogising the President :

"A profound student of history, he is to-day the greatest history-maker of the world. His superb qualities fit him for the great world-currents now rushing past in larger volume and of more portentous aspect than for many years. The fate of nations is still decided by their wars. Nations, to-day basking in quiet, may to-morrow be writhing in the toils of war. This is the time when great figures must be kept to the front. If the pressure is great, the material to resist it must be granite or iron. Whether she wishes it or not America is abroad in this world, and in the man whom you will choose every nation beholds the man who typifies, as no other can, the American spirit and purposes of the twentieth century. He stands for progress, courage, and fair play."

* * *

This is not the utterance of a raw graduate of a debating school but the words of a man of mature years, formerly Governor of the greatest State in the Union. They must be regarded


RUSSIA'S ONLY SUBMARINE FLEET EXHIBITED BY JAPAN
RUSSIAN BATTLESHIP COMMITTING SUICIDE WITH ITS OWN MINES
DANGER! YELLOW PERIL! EXHIBITED BY RUSSIA
PEACE
ANGEL OF PEACE EXHIBITED BY THE CZAR

AT THE ST. LOUIS FAIR —*Atlanta Journal*

as ominous. The White House has had many occupants with a war reputation. The great soldier who made it a nation sheathed his sword in 1783 and, bequeathing it to his kindred, commanded that it should never be drawn again in a war of aggression. That other great soldier who saved the Union proclaimed that his mission as a civil administrator was peace. Now we have a gentleman who is in reality a civilian presented to the electors of a great nation as the embodiment of war—a person of "granite or iron." Bismarck's phrase, "blood and iron," was followed by one of the bloodiest wars of modern times. It is fair to say that the President cannot morally be held responsible for such words, but is he not responsible for the spirit which prompts them and elicits the answering cheers from a great representative gathering of Americans? The prophecy may be ventured that the coming campaign will inevitably turn in many forms around this attitude of mind. Mr. Bryan termed it the worship of the God of War, and in this line, consciously or unconsciously, the election will be fought. The issue gives the Presidential struggle an interest that it formerly lacked, because previous to Mr. Black's speech it had not been so definitely drawn. Judge Parker's courageous refusal to accept the nomination without making his views known on the money question has certainly created a very favourable impression.

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King Edward's visit to his Imperial Majesty of Germany was regarded with curiously mixed feelings by the British people. They have not yet got over the irritation caused by the hostility of the German press during the Boer war. The resentment has been maintained by an uneasy conviction that the Emperor "worked" his royal uncle when he procured British cooperation in the debt-collecting expedition against Venezuela. It was felt that that incident endangered the good relations between Great Britain and the United States, and as it is part of European policy to destroy that alliance of the heart, it was felt with chagrin that the Emperor had jockeyed us. When the King, therefore, set out for Kiel to attend the yacht races he was solemnly warned by a section of the press to keep his weather eye open. Whether the warning had any effect will probably never be known, but at all events it is not believed that any entangling extra-diplomatic engagements were entered into. Indeed, many people believe that Edward the Peacemaker may be trusted on such delicate ground. After all there were no evil consequences from the big bill-collecting expedition and the British and German investors had their claims recognised and were put in a position to be paid. But the King's greatest achievement is represented by the understanding with France, in which we people of British America are so closely interested. This happy termination of a decade of misunderstanding is one of the best fruits of the diplomacy of recent years, and must be laid to the account of King Edward, the most consummate man-of-the-world of these days of ours.

* * *

Comic opera is being presented on a large scale in Morocco. The Sultan is a gentleman so tremendously interested in the civilisation which is represented by gramophones, bioscopes and bicycles that he has no time to pay attention to that phase of it which demands the preservation of law and order within civilised or even semi-civilised kingdoms. The borders of his realm in the direction of the desert is infested with powerful chiefs whom he has not energy enough to keep in order. One of these, Raisuli, desiring to increase his power, adopted a bold, if not novel, plan of doing so. A well-known American resident of Tangier, Mr. Perdicaris, was surprised in his residence, along with his secretary, Mr. Varley, an Englishman, by Raisuli's men, carried off to the mountains and held for ransom. The expectations of the bandit chief were that the Sultan would have to agree to what terms his rebellious subject thought fit to impose, or see his territory virtually occupied by the troops of one or other of the great powers, in order to teach the lesson that the citizens of any of them will be protected by the home country wherever a Government shows itself too weak to enforce fundamental rights within its borders.

* * *

As a matter of fact the United States Government gave notification that if any harm befell Mr. Perdicaris they would make it very interesting for Mr. Raisuli. But that wily gentleman, who, we presume, would be the deep basso of the comic opera, was not particularly alarmed about that, as he knew the Sultan would have to consent to almost any terms rather than see the United States cavalrymen in their slouch hats and laced khaki leggings, traversing the holy soil of one of the lands of the Prophet. His calcula-

MELTING —*Punch*

ROOSEVELT'S PUZZLE

PROBLEM—To get at the Trust without disturbing the Tariff.
—Bengough in the Chicago *Public.*

tions were well founded, and much to the relief of all concerned the Sultan consented to pay £10,000, to dismiss the Governor of Tangier, who is not *persona grata* to the mountain chieftain, to disband the Sultan's forces in the neighbourhood, and to give Raisuli sovereign authority over four tribes whose territory embraces 500 square miles of country. The inevitable results have followed. Other chiefs have begun to indulge in threats. The Sultan will be unable to satisfy them, and eventually a European power will step in. That power will be France, which, now that her interest in Morocco has been recognised, is not particularly anxious to assume the costly work of regeneration. Here we see a process which is going on in various parts of the world. In some quarters it is severely commented on and attributed to the insatiate land greed of the European powers. That is undoubtedly an element of it, but is there not a judgment awaiting any people who prove themselves unfit to order their affairs with propriety and regularity? The day of the small anarchical State is drawing to a close, and even European countries in which such an incident as the capture of Miss Stone was possible must set their houses in order or lay down the sceptre. To bewail the fate of such countries as an interference with national liberties is a perversion of terms.

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Of the great struggle in the East nothing more need be said than that before this meets the eye of the reader one of the world's "decisive battles" will have been fought. The defeat of Japan might not be decisive at all, for with command of the sea and her base so close at hand Japan could quickly rally from anything short of the annihilation of her forces now in the field. A defeat for Russia, on the other hand, can hardly fail to be a costly, if not a paralysing one. When it is remembered that every man brought from Russia, every gun, every munition of war, denotes a tremendous effort in transportation, we can realise what her every-day losses of men and armaments means. She is bleeding to death, and big and dour and courageous as she is, a crushing defeat within the next few days will virtually end the war whether it will formally do so or not. While Japan remains in command of the sea the holding of Port Arthur by Russia, or, indeed, any real predominance in Southern Manchuria, is impossible.

John A. Ewan.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

"Are deeds so great in the dreaming, so small in the doing found?
And all life's earnest endeavours only with failure crowned?
You look to the sky at evening and out of the depths of blue
A little star, as you call it, is glimmering faintly through;
Little? He sees, who looks from His throne in the highest place,
A little world circling grandly the limitless realms of space.
So with your life's deep purpose set in His mighty plan,
Out of the dark you see it, looking with human scan;
Little and weak you call it—He from His throne may see
Issues that move on grandly into eternity.
Sow the good seed, and already the harvest may be won;
That deed is great in the doing that God calls great when done;
'Tis as great, perhaps, to be noble as noble things to do,
And all the world is better when one heart grows more true.
Let us be strong in the doing, for that is ours alone.
The meaning and end are His, and He will care for his own;
And if it seems to us little, remember from afar
He looks into a world where we but glance at a star."

—*Credited to Sir Edwin Arnold.*

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WHEN Oliver Wendell Holmes was about to celebrate his eightieth birthday he was asked his recipe for maintaining perpetual youth. He gave it readily, declaring that it consisted simply in being constantly cheerful. "Happiness, which has contentment for its invariable cause, is within reach of practically everyone," he asserted; "it is restlessness, ambition, discontent and disquietude that make us grow old by prematurely carving wrinkles on our faces. Smiling is the best possible massage. Contentment is the fountain of youth."

Was he not right? Almost all of us can number amongst our friends, at least one dear old lady or gentleman, old in years alone, whom, because of her or his cheerful, happy disposition and unfailing good spirits, age cannot wither. The sad part of it is that in thinking over the list of the people whom we know, the number of these upon whose cheery brightness we can always rely is lamentably small. Why should this be? If there is pain and sorrow and misfortune in the world, is there not also joy in abundance, golden sunshine, all the wonderful gifts with which nature is so prodigal, and much that is sweet and noble and lovely in the lives of all the people around us? In fact, in the words of the old couplet:

"The world is so full of such beautiful things,
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings!"

This is not the first time that the subject of cheerfulness has been touched upon in these pages, but one was so impressed recently by hearing a woman say to another: "Yes, it is a perfect delight to go to see Gertrude; she is the only woman I know upon whose brightness and gladness of heart one can always count. It makes life worth living just to look at her. If she ever has 'moods' or 'blues,' no one, not

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even her husband, knows anything about it"—that one felt that it is indeed a gospel that cannot be preached too frequently or too widely.

If one studies the faces of men and women in the street, in cars, railway carriages, boats, yea, even at places of entertainment one cannot fail to be struck by the lamentable lack of joyousness and cheeriness in the average countenance. And yet there are few people in the world who have not much to make them happy, few who could, if required, show just cause for the worry, discontent and general unhappiness to which their faces bear eloquent testimony.

Someone, writing on the subject of Happiness, aptly said: "Most unhappy people have become so by gradually forming a habit of unhappiness, complaining about the weather, finding fault with their food, with crowded cars, and with disagreeable companions or work. A habit of complaining, of criticising, of fault-finding, or grumbling over trifles, a habit of looking for shadows, is a most unfortunate habit to contract, especially in early life, for after a while the victim becomes a slave. All of the impulses become perverted, until the tendency to pessimism, to cynicism, is chronic."

Now that summer is once more with us, the blessed season of sunshine when "the Heavenly Power clothes all things new," surely it would not be amiss for us to put our thoughts and feelings in harmony with gracious, smiling Mother Nature, to saturate ourselves with the gladness of the world, until, like David, the spontaneous cry breaks from the very depths of our soul:

"How good is man's life, the mere living!
How fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses
forever in joy!"

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It is not given to everyone to lay aside with one's winter wardrobe one's winter cares and responsibilities also, and hie forth to fresh fields and pastures new; but those who, while longing to travel, find they must bide quietly at home this summer, need not despair, for a party of bright girls have discovered a way of bringing the Mountain to Mahomet. In other words, four girls, whose plans to make "the grand tour" this summer have gone *agley* at the last moment, have decided to make the countries which they had meant to visit come to them instead.

When they planned their trip abroad their itinerary was to include France and Germany, with a visit to London and its surrounding attractions, and a peep into Italy—the regular summer tourists' gallop, in fact, along the regulation globe-trotters' route, visiting many places and *seeing* very few.

They have decided now that they will leave France and Germany until next winter, and are going to devote July to London and August to Italy. "Even then," said one of them, "we find that we shall not have half enough time to even begin to know them, for with London we shall take Oxford, Warwick and Stratford-on-Avon."

Friends who have been abroad have gladly lent the girls their guide-books, collections of foreign photographs, and museum and art gallery catalogues, and they have written to a well-known man of learning for a list of the best books to read in order to become thoroughly "acquainted" with the places which they have chosen for their "travels."

They have already secured "Shakespeare's England," "Dickens' London," Lee's "Life of Shakespeare," and a little book on Oxford, and for their Italian "tour" they intend to read Howell's "Venetian Life," Ruskin's "Stories of Venice," Mrs. Turnbull's "Golden Book of Venice," Hutton's "Literary Landmarks of Venice," Mrs. Oliphant's "Makers of Venice," Taine's "Florence and Venice," George Eliot's "Romola," some of Crawford's Roman stories, and whatever books on Italy and Italian art which their man of learning may suggest.

They have supplied themselves with a number of the excellent little pictures of famous places, paintings and sculpture which several firms in the United States sell at a cent each, and will really study not only these but the catalogues and guide-books which have been lent to them.

"And do you know," said the girl who was telling me all about it, "we are actually glad now that our trip has been postponed, for we are beginning to realise how shockingly unprepared we were for it? Just think how much more fully we shall appreciate and understand it all when at last we do go. I venture to say, in all modesty, that at the end of the summer we shall have a much more intelligent and comprehensive knowledge of the places we intend to study and of the treasures of history and art which they contain than hundreds of the people who are going abroad this year will have. At least, it will be our own fault if we don't."

And I think she was right.

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Apropos of reading, the last year or two seem to have been productive of some very unpleasant books, books which harrow one's soul in the reading and haunt one with distressing memories and sensations for weeks after they are laid aside.

I do not mean "problem stories"—which are unpleasant in another way—but such a book for instance as "The Woman Who Toils," which has been and is still being widely read. I mention this one particularly because it happens to be the last of this kind which it has been my misfortune to peruse, and because I am still feeling the uncomfortable effects of it. "The Woman Who Toils" was written by two good women who endured much discomfort and actual pain in order to be able to give to the interested public a true picture of the real condition of the working women of the United States, the women who toil from early morn till dewy eve, herded together in factories, mills and sweat shops.

WATER-LILIES

That they have succeeded in giving a faithful account of what they saw and experienced, I have no doubt; that they have given a particularly vivid and impressive one, I can bear ample testimony. Not since I was made almost ill some years ago by "The Story of an African Farm," have I read any book which made me so thoroughly miserable and wretched as did this one. With the haunting spectacle ever before one's mental vision of an army of pale-faced, half-starved, ill-clothed, toil-exhausted factory labourers—women, girls and little children—one's meals become apples of Sodom in one's mouth, and one feels a sense of wickedness and unpardonable selfishness in the enjoyment of the countless little comforts which the majority of people now look upon as ordinary necessities.

Of course, Hugo and Balzac have given us vivid pictures of lives which touched the lowest depths of misery and hopelessness, and more than one writer has told us stories of London which were heart-breaking in the

"WHAT IS SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE IS SAUCE FOR THE GANDER"; OR, OUT IN THE FORTY-FIVE

MADAME—"What have you been doing, Frank, to make yourself such a fright?"

FRANK—"Well, my dear, you seem to have a fancy for dressing up as your Grandmamma, so I've looked out some of my Grandfather's things, just to be in keeping."

["Eighteen-forty-five is the *mot d'ordre* for this season's fashions."—*Lady's Paper.*]

—*Punch*

human degradation and wretchedness which they revealed (a very few chapters of "Oliver Twist," or "No. 5 John Street" are sufficient to quench the gayest spirits in short order), but, to me at least, the frank and detailed account of people who even now, only a few hundred miles from us, are undergoing the hardships and discomforts which are so unsparingly described by Mrs. and Miss Van Vorst, is more distressing and upsetting than any story of unhappiness in countries over the sea could possibly be.

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I have been giving, therefore, some thought to the question of reading works which are tolerably certain to destroy one's cheerfulness and turn to indigo one's rosy outlook upon life. And this is the conclusion of the whole matter, as it has revealed itself to me.

It is, without doubt, a splendid thing for men and women like Richard Whiteing and the Van Vorsts, to voluntarily step out of a state of comfort and ease to live for a space the life of the less fortunate ones of the world, solely that by learning to know Earth's Toilers as they really are, some feasible and practical way may be found for bettering their condition; and it is well that the results of such investigations and experiences should be placed on record for the guidance of those who not only want to help the labour-worn, but who are in a position to do so.

But—and this is the point worth considering—is it wise for people who are utterly unable to ameliorate whatever hard conditions exist in the lives of the men and women who live beyond their ken, to spend in reading of misery they are powerless to lighten, time, strength and sympathy which they might more profitably use in helping to brighten the lives of those who sit at their fires and lie without their gates?

If one reads such books from a mere idle curiosity as to how "the other half" lives, surely one might be employing one's time more pleasantly and profitably; and if one who is strong is really anxious to bear some of the burdens of those who are weak, but is prevented by uncontrollable circumstances from plunging into settlement or factory work, one can still be a "lantern-bearer" and a diffuser of sunshine and helpfulness to all with whom one comes in contact.

And so my meditations have resolved themselves into a strong purpose—the intention to read, for this summer at least, only such books as present a happy, hopeful, cheery view of life, the books that are sweet and wholesome, and make the sun seem brighter and the sky clearer for their having been written—and read.

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The editor of a well-known woman's magazine has been endeavouring, for the benefit of his many feminine readers, to find out what manner of girl it is that the average man thinks he would like to have for his life companion.

With this laudable object in view the aforesaid editor sent out to one hundred bachelors these two pertinent questions: "What kind of a girl should you like to marry?" and "What qualities do you think best fit a young woman for a wife?" The various answers to these queries are full of interest and illumination. It is, of course, impossible to transcribe them all here, but a statistical summary of the answers reveals the significant fact that the eight qualities most often mentioned and desired may be classified as follows:

First. A domestic tendency—74 times.
Second. Love—45 times.
Third. A good disposition—36 times.
Fourth. Sympathy—27 times.
Fifth. Christianity—27 times.
Sixth. Common sense—24 times.
Seventh. Intelligence—24 times.
Eighth. Taste in dress—23 times.

Please notice that less than 50% of these worthy bachelors look upon love as being essential to their marital happiness, nor do they yearn for that understanding, affectionate sympathy in their wives which most young *unwedded* women confidently expect to be the keystone of their married happiness. Common-sense, intelligence and taste in dress (mark this last, ye maidens!) are also at a discount. It is indeed well that our girls are just now having unusual opportunities of perfecting themselves in household arts and sciences, since "domestic tendencies" appear to be at a premium. Love, sympathy, common sense, intelligence, taste in dress, even Christianity, avail nothing, it seems, if the mutton is underdone or an important button missing. Verily, a most wise answer was that given by the lady who, when asked how she managed to keep in such excellent condition her husband's love and admiration for her, replied tersely: "I feed the brute!"

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An exchange announces that "Ellen Terry, the greatest of living English actresses, has become an actress-manageress. The Imperial Theatre, Westminster, is well chosen for the new venture. It was rebuilt by an actress, Mrs. Langtry; it was the scene of Rejane's latest triumphs in London, and Sarah Bernhardt considers it the best equipped playhouse we have; so that Miss Terry starts her venture at least with the smiles of her sisters. Truth to tell, it is in a perfect atmosphere of smiles that she lives, moves and has her being. A sunnier, kinder, stouter-hearted lady never walked. Filled with artistic appreciation and understanding, devoted to her work, happy in success, sympathetic with the struggles and failures of others, and without a thought of jealousy of their triumphs, eager to help the young, gifted with an extraordinary capacity for work after a long career triumphantly youthful—such is Ellen Terry."

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LIFE

Forenoon and afternoon and night—Forenoon
And afternoon and night—Forenoon, and—What!
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is Life: Make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and the crown is won.

—*Edward Sill.*

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

PROGRESS BY THE ATLANTIC

THE Maritime Provinces are making headway. They are progressing in population, in the variety of their industries, in the character of their agriculture and in national spirit. Unfortunately the rate of progress is slow. Ontario and the West realised some years ago that the building up of Canada was not any easy task; and the people of those districts threw themselves into the work with feverish energy and with good results. Even now it can hardly be said that the Maritime Provinces have come to a like realisation, a like redoubling of effort. They hated Confederation for many years after 1867, when it was practically forced upon them; and this feeling froze the national pride which had previously stimulated them to endeavour. They were a people with a grievance. The result was turpitude, inactivity, dissatisfaction.

One of the present difficulties lies in the lack of young men. There are, comparatively speaking, few men in the Maritime Provinces whose ages lie between twenty and fifty. The lack of enthusiasm already referred to, drove the young men to the United States. The fathers and mothers grumbled at fate and the young men and the young women flew to a country where grumbling was discouraged. The New England States have been revitalised with the fresh blood of the Maritime Provinces. The United States gained what Canada lost. I met a young woman a few days ago, a native Nova Scotian, who has five brothers in the United States. There is scarcely a family that has not sent its most enterprising son to help along the great Republic. Because of the lack of young men, one may see some abandoned farms and many half-cultivated farms. The society of the village lacks spontaneity and gaiety; the life in the towns is dull and depressing.

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Yet there are signs of a change. The address by President Forrest, of Dalhousie University, at the Annapolis celebration was an impassioned patriotic appeal on behalf of a stronger national spirit. The pessimistic, grumbling attitude did not appear. He said he was proud of Canada and the Empire, and the applause of the audience showed that he was expressing what was in their hearts. The people of the provinces are coming to realise that Canada is theirs as much as it is Ontario's or Manitoba's. Once a man from Ontario was said to be "from Canada," now he is described as being "from Western Canada." The additional word means a great change in sentiment. It means also that the Maritime Provinces are anxious to emulate the progress of Ontario and Manitoba, to assert themselves as virile and progressive parts of this young nation. This is most evident in Sydney and St. John—especially the latter. In these and in several other towns the business men are aggressive and broad-minded. They are reaching out for a share of the nation's trade and intend to get it. Another "sign" is the improvement in the newspapers. Those of Halifax and St. John are exhibiting energy, enterprise and leadership of an unusual quality.

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True the Governments of each of the provinces are still in the hands of the old men and the politicians, and are doing little to second the efforts of enterprising citizens. The Hon. J. W. Longley is progressive, but his progressiveness lacks the breadth of one occupying similar leadership in the West, though equal to that of most of his colleagues and opponents. The Hon. Mr. Pugsley is said to be the brightest of the New Brunswick constellation, Premier Tweedie being much like Premier Murray, a mere office-holder and patronage-distributer. Both premiers are brainy and capable but apparently afraid to take much initiative. Both Governments are undoubtedly lethargic; while that of Prince Edward Island is little better than an Ontario County Council.

The men in each Government are not wholly to blame. They are the creatures of conditions. The whole life of the provinces has been tinged with pettiness and narrowness. There is no well-informed, virile public opinion, because there are no large questions which can arouse a discussion involving principles of an important character. The provinces are too small. If the three were united, the duties, responsibilities and possibilities of the Government of the day would be trebled, the people would have a broader outlook.

For example, the Maritime Provinces need an agricultural college. To have one as good as that in Ontario, they would require to build a union college at some central point. Any man with the courage to propose such a thing would be promptly sent to Boston, as being too smart. The consequence is that agricultural progress lags behind, and oxen are still seen in the Annapolis valley. Three cars of fresh beef arrive in Nova Scotia from Ontario every day, because the people of Nova Scotia do not know how to fatten cattle. The provinces can get along without maritime union, but their progress will be much slower. The growth of patriotism, the broadening of industry, the improvements in agriculture will undoubtedly point the way to government co-operation in the near future, and will perhaps lead ultimately to union. At present there is no manifest desire for it.

* * *

To have three legislatures to look after a total revenue of less than two and a half million dollars is absurd. Even British Columbia has a revenue which is nearly equal to that of the three Maritime Provinces combined. Ontario has more than double what flows into the three treasuries.*

As regards population, there is a similar disparity. The combined population of the three provinces is about nine hundred thousand, not much more than half of that of Quebec, and not much more than a third of that of Ontario.† If considered from the standpoint of growth in population, it may be pointed out that the population of these three provinces increased two and a half per cent. between 1891 and 1901, while Ontario increased 3.25, Quebec 10.77, and Manitoba 67.16 per cent.

These figures would be discouraging if one was not aware of the circumstances, if one was not familiar with the country. That part of Canada is capable of enormous development, of an almost unlimited expansion of population. Its ports are the finest in Canada; its forests and mines are among the most valuable; its fisheries are almost inexhaustible; its people come of excellent stock and for mental

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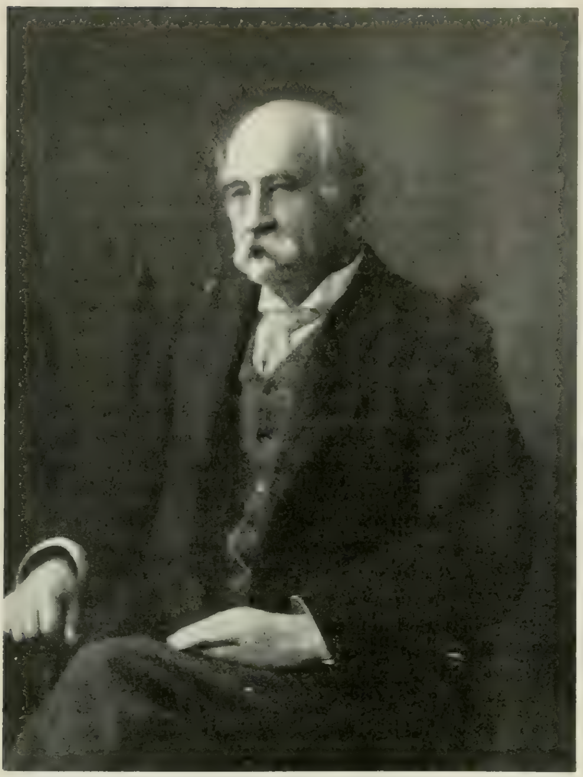
*The exact figures as given in the latest statistical year-book are as follows:

Revenue 1902-3:

Nova Scotia	1,243,581
New Brunswick	801,410
Prince Edward Island	318,766
Total	2,363,757
British Columbia	2,044,630
Quebec	4,699,773
Ontario	5,466,653

†The census of 1901 gives the following figures:

Nova Scotia	459,574	persons
New Brunswick	331,120	"
Prince Edward Island	103,259	"
Total	893,953	"
Ontario	2,182,947	"
Quebec	1,648,898	"



HON. A. G. JONES
Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia

vigour are unsurpassed by any other district in the world.

The real trouble, now that the discontent has passed, lies in the fact that the leading men of these provinces seem content to draw comfortable salaries and to be large toads in small puddles. The cabinet ministers, the members of the legislature, the judiciary, the educationists, are stifling the efforts of the business men and the common people by a lack of energy and initiative. They are not leaders; they are merely occupiers of leaders' shoes. The official class in each province is as burdensome a family compact as ever existed before Confederation. Only a few families in each province share in the blessings of office. The smaller a country the greater is the tenacity of the office-holder.

The present ruling families shudder when maritime union is mentioned. Who would be the union Government, who would find a seat in the union legislature, who would distribute the patronage under the new régime? —these are uncertainties which they do not care to consider. They judiciously fan the local jealousies which are rampant. The people of Halifax hate the people of St. John with a delightful fervour, and the compliment is returned, though perhaps less fiercely. I asked a St. John man what harm would come to St. John if the capital of New Brunswick were removed from Fredericton to Halifax; he grew dark in the face, but had no arguments to offer.

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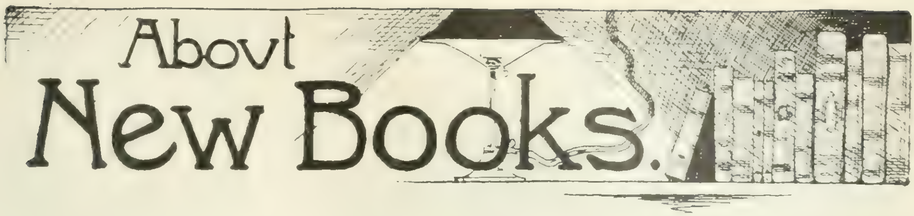
I am not desirous of seeming to find fault with a happy and prosperous people. There are certain opinions which have been formed in my mind by observation and conversation, and I give them for what they are worth. Personally, I should like to see the Maritime Provinces again become the home of young men, again become more than a brain-growing district for Ontario and New England. If any word of mine can assist in that rejuvenation, I am prepared to give it, even though I may, at first glance of many, seem to be unkind or discourteous.

If Canada is to be great, each part must be great. The West may soon overshadow the East, but the West cannot do its best if the East be a drag upon it. To succeed in building up this new nation, all the provinces must work together, each helping the other by word and thought and deed and example.

John A. Cooper.

About New Books.



THE RUSH FOR FICTION

THE historical novel is still with us. Weyman and Anthony Hope have a host of companions, some of them good, some poor, some base deceivers. Bloody tales of bloody times are still popular. The gentle maiden who lolls the summer hours in a cushioned hammock, who even shudders when she kills a troublesome mosquito, revels in the fancied scenes of four centuries ago, when a man's life was guarded mainly by his strong arm. She loves the hero who goes into the castle by night, rashly rescues the fair lady after killing a number of attendants, and escapes to repent his rashness.

There is no doubt that such books are eagerly read. The book stores throughout Canada are always well supplied with the latest of them—or, even worse, with cheap reprints of the simpering dialogue written by Bertha M. Clay and her dead and living confederates. What is there in these aimless volumes which attracts men and women of all classes, even university graduates? Is it that our lives are devoid of those proper interests which should enter into our minds and occupy our spare moments? Or is it that we require stimulant and excitement, and that these are most cheaply obtained through the current low-priced novels?

So far as Canada is concerned, there are few novels published except those written in other countries. Our publishers do little publishing; they are really the agents for foreign publishers. They exercise no editorial discretion in connection with the authors selected by the real publishers who live in New York and London. They simply take 500, 1,000 or 1,500 copies of each new book produced by the publisher whom they represent or with whom they work. In some cases they buy in open market, bidding against each other for the Canadian edition of a particular work. Therefore the blame for the poor books cannot be laid upon the Canadian publisher.

Is the British and foreign publisher to blame? Last year, exclusive of reprints and English editions of foreign novels, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine works of fiction were issued in Great Britain, an average of a little over five a day. This is a real "plague of novels," as Mr. J. Cuthbert Haddon describes it in the June *Fortnightly Review.* He suggests three causes. These are: (1) the growing custom among publishers of bringing out books at the author's expense; (2) the prevailing idea that the public will not look at a book unless it is cast in fiction form; and (3) the delusion that the art of fiction can be taught.

Of the first cause he says "there are a dozen or more publishing firms whose existence is practically dependent on the author's cheques. They never decline anything unless it is outrageously bad. They will not risk their own money, but they will risk the author's." This system, he intimates, is spreading to the reputable firms.

Of the second cause, he says "a good third of the novels published every year ought really to have been issued as tracts. Not long ago a well-known critic wrote that whosoever picks up the most popular romances of the day and opens them at hazard will light at every dip on such phrases as 'The Church,' 'The Method of Christianity,' 'Heaven, Earth and the Soul,' 'The True Modernity in

THE LATE CANNIFF HAIGHT
Author of "A United Empire Loyalist in Great Britain."

Woman,' 'Occidental Religion,' and so forth. Speculations on ether and atoms abound, the romancers being evidently persuaded that you can see an atom under a microscope."

Mr. Haddon offers no remedy except increased interest in the more serious forms of literature on the part of the public. The people must learn to read books of travel, of science, of art, of history, and to find in them a pleasure which they at present imagine can be found only in the cheap novels of the day.

* * *

All the good young men and women of the day are riding "In the Bishop's Carriage" to learn what happened to a female thief. These people might as reasonably frequent the saloons and the police court to continue their delightful experiences. If they live in large cities there are other institutions in which they can have their fling and make their lives one short round of sensuous pleasure.

* * *

"Love Among the Ruins,"* by Warwick Deeping, bears on its cover the picture of a beautiful young woman with sword and shield, riding on a muscly war-steed — a token that all through the book is blood and carnage and unwomanliness. Yet it is a delightful story — for the class of people for whom it is intended. That Warwick Deeping, the author, is an unknown, will not, of course, militate against the work!

* * *

"The Bright Face of Danger,"† by Robert Neilson Stephens, is a story of France in the time of Henri IV. A young man of twenty-two leaves his home for Paris, to see life and learn of the world. Before he reaches there he has killed half a dozen expert swordsmen, been sentenced to death, has a dozen narrow escapes from capture and punishment, and finally succeeds in rescuing the abused but beautiful countess, whose wicked husband is killed just at the right moment. It is a splendid story, well told, and the writer acknowledges renewing his youth in reading this new version of the story that has been told a thousand times and often with much more grace and literary skill.

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* Toronto: The Morang Co.

† Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

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ANIMAL STORIES

"The Watchers of the Trails," by Charles G. D. Roberts, is certainly the book of the month. It is a collection of animal stories written in the author's best style, illustrated profusely and well by Charles Livingston Bull, and handsomely bound by the publishers.* To a lover of the artistic there is little to choose between the art of the author and that of the illustrator. Mr. Bull's work is certainly improving, and so excellent are the reproductions that Mr. Roberts will find it necessary to share the popularity of the volume with his picture-interpreter.

Mr. Roberts claims to have written animal stories before Mr. Thompson Seton, and there is sufficient evidence to give the contention the appearance of truth. Both write well and both are a credit to Canadian letters and Canadian culture. Were it not that Mr. Roberts has marred his life by some features which prevent his becoming a popular hero, he would undoubtedly stand among the first two or three writers whom this country has produced. His art as evidenced in his poetry and his prose is undoubtedly of a high order. Perhaps when the final verdict is given his work will be placed above that of Sir Gilbert Parker, Mr. Seton, Mr. Fraser or the other prominent Canadian writers. It may be that his limpid style and mastery of poetical phrase are greater than his story-telling ability, but the latter is good enough to round out his other qualities in producing work which will some day be classics in Canadian literature. The day will come, no doubt, when his prose will be used as models by high schools and universities. It might be even now, were our professors of English disposed to give the credit which is due him. This provincialism will be overcome in time.

These stories "are avowedly fiction" as the author says in his prefatory note, yet they consist of facts gathered and grouped in such a way as to give life to the story of each animal. Mr. Roberts spent most of his boyhood on the fringes of the forest and claims to have had those "intimacies of the wilderness" which enable him to translate into words the simple psychological processes of the animals without ascribing to them human motives and the mental processes of man. He says himself, "I have studied to keep well within the limits of safe inference."

VIRNA SHEARD
Whose third novel will be published in the Fall in New York and Toronto.

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AN HISTORICAL VOLUME

Major William Wood, of Quebec, has written a new account of the capture of Quebec under the title "The Fight for Canada."* He explains that all the previously written accounts of this great struggle are inaccurate and incomplete because the authors had not access to all the documents. It was not until recently that Mr. A. G. Doughty, the new Dominion archivist, set about collecting and translating all these documents. Some have been printed in Mr. Doughty's extensive work; some others will be printed shortly. Major Wood has examined all these under Mr. Doughty's guidance. These having been brought together for the first time, Major Wood felt justified in giving a new popular account of the struggle. Moreover, he felt that the military and naval views had never been properly combined together, most writers emphasising the military and neglecting the naval. He lays stress on the co-operation of the two forces and endeavours to distribute the praise fairly. His local knowledge and his advantage of having access to all these documents have combined with his skill in writing, for this he certainly possesses, to make his work a notable one and to provide us with a volume which will be highly valued. No reader can now say that he has a thorough knowledge of this, the greatest of dramatic events in our history, unless he has mastered this volume.

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* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, 361 pages, $2.00.

* London: Archibald Constable & Co. Cloth, 363 pages, folding map, one guinea.

The story as told by Major Wood is interesting, and yet the details are sufficiently complete to make it possible for military and naval men to study the event from a tactical point of view. The Fall of Quebec was one of the great events in the struggle between Britain and France for Imperial supremacy, and as such it must always remain a beacon-light in the history of our race.

Without minimising the qualities of Wolfe, Major Wood gives greater praise than has hitherto been accorded to his senior officers. Admiral Saunders is rescued from oblivion, and given credit for his amazing navigation of the fleet up the dangerous waters of the St. Lawrence. At that time Great Britain had a comparatively strong navy, and Wolfe could not have landed at Quebec, and could not have taken the French at such a disadvantage had he not been supported by fully a quarter of Britain's naval strength. This point is new, and if the book did nothing more than insist upon and marshal the evidence in support of it, it would have been worth while. Yet this is not the only feature which makes the volume noteworthy.

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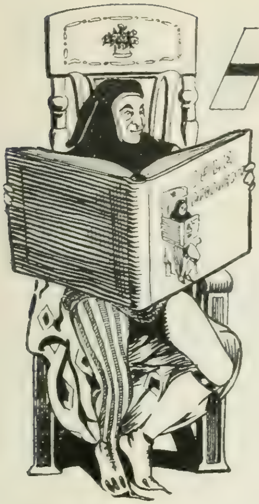
NOTES

VIRNA SHEARD, whose stories have appeared from time to time in current publications, and who is one of the most charming of the Canadian women story-writers, will have a new volume on the market in the fall. It will be entitled "By The Queen's Grace," and is an enlargement of a story first published in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. It will show that since the publication of her two previous books Mrs. Sheard has made considerable progress in developing her undoubted talent. The scenes are laid in London in the times of Good Queen Bess.

Isabelle E. Mackay will issue her first volume of poems in the fall. Mrs. Mackay has contributed some excellent verse to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE and other publications, and her volume will undoubtedly meet with a kindly reception. The author's home is in Woodstock, Ont.

Among the books promised by William Briggs for the fall are "Old Gorgon Graham," by George C. Lorimer, author of "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son"; a new story by Marie Corelli; "Deacon Lysander," by Sarah P. McLean Green, and "Pathfinders of the West," by Agnes C. Laut. The latter will cover the explorations of Radisson, the Verendreyes, Hearne, Mackenzie, Lewes and Clark, and will be handsomely illustrated.

The Champlain number of *Acadiensis*, of St. John, N.B., is a credit to Mr. D. R. Jack, its editor and publisher. It is one of the best issues of a periodical ever given to the Canadian public, being full of text and illustrations of supreme value.



IDLE MOMENTS

THE RUSE OF McTAGGART

A HOT election campaign was on in a certain county in New Brunswick. A somewhat eccentric lawyer, McTaggart by name, who was stumping for the Government candidate, set out for a village on a certain evening on the supposition that a meeting had been definitely arranged for him in the Orange Hall. When he arrived at the village after some considerable inconvenience what was his chagrin to find that the Opposition candidate was there and had really secured the Hall for the same hour, having paid the rent in advance.

There was nothing to do but make the best of it. McTaggart found the Opposition candidate at the hotel, and tried to come to some arrangement with him. "No," was his reply, "I've got you this time, Mac. I want the whole evening, and I won't give you an inch of it, but I'll be pleased to have you come round and be convinced of the error of your ways."

"All right, Jones," said McTaggart, "It's your deal this time. But maybe I'll get it back on you before the fight's over. You bet I'll do it if I can."

"All right, Mac, do it if you can. But I guess you're out of it this time."

When the hour for the meeting arrived the Hall was packed to the doors. The Orange Order, which was very strong in the community, had turned out in force to hear Jones, who held an important office in the Grand Lodge, and who had done a great deal for the Order. Jones made a rousing speech, in which he made a direct appeal for the support of his brethren, eliciting repeated and continuous applause.

McTaggart, who sat in a rear seat, said nothing, but came in for frequent jests from the speaker, which he took in good part. He had made up his mind to try an expedient that had come to him like an inspiration when Jones was making some of his best hits. He knew from the sentiment of the community it was no use to appeal either to Jones or the audience for a hearing.

So, just as Jones was about to take his seat, the attention of the audience was suddenly attracted by McTaggart making his way in considerable haste to the platform. He put his hand in his breast pocket and drew out his wallet. Taking out all the bills he had he spread them on the table in full view of the audience, who were entirely mystified by his procedure. Then taking out his coin purse he opened it and emptied it on the table. The curiosity of the audience was still further increased by his evident haste and earnestness as he counted the money.

"There, Mr. Chairman," said he, "there's all the money I have on me. You can count it. It is forty-seven dollars and thirty-two cents. Now, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I'll bet that entire amount that my friend Jones, good Orangeman and all

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

HENPEX—"Calm yourself, Maria. I'm surprised that a woman of your temperament should lose her self-control. Did you ever know me to lose control of myself?"

MRS. HENPEX—"You lost control of yourself, John, the day I married you. Now finish darning those socks and don't talk so much."—*Life.*

as he is, can't recite *King William Crossing the Boyne.*

Jones, completely taken by surprise, tried to say something about having forgotten "that splendid poem of his boyhood days."

"No," said McTaggart, "Mr. Jones cannot recite the piece, but I'm willing to donate to this Hall every cent on the table if I can't recite it to you without a single mistake."

Here Jones and the chairman tried to call McTaggart down, but the audience took charge; "McTaggart, McTaggart, go on, go on," they shouted.

McTaggart struck his best attitude, and being a very competent reciter, gave the piece in fine style. At the close he was greeted with shouts of applause by the audience.

"Friends," said he, "I'm an Orangeman, too. I should like to talk to you a few minutes if you would let me."

Here Jones intervened. "But this is my meeting, Mr. Chairman, I protest."

The chairman hastily arose and tried to secure order. But McTaggart had the floor, and the audience were bound he should keep it. "McTaggart, McTaggart," they shouted, "go on, go on."

McTaggart threw himself with every nerve into a splendid speech an hour long, and at the close was greeted with cheer upon cheer. And it is safe to say that not a few votes were made for the Government majority given at this polling place by the clever ruse of McTaggart.

F. W. Murray.

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

A FAMOUS BAND

THE band of the famous Black Watch regiment or, as it is officially known, the 42nd Royal Highlanders, will visit Canada this month and play at the National Exhibition in Toronto. The band consists of two parts, the band proper, and the pipers. The latter, thirteen in number, are seen in the accompanying photograph.

It is not often that Canada is favoured with a visit from a British regimental band, and this one will no doubt be fully appreciated. The permission of His Majesty and of the officers of the Regiment had to be obtained, and only the present high standing of Canada among the colonies induced them to grant the request of the Exhibition authorities.

Moreover, the Black Watch played a most important part in the capture of Canada in 1756-1763, and later served in the War of Independence, as our friends label their fight for freedom which ended in 1783. They served in the famous engagement at Ticonderoga, 1758, a full description of which is given by Mr. Bradley elsewhere in this issue. At this battle they had 8 officers, 9 sergeants and 297 men killed; 17 officers, 10 sergeants and 306 men wounded; total casualties 647.

It was after the fruitless attempt of the Jacobites to involve Scotland in civil war, that a number of Highland gentlemen volunteered for the service of the Crown; and in 1729 the Government resolved that these loyal Highlanders should be embodied and constituted part of the regular domestic

THE PIPERS OF THE BLACK WATCH BAND TO VISIT TORONTO AUGUST 29TH TO SEPTEMBER 10TH

Photograph taken on the Ramparts of the Castle, Edinburgh

PIPE-MAJOR J. CLARK OF THE BLACK WATCH BAND
Photograph taken at the entrance of the Officers' Quarters, the Castle, Edinburgh

military force of Scotland. At that time six independent companies were formed, three of one hundred men each, and three of seventy-five, all the officers, from the colonel down, being leading Highland chieftains.

These independent companies wore the clan tartan, consisting mostly of the black, blue and green of their respective commanders, and from their sombre appearance they were designated "Am Freiceadan Dubh," or "Black Watch," to distinguish them from the regular troops, who were called "Saighdearan Dearg," or "Red soldiers," on account of the prevailing colour of their uniform. The private men of the "Black Watch" were provided with muskets and bayonets, and besides these weapons each Highlander had his broadsword, target, pistols and dirk. The sergeants carried the Tuagh, or Lochaber axe. As the operations of these companies were confined to their own territories, they enlisted the services of the members of many distinguished families.

In its early history the duties of the "Black Watch" were to enforce the obnoxious Disarming Act, to watch the movements of the disaffected clans, and to check the depredations of the Caterans or Highland robbers. So well did they perform these duties that in 1739 His Majesty George II decided to raise four additional companies, and to incorporate them as a regiment of the line. The Earl of Crawford and Lindsay was appointed colonel.

Their uniforms originally consisted of scarlet jacket and waistcoat, with buff facings and white lace; a tartan plaid twelve yards long, plaited around the middle of the body, the upper part being fixed on the left shoulder, ready to be thrown loose and wrapped over both shoulders and musket in wet weather. This was called the belted plaid, and was worn on full dress parades and duties, but in barracks, and when not on duty, the philibeg, or little kilt was worn. The head-dress was a blue bonnet, bordered with white, red and green, arranged in small squares to resemble, it is said, the Fess Chequey in the arms of the Stewart family. Tartan hose with buckled shoes were worn; and purses made of badger skins. The officers' dress coats were embroidered with gold, while the sergeants' jackets were trimmed with silver lace.

In 1743 the "Black Watch" were first sent on foreign service, and from that time on, the employment of this magnificent regiment in defence of the Empire has been almost continuous.

Wherever they have been they have played their part in a manner that has earned them special mention in despatches. Their renown extends to all quarters of the globe, while in Canada their name and fame are almost as familiar as in historic Scotland itself.

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For Business Men.

THE MILLING INDUSTRY.

THE United States millers are alarmed over the continued growth of our exports of wheat and flour. At a recent meeting of the Millers' National Federation at Buffalo, they referred to "the ruinous competition of Canadian wheat in European markets."

They cannot see any way of stopping Canada's production of wheat. Canada is destined to be one of the world-factors in wheat production. They admit that, but are anxious to preserve their milling industry. To do so, they must have a law which will allow them to import Canadian wheat, grind it and export it without having to pay any customs duties. This is the problem which they are endeavouring to meet. At present the Canadian wheat is being ground either in Canada or in England, and flour from Canadian wheat is superior to and is displacing United States flour in the British market.

At present the United States has a drawback law which was intended to allow a refund of the duties paid on imported materials used in the manufacture of exported articles. It does not, however, provide for such cases as the grinding of Canadian wheat and the mixing of the resulting flour with flour from United States wheat. The millers are anxious for a special law to enable them to secure a refund of duty paid on Canadian wheat without the necessary "identification" of the present law.

Canada must preserve its own milling industry and the Government should see that the conditions are kept favourable for the grinding of Canadian wheat in Canadian mills. If the United States millers wish to share in this trade, let them build branch mills in Canada as the manufacturers of agricultural implements and locomotives have done.

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A MILITARY COUNCIL.

TO end the long and unseemly series of struggles between the British officers sent to Canada as General Officers Commanding, the Government has introduced a Bill to provide for a Military Council. This will consist of the Minister of Militia, who will be chairman of the Council, the chief of the general staff who will probably be a British army officer, the adjutant-general, the quartermaster-general, the master-general of ordnance, and two additional civilians. These two will probably be the deputy Minister of Militia and the chief accountant of the department. In this way, the supremacy of the Minister of Militia will be maintained, and the influence of the British general who comes to Canada will be limited to that of one member in a Council of six. This plan follows that adopted recently by Great Britain in the reorganisation of her military control.

The power of the General Officer Commanding, or Chief of Staff as he will probably be called, is to be still further limited by a regulation providing that the general orders shall be issued by or through the Adjutant-General. This will prevent any order being issued by a general officer which might be distasteful to the Canadians on the Council.

The new peace establishment provided for is 46,000 men and the war establishment is 104,618. Parliament voted down an amendment limiting the peace establishment to 50,000 men. In addition to this 46,000 men, there will be a naval militia, but the details concerning this part of the Government's plans have not yet been given to Parliament.

CANADIAN CONFLAGRATIONS.

THE following is a list of large conflagrations which have occurred in Canada from the year 1852 up to the present time, giving the dates, the total property loss, and, where obtainable, the total insurance involved:

1852—July 28th, Montreal, property loss, $5,000,000; 1,100 buildings destroyed.
1866—Oct. 16th, Quebec, $3,000,000; 2,500 buildings destroyed.
1876—June 18th, St. John's, Que., $3,000-000; insurance (estimated), $1,500,000.
1876—September 3rd, St. Hyacinthe, Que., $1,250,000; insurance (estimated), $600,000.
1877—June 20th, St. John, N.B., $13,500,000; insurance, $6,600,000.
1897—Oct. 17th, Windsor, N.S., $1,500,000; insurance, $700,000.
1898—Sept. 10th, New Westminster, B.C., $2,000,000; insurance, $1,000,000.
1900—April 26th, Hull and Ottawa, $7,500,000; insurance, $3,662,098.
1901—January 23rd, Montreal, $2,500,000; insurance, $2,000,000.
1904—April 19th, Toronto, $10,350,000; insurance, $8,375,000.

By comparison with some of the large conflagrations of the continent, it is found that the recent Toronto fire stands sixth in order of amount of property destroyed, as the following will indicate:

Date and Place.	Property Loss.
1871—Chicago	$250,000,000
1872—Boston	70,000,000
1904—Baltimore	45,000,000
1892—St. John's, Nfld	15,000,000
1877—St. John, N.B.	13,500,000
1904—Toronto	10,350,000

STREET-CAR PROFITS.

WHAT Toronto owes to the men who made the agreement with the Street Railway Company is strikingly shown by a comparison with Buffalo. The American city, which has 201 miles of street railway track, received only $85,850 from the franchise last year, being 3 per cent. of the gross receipts. Toronto with 90 miles of track, will get $255,000 from the company this year, three times as much as Buffalo. The citizens are pretty well agreed that civic operation would have been even better. But a revenue of a quarter of a mill in a year is not bad, and the increase over that will be at the rate of 12 per cent. on the gross receipts.—Toronto *News*.

SHORTAGE OF LABOR

IN spite of all the fantastic denials of the trades unions, there is still a scarcity of labour in Canada. The trade depression in the United States has not extended to this country and business is flourishing in almost all lines. The tide of immigration continues in increasing volume, yet the Toronto *Globe* of July 14th has this to say concerning the situation among the farmers of Southwestern Ontario:

> "Owing to the unprecedented scarcity of farm labour a large proportion of farmers are seeding their land this year for fodder and pasturage, the reservation being a limited area for root crops next season. By adopting this policy the farmers largely escape the toil of ploughing, sowing and harvesting. This change of method is sure to lessen the production of bacon and of dairy products. Already in the west many cheese factories have been closed up. Some of these have been replaced by creameries, but the scarcity of hired help is affecting them also. As milking must be done by hand this is inevitable, for it is as hard to secure the services of women as of men."

NOVA SCOTIA'S APPLE CROP

SPEAKING of the prospects of the Nova Scotia fruit crop for this season, J. W. Bigelow says that apples blossomed well, and as the first week in June was favourable to pollenization they set well, and there are now in sight in the three counties about 600,000 barrels as against 500,000 for last year. The estimate in thousands is for Baldwins, 140; Kings, 90; Gravensteins, 70; Nonpareils, 80; Ribstons, 60; Golden Russets, 70, besides other varieties. The leaf blight is causing some alarm and may reduce the estimate.—Halifax *Herald*.

ATLANTIC SURF, NEAR HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY OF CANADA

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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IN THE HEART OF SOUTH AMERICA

BEING A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF PARAGUAY AND PARAGUAYAN LIFE

By JOHN D. LECKIE

THE country which I am about to describe lies in the heart of South America, yet it was flourishing and had a considerable European population nearly a century before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at New Plymouth; it is situated a thousand miles from the ocean, yet steamers of 1,200 tons can reach it; it is in many respects the most backward of the South American republics, yet 200 years ago it was one of the most progressive of the Spanish colonies; it is one of the richest in natural resources, yet one of the least developed.

That country is Paraguay, a republic with a more instructive and interesting history than any other in South America. Geographically, the country has been called the Transvaal of South America, as it lies in exactly the same latitude, has about the same area and population, and occupies an inland position. Like the Transvaal it is known to have auriferous deposits, though these have never been properly worked, and are situated in a part of the country that is almost unexplored. Like the Transvaal also the main industry of the inhabitants is that of cattle-farming. It also presents the same peculiarity of a dual language, one spoken by the inhabitants of the town and another by the inhabitants of the country; but while in the Transvaal the rural is the official language, in Paraguay it is Spanish, spoken by the town dwellers, that occupies that position, Guarani (the Gælic of Paraguay) having no literary, commercial, or political value, although in many villages of the interior it is spoken to the exclusion of Spanish.

There is still another point of resemblance between Paraguay and the Transvaal and that is historical, for like the South African Republic, the Paraguayans waged for a while (no less than five years) a most sanguinary war against overwhelming numbers.

IN ASUNCION

PARAGUAY—A PALACE BUILT BY THE TYRANT LOPEZ IN ASUNCION; PARTIALLY DESTROYED BY THE BRAZILIANS, BUT SINCE RESTORED

The effects of this disastrous war are still felt in Paraguay, for though more than thirty years have elapsed since then, the country has not yet fully recovered from it.

The history of this eventful war may be briefly narrated as follows: In 1865 the dictator Francisco Solano Lopez, being in power, commenced an aggressive war on Brazil, the Argentine Republic and Uruguay, with the idea of cutting a way for himself to the sea and becoming the Napoleon of South America, for he cherished the most ambitious ideas. In this he is said to have been instigated by his mistress, an Irish woman named Lynch, whom he always treated as his lawful wife, and who exercised a most baneful influence on his whole career. For some years Lopez had been steadily preparing for war, while his opponents were quite unprepared; he was therefore able to put 60,000 men into the field immediately on the declaration of war. He had also a good fleet of gunboats on the river, and was thus able to invade the Argentine province of Corrientes and occupy it before his enemies had even time to send an army against him. In the Brazilian province of Matto Grosso he was even more successful, for the Paraguayans possessed the only means of access to that province (now state) which remained in their possession even after the tide of success had turned against them.

At Humaita, a fortress of great strength situated near the junction of the rivers Parana and Paraguay, a strong force was encamped under the command of Colonel Thompson, a Scotchman, in whom Lopez had the most implicit confidence. For many months the Brazilian fleet was kept at bay by means of torpedoes placed in the channel and a boom stretched across the river, until one day a sudden flood, by increasing the depth of water, enabled them to force their way past the fortress and eventually to bombard and capture Asuncion. An eye-witness, who was present at the passage of Humaita by the Brazilian fleet, describes the scene as magnificent in the extreme. As soon as the garrison on shore became aware that the hostile fleet was about to attempt the passage there was a simultaneous discharge of two hundred guns from the fortress of Humaita alone, while the guns from the other batteries and from the fleets on both sides helped to increase the uproar. The whole heavens were lit up with the glare, the earth shook underfoot like an earthquake and the noise was deafening and bewildering.

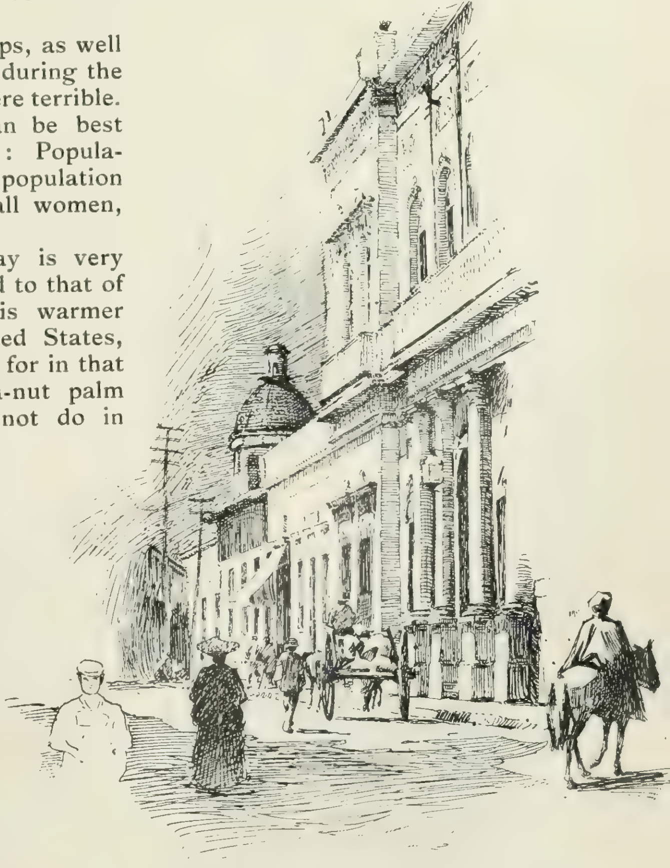
After the capture of Asuncion, Lopez, with a small band of followers, retreated northwards, fighting as they went, until they were eventually surrounded by the Brazilians and Lopez himself was killed on March 1st, 1870, on which date the war may be said to have terminated.

The sufferings of the troops, as well as of the whole population, during the last two years of the war were terrible. The results of the war can be best read in the following figures: Population in 1857, 1,337,439; population in 1873, 221,079 (nearly all women, children and very old men).

The climate of Paraguay is very fine, and has been compared to that of the Canary Islands. It is warmer than any part of the United States, except, perhaps, Key West, for in that favoured island the cocoa-nut palm will grow, which it will not do in Paraguay. It may be compared to that of Southern Florida, but while Florida is not free from blighting northern winds which freeze the oranges on the trees, in Paraguay such a thing is unknown, and the orange tree flourishes in all its native luxuriance, without the danger of frost as in Florida, or the need of irrigation as in California; indeed Paraguayan oranges are unexcelled, though scarcely any attention is paid to their cultivation, and grafted or budded trees are almost unknown.

In the woods, the commonest tree one sees is the orange, which grows wild in great abundance, but as a rule the fruit of the wild tree is bitter, though there is also a sweet variety, not so common. Thousands of the golden fruit may be seen rotting on the ground unheeded save by the parrots, which are very fond of the seeds, and cut open the rind with their curved beaks, deftly extracting the kernel, the only part which they eat. The wood of the wild orange makes the best fuel, and is to be had in abundance in the more remote districts; it also makes the best axe handles, being very tough and resistant.

Paraguay may be divided into two parts, north and south, the former


STREET VIEW IN ASUNCION

A SUBURBAN RESIDENCE, ASUNCION

consisting of all that portion which lies without the tropics ; this section of the country contains nearly the whole population, the northern half within the tropics being almost uninhabited and in a great measure even unexplored. The climate of the southern half is by no means tropical, as white men can work without inconvenience in the open air all the year round, yet it is warm enough to allow the growth of many tropical fruits, such as oranges, bananas, pine-apples, papaws, cherimoyers, etc., which flourish with almost tropical luxuriance, along with the fruits of a colder climate, such as peaches, strawberries and quinces. Apples and pears will not thrive, as they require colder winters, and grapes are subject to the attacks of ants and other insects.

The climate seems admirably adapted for consumptives, and I have seen several such patients who arrived in Paraguay from Europe in a very low state and are now strong and healthy.

A year or two ago the United States newspapers were full of sensational articles regarding a report which had got abroad that the Germans were intending to form colonies in South Brazil. There is no doubt that they had such an intention and that a company had been organised in Germany with that special end in view. But our over-jealous Chauvinists have probably discovered by this time that this was no attempt on the part of Germany to set the Monroe doctrine at defiance.

As a matter of fact, German colonies have existed in South Brazil for the better part of a century ; they also exist in the Argentine Republic and Paraguay. The word "colony" is used in South America to designate a special settlement of agriculturists established either directly by the government or by private individuals under government grants. This is the favourite mode of settlement in Argentina, taking the place of the land grant or homestead system in our own country, which has been so successful in populating and building up the Western States.

It was my lot to visit San Bernardino, the oldest and most flourishing German colony in Paraguay. It is picturesquely situated on the edge of a lake with mountains rising behind it, and is a favourite resort of the wealthier classes from Asuncion. Many visitors also come here from Buenos Ayres and other parts of Argentina to

TYPICAL TOWN HOUSE

PARAGUAY—THE CITY HALL, ASUNCION

escape the rigours of winter. An inhabitant of Canada would be rather surprised to hear that people talked about severe cold in a place where the thermometer never sank below 30° Fahr., which is the minimum temperature of Buenos Ayres. This is also the minimum temperature of Los Angeles, Cal., which is generally considered to have anything but a severe winter; but while in Los Angeles the air is dry and balmy, in Buenos Ayres it is extremely moist, so that the cold is more keenly felt. Indeed, a Canadian long resident in Buenos Ayres, where he had reared a family, assured me that he found the winters more trying in Argentina than in his native country.

But to return to San Bernardino, which in some respects reminds us of its namesake in California. The settlement is prosperous, all the allotments having been taken up long ago, and land can only be obtained there now from private settlers, who generally ask a comparatively high price.

I took the train one morning from Asuncion to the village of Patiño-Cué whence a small steamer plies to San Bernardino, which is situated on the opposite side of a lake. The steamer was so small that it took all the efforts of the captain and crew (which consisted of a small boy to stoke the fire) to make any progress against the strong head wind which prevailed, and it seemed as if we would never reach the opposite shore, though it was scarcely a mile off. The waves washed over the small craft and the spray drenched us to the skin and penetrated our baggage.

There is a good hotel located on the slope of a hill overlooking the lake, and commanding a fine view, with charges to correspond. The main industry of the "colony" consists of the exploitation of tourists, as I found to my cost. I was informed that there was a double scale of charges in the colony, one for local settlers, and another (about double) for outsiders. San Bernardino is famous for a kind of rum which is distilled there. Before leaving Asuncion I had intended to buy a bottle of this rum, which I found was worth in that city $3 a bottle. However, as I was about to leave for San Bernardino, I thought it would be better to buy the rum there, where it would doubtless be cheaper. After my arrival in the colony I saw the same rum for sale in the hotel where I put up, and on asking the price, found

PARAGUAY—A TYPICAL TOWN IN THE INTERIOR

it was $5. But then I was an outsider.

Next to the exploitation of tourists and the production of rum, the principal industry of the colony is the making of cheese and butter for the Asuncion market, where these products command a good price, especially the latter. In Asuncion, fresh butter, even of the most inferior kind, can scarcely be procured at less than 50 cents (gold) per pound—not a bad price in a country where living and nearly everything else is extremely cheap.

The San Bernardino colonists seemed contented, as well they may be, for they make their living easily. Among them are men of education, with a settled income, who come here merely to laze away their existence in this fine climate. They are nearly all Germans. I only met one Englishman, and he was not a permanent resident.

On the other side of the lake from San Bernardino is a two-storied country house, which I was informed was the residence of Mrs. Lynch, the former mistress of the tyrant Lopez. When the latter was killed, she was taken prisoner by the Brazilians by whom she was well treated, but when at a later date she attempted to return to Paraguay she was not allowed to land from the steamer which brought her, but was forced to live in exile from the land of her adoption. Rumour has it that Lopez had vast stores of gold buried in different parts of the country, which spots were known only to Mrs. Lynch, and that her return had for its object mainly the unearthing of these treasures; if so, she was disappointed and the treasures still remain intact.

It is said that Lopez was in the habit of sending men to bury gold in the spots which he pointed out, and as soon as their task was completed he ordered them all to be shot so that no one might remain to betray his secret. If the story is true (and it is told on good authority) it is to be hoped, for the honour of Lopez, that the men thus got rid of were condemned criminals who would have been executed in any case.

Many stories are told of these buried treasures, and syndicates have been formed for the special purpose of searching for them; in some cases I am assured they have been successful. Among the articles buried by Mrs. Lynch shortly before her capture by the Brazilians was a piano and other articles of household furniture. I have never heard that the piano has yet been unearthed.

The Paraguayans are a mild and gentle people, with whom it is easy to get along if one treats them with ordinary civility. As in all South American countries, homicides are frequent, but this does not arise from any natural bloodthirstiness on the part of the people, but rather is owing to the faulty administration of justice which nearly always allows criminals to escape free or with merely a nominal punishment. The most severe punishment I ever heard meted out to a murderer was eight years' imprisonment, and I do not think he served his full term.

Considering the almost total absence of any law in the more remote districts, I do not think a more peaceable population will be found in any part of South America. The conditions are very different from what prevails in some of the wilder parts of the Western States, where a man of a retiring disposition cannot live in comfort.

The Paraguayans of all classes are courteous, hospitable and friendly. I have lived in several parts of Paraguay, and I always found that my best neighbours were natives, and the worst were foreigners. From the former I never received the least annoyance, but many favours and services, though I frequently had disputes with my European neighbours. The Paraguayans live frugally (I am speaking of the peasantry) and the total expenses of a large family in the rural districts will not average $100 gold a year. They nearly all own a small farm, with a few cows and a horse or two. Their clothing is light, for the climate is warm, and they require to purchase little more than meat (which costs two cents gold a pound), salt and Paraguay tea, which latter (not tea at all, but the product of a kind of holly) costs about six cents gold a pound.

They are strictly clean in their households and their persons, reminding me in some respects of the peasantry of Ireland. With few wants, never knowing what it is to suffer from cold or hunger, they live a contented and happy existence. When they have a little money they spend it in dancing and feasting, and when they have nothing the produce of their farm will

TEA GATHERER'S FOREST HUT

always maintain them. They have no cares or anxiety for the future, no matter how large a family they have to rear—with a guitar, a few cigarettes and a glass of *cana* (new rum) a group of Paraguayans will find diversion and recreation for a whole day at no expense ; and when the labours of their farm do not claim their attention, they ask for nothing better than to lie on their *ponchos* and play at cards.

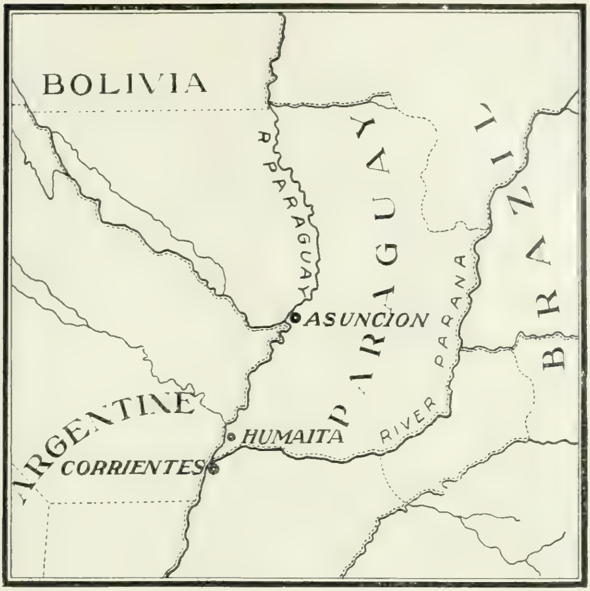
The poncho is the Paraguayan's outer garment. It is simply a piece of woollen or cotton cloth, about six feet square, with a hole in the centre, through which the wearer thrusts his head. It is his blanket by night and his overcoat by day. It serves a variety of other purposes. When he is tired, he spreads it out on the grass and rests on it, or takes his midday siesta in the same way, under the shade of a tree. Next to his horse, it is his most valued possession. A good cotton poncho can be bought for about $2 gold, but the finer qualities of wool, highly ornamented with fancy fringes, may cost $50 or more.

I have mentioned Paraguay tea as it is called, also known as *yerba maté*. This is produced by the *Ilex Paraguayensis*, a plant nearly related to our holly, which grows wild throughout the northern part of Paraguay. The regions where this plant grows are known as the *yerbales*, and the preparation of the tea is one of the principal industries of the country. The plant is not cultivated, at least not on any large scale, and nearly all the tea which finds its way to market is collected from the tree in its wild state. Parties of men, under the supervision of an overseer, are sent out into the woods to discover the trees which produce the *yerba maté*. When discovered the next process is to strip them of their leaves, which are toasted over large fires until quite dry and brittle, when they are pounded in large wooden mortars and reduced to dust ; they are then rammed into large skin bags, and in this state it is sent to market.

The mode of drinking yerba (Paraguay tea) is as follows: A few teaspoonfuls of powdered leaves are put into a small gourd, and boiling water poured over it ; the infusion is then sucked through a small silver tube, called a *bombilla*, which expands at its lower end into a kind of bulb, full of small holes, to act the part of a strainer. It is generally drunk in company, the gourd being passed from one member of the company to another, each taking a few sips and then passing it on to his neighbour. This method of drinking yerba is not easily acquired by Europeans, who invariably scald their lips the first time they attempt to drink the boiling decoction, but many take it prepared in the same manner as ordinary tea.

The Paraguayans drink it pure, generally without the admixture of sugar or milk, and declare that it is a refreshing and sustaining beverage, and they are probably right, otherwise it is difficult to account for their habit of taking their first meal at midday. It is the custom of the natives to take a cupful of yerba on rising, at six o'clock in the morning or even earlier, and they will perform contentedly the severest labour, partaking of the first meal at eleven or twelve o'clock. The *yerba maté* is declared by the medical faculty to be superior to tea or coffee, not acting injuriously on the nerves as those beverages are apt to do. Attempts are now being made to introduce it into Europe, where it is sold at 75 cents per pound, a price which ought to leave a good profit.

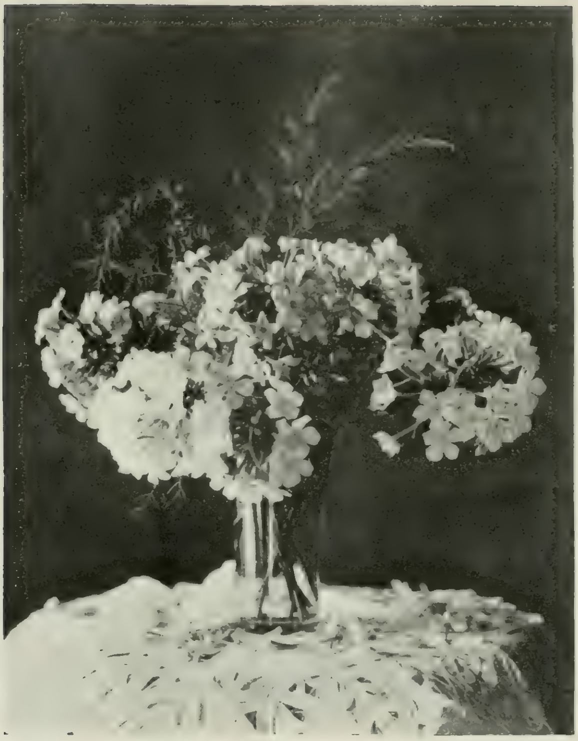
For the hunter Paraguay is a paradise. All kinds of game, large and small, is abundant, including jaguars (the South American tiger), several other members of the feline tribe as the puma and ounce, deer of several kinds, tapirs, ostriches, alligators, foxes (resembling the coyote of the Western States), ant eaters (belonging to the bear family) whose skins are valuable but whose embrace is certain death, wild hogs, and many others. Birds of gaudy plumage are numerous, and the entomologist will find a rich harvest for his labours.



SKETCH MAP OF PARAGUAY

Area 97,722 square miles. Population (1890) 207,503, of which 77,716 are white. Chief towns: Asuncion, Villa Rica, Villa Concepcion, Villa San Pedro, Luque and San Estanislao. Products: Sugar, Rum, Cotton, Woollen Cloths and Leather.—*Bartholomew's Atlas.*

There are many animals whose skins are very valuable, and one or two birds whose plumage fetches an almost fabulous price, such as the *mirasol*, a species of heron, whose feathers are said to have been worth their weight in gold; at present they fetch about $5 gold an ounce. Of course, such valuable birds are extremely scarce, and only to be found in the most remote spots. The hunting of animals for their skins and birds for their plumage, gives occupation to a class of men called *mariscadores*, corresponding to a certain extent to the hunters and trappers of the Western States, but who find here a much richer harvest, though at the same time the life is full of dangers. These *mariscadores* are not all rude unlettered men; among them are men of education, young men who are fond of a wild adventurous life, free from the restraints of civilisation, or naturalists who find here a vast field which contains many hidden treasures. One of these men, a near neighbour of mine, constructed a large canoe, capable of holding several tons, out of a single tree, hollowed out in the native fashion, and started on a voyage of exploration. He was no novice, but an experienced hunter. He was gone for about six months, when he returned with a rich cargo, though owing to an accident in the river, he had lost a great part of his collection. These canoes, being hollowed out of a single log, and having no keel, are very apt to capsize, and great care is required in handling them. The numerous navigable streams which penetrate the country in all directions, afford excellent means of travel by water; nevertheless, off the main streams of the Parana and Paraguay, the territory is little explored, and in many parts dangerous of access, owing to the hostility of the Indians, who have killed many travellers.



PHLOX
PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY L. SHEPHERD

THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF FLOWERS

AN AMATEUR TO AMATEURS

By HARRY L. SHEPHERD

ALLOW me first of all to place myself before the readers of this article not as one "speaking with authority," but as an amateur who loves photography in all its branches, and who is deeply interested in this particular one.

In these days of bustle and worry let us all have our hobbies to which we can turn for rest and recreation, and what one is more enticing than the camera when it is taken up seriously not by the "button presser," but by the amateur who works carefully and thinks of what he is doing before he exposes a plate. Such a one will have fewer views, but they will all bear his own individuality and invite the inspection of even the ardent critic.

The study of flowers, not particularly from a botanical standpoint, but rather from the standpoint of art and of their own beauty as adapting them to a particular purpose, will bring you more and more into touch with nature as you will of necessity, if you follow up the work, be carried to the fields and woods in search of material.

For successful work different varieties of flowers will require different lighting (*i.e.*, method of illumination in the same way as the professiona photographer uses that lighting mos suitable to any particular subject in portraiture.

In floral work the light from an ordinary window serves every purpose. If there is more than one window in your room pull the shades down on all but the one in use. Direct side lighting or light falling on the subject at an angle of about 45° (which can be obtained by blocking the lower half of the window by pinning a black cloth across) will be found most useful. When the light is strong (say sunlight streaming into the room) pin one, two or even three thicknesses of white cheese cloth across the window. Yellow cheese cloth is also useful, but of that I will speak later. A soft light is at all times desirable, but not to excess or you will get flat effects, *i.e.*, everything will be of one tone, which is to be avoided, as light and shade are absolutely necessary to give "life" to your subject.

DAISIES
PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY L. SHEPHERD

The position of the camera in relation to the flowers to be photographed is a very important matter if we are to get that indescribable something best described as "textural translucency." It is when flowers are looked at from a certain fixed point imperceptible, but by changing your point of view the subject will be transformed from an uninteresting one to one of life and beauty. A white reflector to light up the shadow side of your subject is sometimes needed, but great care must be used or flatness will result by bringing it too close to the subject.

In photographing flowers they should be placed two to four feet from the window, *i.e.*, towards the centre of the room, and usually from a point in a line with the window frame to a point often two to three feet, or even more, back according to the lighting desired or required. Then the camera being placed at the other side of the window, it is moved around until the desired point is reached both for point of view and focus.

This brings us now to the selection of a camera. The 4 x 5, 5 x 7, or 6½ x 8½ long focus, reversible back camera with regular equipment is all that is required. I prefer the 5 x 7 size, and with mine often use 4 x 5 plates by means of the Warnica adjustable plate-holder. Kits may also be used if you desire to use smaller plates than those which fit your plate-holders. The long focus camera is imperative, otherwise you cannot approach your subject closely enough to get the desired sized image.

And now as to what plates are to be used in this branch of photography. Any reputable brand of ordinary plates

GLADIOLI

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY L. SHEPHERD

are good for subjects of white flowers. When we are dealing with coloured ones Ortho or Iso-chromatic plates are a necessity if the " colour values," by the way a somewhat misleading term, are to be correctly rendered.

As the Iso or Ortho-chromatic plate subject is a large one I will take it for granted you are acquainted with their properties; if not you can look the subject up in almost any book on photography.

The use of the yellow screen (also called ray screen, ray filter, etc.) is very seldom necessary except in the case of flowers where we find blues and yellows side by side as in pansies. A good plan is to pin a piece of yellow cheese cloth over the window; this will give us a yellow-tinged lighting, and will, in all except rare cases, give better results (*i.e.*, the yellow screen is apt to do too much or reverse the "colour values") than by using the yellow screen (ray filter), which little bit of yellow glass is very often injudiciously used.

Backed plates are also to be strongly recommended doing away with objectionable halation in white or light-coloured subjects. Use a stop which will give a soft effect with a touch of "atmosphere," *i.e.*, don't have the flowers at the back of the group as sharp as those nearest you. If one thing above another is an abomination in floral work it is to have every leaf and every petal of needle point sharpness. Again don't lean to the "fuzzy" class where everything is indistinct and out of focus. Aim at softness. The lens sees more than the eye.

Backgrounds ranging from white through grays to black of paper or cardboard are necessary, the tint used being of the proper shade for the subject photographed, *i.e.*, a white or light-coloured flower could call for a medium to dark grey, or even black background.

To prevent cut-flowers from drooping place their stems in water, wet sand or moss or wrap the stems in wet absorbent cotton.

Give full exposure and remember that after racking the bellows past the one hundred-foot mark of the scale on the camera bed the stop numbers will be smaller than those marked on the shutter. If racked out twice the distance of the one hundred-foot mark, stop 8 will really be 16, and stop 16 will be 32, and so on. Remember this or you will underexpose.

Develop in dilute developer (say add two to three times the normal quantity of water) and keep the negative moderately thin if you wish to get a good print with soft half tones.

For indoor work I use a stand for my camera which I can raise or lower as desired. A tripod is a bother in focussing at close quarters.

For outdoor work I use a tripod fitted with a ball and socket tripod head which allows the camera to be turned and held at any angle. An overcast day without wind is best for garden or outdoor work; a dull day to overcome "spottiness," caused by the sun shining on leaves, etc., without wind to avoid motion in the subject.

For wildflower studies the plants may be dug up "bodily" and carried home to be studied and photographed at leisure.

To the student of botany photography is a boon. Complete records may be made of different stages of growth.

From the designer's standpoint the photography of flowers and plants adapted to his needs will give him many designs and ideas that will materially help him in his work.

The field from the art standpoint is practically boundless as the individual treatment of flowers is one which requires a great deal of careful study as to the arrangement of the plants and flowers not only as to proper spacing, but also harmony of colour, which remember we can only reproduce in monochrome.

And in conclusion I hope this article will lead some amateurs, who have tired of landscapes and portraits, to try this branch, which I am sure they will find instructive and enjoyable. If you own a lantern you may make lantern slides from your negatives either by contact or reduction which in the winter evenings will bring you and your friends back to the "good old summer time."

SWEET WILLIAM
PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY L. SHEPHERD

LITERARY PORTRAITS

By HALDANE MACFALL, Author of "The Masterfolk."

V.—RUDYARD KIPLING

WHEN your ordinary citizen goes to bed of a night he takes his comfort and his smooth pillow for granted—he does not realise that he is enjoying his ease, even as he exercises his placid daily calling, because he is fenced about afar, at the edges of the nation, out there away at the frontiers, by men who guard his sleep and keep his peace—men who wear a sword at their side, men who live with a rifle in hand, men with stern mouths and alert eyes. He has grown so used to his habit of being protected that he does not realise within how very few generations ago each highroad in this fertile England of ours was dominated by a castle, where rough nobles made war at whim upon their neighbours.

The sword and war are to-day pushed out of our lives to distant places, away from the centre of everyday doings—and the armed men, who a hundred years ago lived in our midst, now ring the nation round about at her furthermost outposts, and we sleep o' nights by consequence, fenced in with their distant courage. To the man in the street the soldier is but the paid servant — indeed, your comfortable citizen scarce knows how underpaid is this servant, this fellow that earns not even a living wage, to whom the citizen transfers his virile responsibilities. He is most often the grown-up man bred from the irresponsible youngster of the village and the town, drifting to the outposts of the race out of very irresponsiblity—going he knows not why, but vaguely, as by an instinct. The adventure blood in him sends him packing; the down of manhood is on his lip; the pulsing, keen, energetic life is out there at the front. And the man who has known and assayed that frontier worth, of the soldier and the sailor and other adventurous blood, is Rudyard Kipling. He is poet of it all, as no man has been poet yet. Of a scheme of life he has no logical sense—and it is perhaps his chiefest claim to popular favour. He follows by impulse the frontier instinct—the imperial instinct. When the men of the frontier push to war, Kipling's loose logic serves him well—he thumps the Old Testament end of his Bible, and taps the drum, and riots in the bugle-call. When the adventuring men suffer defeat Kipling does not blame them, but he turns his eyes homewards, where manhood has set up false ideals of strength, and he writes a Recessional, and scolds the dunces and blames the thin of blood. When there is peace amongst such as are of the adventure blood, and exhaustion, he opens the other end of his Bible, and reminds the people that there is a New Testament to the Book of Life, and a Prince of Peace.

Being of the frontier blood, it is when he voices the soul and spirit of the frontiers that he reaches to greatness. They that guard with calm eyes the welfare of the commonwealth, the tale of these gives majesty to his genius. When he comes home to England, little England, he falters in his speech but his instinct saves him, and he runs down to where the fence of the barbarianism of the frontiers comes within a stone's throw of our gates. There he finds Badalia Herodsfoot in the slums, and the "curick" who gives his life to the state.

The soldier who gives the citizen his sleep, and by the citizen is rewarded with contempt, neglect, and a beggar's wage—nay, does not your fine Cockney refuse even to drink with him or sit beside him at the play?—this man has Kipling set up in his true heroic place, lashing the complacent smugness of the protected stay-at-homes the while.

He has sung Courage and Work, and set them up in their proper proportions in the balance of life. His Imperialism, when he takes the strut as a politician, is ridiculous enough; but the real instinctive imperialism, glory in the honour of the race, has been breathed into his very bones. A full imperialism he will never know, for he has small knowledge of women—to the great movement amongst women, to better the race, he is profoundly blind. We come from his "Soldiers Three" bedraggled in heart as to womanhood. At best the melodramatic jade, whom he takes for true woman, can but kick through a crude dance that is scarcely in keeping with the high measure of life's music.

Rudyard Kipling has the broad bullet-head, the square jaw, of the rude, rough man of the camp. It is often complained that he is vulgar. Perhaps he is—a little vulgar—just as Cecil Rhodes, laughing, grim, reckless, fearless, answering through a mouth full of ham-sandwich as he sat arraigned for a national crime before the nation's tribunal, was vulgar—as men that do the rough hewing of the race are vulgar—as Pepin and Charlemagne were probably vulgar. But he is a clean-hearted maker of laughter, and that stands well to his honour. He is a true poet, and that mitigates what vulgarity he has.

The man who reads his novel in his armchair in the evening to make a pleasant relaxation from a dandified living, or as leisure after a sordid day of grey toil, has found Kipling good company; but I sometimes think that it is the man who has sat brooding before the bivouac fire that sends its upward streak of scented smoke into the stilly night on the outermost threshold of the race who feels the most deeply the rude splendour of Kipling's poetic artistry, and the vigour of his genius.

You who sit at home are too rushed with little things. The streets shut in your view. It is out there under the blue sky for roof, and with the vasty world at your feet for hearthstone, that the long bouts of enforced rest at the twilights of heavy days sets the mind atune to the grandeur of man's strength—it is out there that what the Cockney calls melodrama is but the common event—it is out there that they judge life in crudely curt epigram and humorous saw, sabre-cuts of rich-coloured observation; and Kipling has the whole trick. For be it remembered that on the frontiers life is seen crudely. Its philosophy is raw philosophy, unafraid of self-contradiction, elemental. To take Kipling's philosophy as the basis of life must land a man in queer places, for it is irresponsible, a thing cooked from day to day, whatever the bill-of-fare yesterday. But as an artist he is of the most original and vigorous in our land. When he puts aside philosophy and politics—the laws of life and its mysteries—and is content to get into the souls of men and beasts, to transfer through the craft of the written word the emotion and moods and character within, he is a very master.

His understanding is profound as it is astounding. His grip of emotion ranges wide over the human gamut. Laughter and tears are at his command; tragedy and comedy rise and play their drama at his call. His bouncing conception of life is content to find justification in the crudity of living according to one's primitive instincts—and his work has been a healthy counterpoise to the decadency and pessimistic conception of being that had begun to lay their trail over English art and letters. Above all, he has an essential faith in the dignity of man. His daring in that splendid dedicatory poem to his dead brother-in-law, wherein he makes God pass by the company where they sit at the tables in heaven, the clean of heart and soul in sublime comradeship of clean mirth, who rise to their feet to do Him reverence as He passes, unafraid to look Him in the face—all this is amply rewarded by the achieved dignity and the majesty of the simple event.

His hands pluck the scents and the odours and the colour out of nature, out of cities, out of sensate things—the

RUDYARD KIPLING—IMPERIALIST

thunder out of the firmament, the sapphire stillness out of the night, the parching, feverish breath out of the sun. He seizes the emotions and sensations out of nature as out of man, and yields them into our vision.

Kipling has an uncanny gift of catching the whole essence of a dramatic episode, its action, its sounds, its odours, its colours, its rhythm—and his mastery of prose and verse gives him a splendid instrument for his orchestration. His life holds the romance of genius—the old, old romance. A hack-journalist sent out to India to be the drudge of a Colonial paper, he snatched out of what should have been his rest from long hours of labour, from the weary days of the most ghastly form of literary servitude, the materials of a splendid art; and he moulded these materials with consummate workmanship into a series of masterpieces in the heat of a climate which makes idleness almost defensible, sluggardy nearly a virtue, and energy to do the allotted task a boast. And he found his material in things that had lain waste for generations, trodden under the foot of contempt and of ignoring; and he took these things and fashioned them with the nervous skill of the creator; and he breathed life into them, and they took wing and carried the fame of him across the face of the wide world.

RECIPROCITY WITH THE UNITED STATES

A SERIES OF ARTICLES BY UNITED STATES PUBLICISTS DEALING WITH THIS QUESTION FROM THE VIEW-POINTS OF BOTH COUNTRIES

Introductory Note by THE EDITOR

THE Canadian interest in the subject of reciprocity with the United States has declined during recent years, or at least has shifted from one point of view to another. The abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty in 1866 was regarded in Canada as "a great calamity,"* and everything that could be done was done to extend or modify the treaty. The United States government was inexorable, however, and the treaty was annulled. After 1866, many efforts were made to obtain a new treaty. In July, 1869, the Hon. John Rose went to Washington to see what could be done, but his visit was barren of results. A Canadian government report of December, 1869, says: "The experience of these twenty years has, in the opinion of the undersigned, proved to the people of Canada that concessions in matter of trade, navigation and shipping, voluntarily conceded by us, have not been reciprocated by the government of the United States, and, indeed, have not always been appreciated, nor the value of them realised . . . . the recent action of Congress would tend to confirm the belief that no reciprocal arrangement of a satisfactory character can now be obtained."†

The reason for this situation, from the United States point of view, is boldly and baldly stated in a report from J. N. Larned, a special agent, to the Congress of 1870, as follows:

> "In every commercial respect the dependence of the Provinces of the Dominion of Canada—especially of the old Canadian Provinces—upon the United States, is almost absolute. To say so is not to make an arrogant boast, but to state a simple fact. Restricted, as the intercourse between the Canadas and this country unhappily is now, they derive from it wholly the life which animates their industry and their enterprise."

Mr. Larned's "simple fact" has not stood the test of time, for it has since been shown that Canada is not dependent upon United States favours. Congress accepted his statement and thought by squeezing Canada to make a national gain. This has been the attitude of the United States for over fifty years and explains why the Hon. George Brown failed in his mission of 1874, why Messrs. Bowell, Foster and Tupper failed in 1891 and 1892, why Sir Richard Cartwright failed in 1896, and why the Joint High Commission failed In 1898. There were perhaps minor reasons given or advanced on either side, but there is enough evidence to show that the United States has always been averse to increasing the prosperity of this part of the British Empire. Why a people so liberal and so progressive in most features of civilisation and of trade, should have adopted and maintained a view so narrow in regard to trade with Canada is almost incomprehensible.

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* See Report of Committee of Executive Council of February 19th, 1865.

† Sessional Papers, Vol. XVIII, No. 13.

It is quite true that there was always a small body of people in the United States with sufficient vision to see that reciprocity was desirable. At a meeting of the United States National Board of Trade in New York in October, 1892, the council of that body was instructed to memorialise Congress in favour of a treaty for "reciprocal trade with the Dominion of Canada on a broad, comprehensive and liberal basis." In January, 1881, two petitions were presented to Congress, one signed by 500 New York firms and the other by 1,030 firms and business men of Boston, recounting how Boards of Trades had continually asked for an investigation of this subject without anything being accomplished. An International Reciprocity Convention was held in St. Paul in 1893 which re-affirmed the position taken by previous conventions of the same nature. It urged "a treaty providing for the free interchange of those classes of products, both natural and industrial of each one, that are most generally in demand or usually find the readiest sales in the markets of the other." A National Reciprocity Convention was held at Detroit in December, 1902, from which evolved a chain of reciprocity leagues from New England to the Rockies. These leagues are yet more or less active.

Other evidence might be brought forward but the situation is well known. Canada asked for reciprocity so many times and so humbly that her self-respect could endure no more; she has now ceased to ask. She has chosen Preferential trade with Great Britain and with the other colonies as a substitute. Deprived of freedom to sell on this continent she sought and obtained a trade with the Empire which is satisfactory if statistics and public opinion are accepted as sufficient evidence.

Sir Frederick Borden, one of the present members of the Laurier Government, addressing a Toronto audience last year, went so far as to say, "As a result of their refusal to trade with us they have made us self-reliant, and have made us the greatest rival they have in the one free market of the world." He referred, undoubtedly, to the growth of Canadian exports of farm products to Great Britain which had increased from three and a half millions in 1866 to eighty millions in 1902.

In December of last year, Mr. John Charlton, M.P., a most persistent advocate of reciprocity, warned the United States that "the critical hour is at hand when Canada will have arrived at the parting of the ways and will decide whether she shall cultivate intimate and natural relations with the United States or whether she shall put up her tariff wall against that country and become a component part of a great Imperial trade federation." A twelve-month has not passed since he made that statement, but the latest amendment to the Canadian tariff fulfils part of his prophecy.

Each year sees a steady diminution in the Canadian desire for reciprocity, a growth of the forces which will fight against it when it is offered to us. Only last October, Sir Wilfrid Laurier writing to a gentlemen in the United States said: "That movement in favour of unrestricted reciprocity had its *raison d'être* some twelve years ago; in the present conditions of our trade, its *raison d'être* has ceased to exist." *

Lieut.-Col. Denison, a leader of certain classes, recently declared that "Canada should avoid reciprocity as she would the plague." The President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, about the same time asserted that "not a vestige of sentiment for reciprocity with the United States remains among our people."

On neither side of the line is the outlook hopeful. The United States maintains its traditional policy; Canada has grown independent and even hostile. This series of articles has been brought together so that both countries may realise the trend of opinion. There is danger in this drifting apart—a danger which it is unnecessary to enlarge upon with the intelligent citizen of either country.

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* North American Review, March, 1904.

By CAMPBELL SHAW, Ex-President National Committee on Reciprocity with Canada

THEORIES upon the cause for the unfriendly trade relations between the United States and Canada for nearly forty years are not uninteresting, but throughout has held the practical fact that earnest interest by the United States in closer trade relations could not be established until the value of the Canadian market had sufficiently appreciated.

When the Joint High Commission was convened in 1898 the value of the Canadian market was not understood by many people in the United States. In fact, there was little or no interest in the trade possibilities of that market, and it is very doubtful if a treaty would have been ratified at that time by the United States Senate. There was against the ratification of a treaty the pre-eminence of the belief in the virtue of the high protective policy, even more so than the dispute over the Alaskan boundary. However, the meeting of that Commission paved the way for closer trade relations, inasmuch as the people of the United States learned that commercial union was not a practicable basis for negotiations for a reciprocity treaty. It was made very clear that when closer trade relations became desirable in both countries the basis of negotiations for a treaty would have to be that of free trade in natural products.

Since 1898 the volume of trade between Canada and the United States has increased so rapidly and enormously that there is no longer any doubt in the United States that the value of the Canadian market has sufficiently appreciated to justify making such concessions as would assure a mutually satisfactory trade treaty. As far as the United States is concerned there is but one difficulty to be overcome before arranging such a trade treaty with Canada, and that difficulty is caused by the great influence of local interests over national interests. There are few Senators of the United States who have not national interests well at heart, but at the same time each and every one of these Senators is bound hand and foot to party interests in his district. In order, then, to have a reciprocity treaty with Canada ratified in the United States Senate, the demand from the people must be very much greater than the opposition of the ultra-protectionist element.

With the extraordinary appreciation of the value of the Canadian market has come naturally a vigorous demand by the commercial and industrial interests of the northern tier of states for freer trade relations with Canada. The states immediately contiguous to the northern tier share more or less in this demand. Because of the probability of such trade reprisals by Canada as would rapidly decrease the trade with the United States, an organised movement for reciprocity commenced in the northern tier of states nearly two years ago.

It is probable that in the near future such action will be taken by the United States as will establish fairer trade relations with Canada.

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By THEO. M. KNAPPEN, Associate Editor of The Minneapolis "Journal," Secretary of the Minnesota Branch of the National Reciprocity League

IT is impossible to approach the subject of reciprocity between the United States and Canada with an unprejudiced mind, without coming to the conclusion that it is manifestly desirable, and the more the better—even to the extent of free trade between the two countries.

To my mind it is enough of an argument for reciprocity to point to the superiority of freedom of trade between the States and Territories of the American Union, over what would be the condition if each of those political subdivisions had the power to impose tariffs at its frontiers. If free trade over half the continent has been good, freer trade over the whole of it should also be good. At present it is so generally admitted in the United States that reciprocity with Canada would be good for the Republic, that it is not worth while to discuss that side of the question.

Would it be good for Canada? I think there is no doubt of this. Gratifying as has been the development of the Dominion, especially the Canadian West, in the last five years, it would have been even more extensive if there had been freer trade between the two countries. American capital and American settlers would go into the Canadian West even more freely than at present, if they felt that they were not commercially cutting themselves off, to some extent at least, from their old associations. Free trade within the United States has not resulted in the concentration of manufacturing in any one State. Manufacturing centres exist North and South, East and West, all over the country and new ones are constantly springing into existence, in spite of the stiff competition of old established industries elsewhere.

Reciprocity would not mean stagnation for Canadian manufacturing industries. Canada has many natural advantages that would be certain to make her the scene of many manufacturing enterprises, designed to supply the whole Canadian-American trade, if it were not for the tariff barriers. Its population, moreover, would increase so much more rapidly than at present, that there would be a great opportunity for the establishment of those numerous industries in which location near the source of demand is nine-tenths of success.

It seems to me that Canadians who oppose reciprocity with the United States, think too much of the admission of the American manufacturer to the Canadian market and too little of the entrance of the Canadian manufacturer into the American market. It is certain that any reciprocity treaty that may now be negotiated will result in a lowering of the Dingley tariff rates in such a way that the Canadian will have as free access to the American market as the American has to the Canadian. There are many well-established industries in the Dominion which ought to welcome the widening of what might be called their home market, from that supplied by the demands of six million people to that supplied by the wants of eighty-five million people —that being about the total population of the United States and Canada to-day.

So far I have confined the argument to the manufacturing side of the case. The Canadian farmer's side requires very little attention. No sane person doubts that freer entrance—and any reciprocity treaty that might now be negotiated would give him freer entrance — to the American markets, would be of great advantage to him. In many cases it would mean higher prices, and in all cases it would mean superiority of time and facility over the British market. Free access to the immense markets of the United States, plus present free access to the markets of the United Kingdom, is of vastly more importance to the Canadian farmer than a small preference in the British market—and he can expect no more—coupled with continued exclusion from the American market.

The United States and Canada are two neighbouring nations that produce large surpluses of agricultural products which are sold in Europe. As sellers in a common market, they have every reason for uniting to further their interests. For them to remain apart commercially, is to play into the hands of those to whom both must sell.

I know that Canadian friends of reciprocity have been chilled by many rebuffs from our side of the line, but it is to be hoped that they will again take heart from the remarkable growth of public opinion in the United States in favour of reciprocity with the Dominion, now so evident.

There is no doubt that a large majority of all our thinking people whose attention has been brought to this subject within the last two or three years, are strongly in favour of reciprocity, on terms that shall be broad, fair and generous to Canada.

By NATHANIEL FRENCH, Davenport, Iowa

WHETHER reciprocal trade relations between Canada and the United States are desirable must depend upon their permanent effect on the production of each country. The wealth and prosperity of a country being measured by its production, any policy which makes its labour idle or less productive is pernicious, because of the sufferings of the labourers deprived of work and wages and the injury to the general welfare. The loss to the public through decrease of employment and production is as real as loss from crop failures, and even worse because of the demoralising effect of idleness upon the former workers. The question to be considered is, not which country will export more products to the other under a reciprocity treaty, but whether the effect will be to increase the value of the products of each. If it does this then the mutual lowering or removal of trade barriers is desirable; and it may happen that the country with the larger imports and smaller exports will profit the more, by reason of the imports having greater effect in increasing the volume of home products, whether consumed at home or sold to some third country. In solving this question the general principles underlying production and their practical operation in similar cases may well be considered.

The laws of nature are not limited by geographical divisions. Scientific truths and the laws of thought do not change with land, language or race. The fundamental instincts and motives of human nature sway all men. The advantage of increasing the efficiency of labour is the same anywhere. Left to himself the individual will naturally seek to get all he can for his own products and to buy the products of others as cheaply as possible. He will usually do what he can do best, in order to make his labour as productive as possible. If trade along natural lines between citizens of the same state is profitable and stimulates production, it would seem that like trade between citizens of adjoining states should have the same effect, and that it should be permitted, unless objections exist more important than an increase in production.

Throughout the United States the citizens of the different states enjoy free trade with each other, and no barrier is allowed at any state line. After over a century of experience, the consensus of opinion throughout the entire country is that this freedom has been of inestimable value to each and all of the states, stimulating production and increasing wealth. An illustration of the opinions prevailing as to interstate commerce may be taken from the locality in which the writer resides, viz: Eastern Iowa. Here the people obtain their coal from the mines of Western Illinois, which are near by, instead of purchasing coal from more distant mines of Iowa. It would be considered foolish to pay for the transportation of coal from a distance when equally good coal is close at hand. The useless hauling of this coal would appear in its true light as the waste of the most valuable of all things, human labour—as valuable to Iowa and its people as to others.

Another example of the stimulating effect upon production caused by the removal of barriers is afforded by Germany. The German Zollverein, established in 1824, removed the numerous tariffs and restrictions which impeded commerce between these states, with the result of a great increase in production, commerce and wealth. It may be remarked that until the formation of the German Empire these states were independent of each other though related by race, language and customs. Other examples might be cited showing the same result, a result always to be expected under similar conditions, as it is caused by one of the basic impulses of human nature. Of his own volition the individual will produce only enough for his own needs, unless he can sell or exchange the surplus. Free markets are therefore the great incentive to production.

The people of Canada and of the United States are to a marked degree similar, being related by blood, language, institutions, customs and instincts ; and to the extent that these similarities were efficient in increasing the interstate commerce and production of the German States and the states of the Federal Union, under free trade, they will also be efficient under reciprocity between Canada and the United States. The rate of wages in the two countries does not differ greatly, and those who favour tariff walls to keep out the products of so-called "pauper labour" need have no fear of the products of either country. The fact that so much commerce exists between the two countries, notwithstanding the existing barriers, proves that it has been found beneficial by citizens of both countries, and indicates that the removal or lowering of these barriers, will give more commerce, more production and more prosperity to both. While one or both countries may feel that its protective policy of the past regarding certain manufacturers may impose a moral duty to continue this policy for some time and to some extent, yet even within the lines of a moderate protective tariff, substantial reductions can be made in duties and in most if not all cases natural products can be placed on the free list. Wherever the matter has been discussed among the people of the United States, the sentiment appears strongly in favour of reciprocity with Canada, not because of any thought of profiting at the expense of Canada but on the broad theory that reciprocity will be a substantial, permanent benefit to both countries.

The opposition comes mainly from certain protected interests which do not really object to reciprocity with Canada as a thing by itself, but which fear its successful operation might be an argument for the lowering of barriers against the products of other nations.

If in the opinion of these interests reciprocity with Canada would prove injurious instead of beneficial much of the opposition would cease.

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By E. N. FOSS, Treasurer B. F. Sturtevant Co., Boston

I AM convinced that commercial reciprocity, by means of treaties or general tariff concessions, is to become a future policy of the United States. The people of this country are slowly but surely beginning to realise the truth of President McKinley's conclusion that "the period of exclusiveness is past." Let that conviction permeate the mass of our people, and they will insist that trade negotiations be opened with our chief foreign customers, thus avoiding profitless tariff wars. It is only a question of time when this demand will become so insistent that no politician or group of politicians, however influential in the past, will try to withstand it. The idea of commercial reciprocity as outlined in a broad spirit by McKinley has a stronger place in American politics than ever before. It represents the safe middle ground between "exclusiveness" and free trade.

American desire for reciprocity with Canada originated with our need for manufacturers' raw materials, which the Dominion produces in such abundance. It contemplates more than that, however; for, in the final analysis, it implies the imposition of moderately protective duties only on the products of the two countries, of whatever character. It may take time to secure the full development of such a policy, but the tendency, in this country at least, is unmistakably in that direction.

This system would mean for Canada the same degree of development which our great West has enjoyed with the aid of our older East. For the United States it would mean reasonable access to the Canadian market with such goods as Canada does not produce in excess of her own needs or at all. Whatever of extraneous patriotic sentiment may be in the air, it cannot be denied, as a business proposition, that each country needs the other.

Canada is our third largest customer and the largest in the world for our manufactures. Our tariff rates are about double those levied by the Dominion upon our products, and our Canadian friends think their generosity has earned for them, without further concessions, a place for their natural products in our markets. However that may be, we have pressing need for very many of the natural products of the Dominion and should have them quickly. It is undeniable that Canada has, and for many years will have, pressing need for very many of our manufactures.

The prime object of such of our Canadian neighbours as desire reciprocity with the United States is that they may raise prices—and thus wages and the standard of living—in their own country. They could not, under any conceivable scheme of reciprocity, send goods enough to this country to materially affect prices here, in view of our own enormous production of everything in which they would compete.

To this view the objection is raised by some here that reciprocity would build up Canada at our expense. I agree that it would help materially to build up Canada, but I do not agree, for the reasons stated, that it would be at our expense. I say furthermore that whatever adds to the prosperity of our best customer is good for the United States.

With these things in mind, we now come to the real situation. This presents to our Canadian friends the problem whether they shall raise their general tariff to equal ours, thus excluding many of our exports, or shall co-operate with such of us as favour tariff revision to secure a moderate, perhaps uniform, tariff between the two countries. The latter should, in my opinion, include protective features on both sides, but without raising such ridiculous barriers as now exist. Such a system would permit of a reasonably free interchange of the products of both countries without unduly raising the cost to consumers or sacrificing needed revenue.

United States public sentiment has not yet reached the point where it would sanction so important a departure from established policy, but it is rapidly changing. Canadian opinion is so tinctured with considerations of patriotic sentiment that our neighbours are in danger of losing sight of business principles. I would by no means depreciate the value of sentiment. I honour the generous loyalty with which the Dominion regards the mother country. I would ask nothing of Canada which she would not grant to Great Britain. I would, however, in all fairness, urge that no possible reciprocity between the United States and Canada contains the shadow of a menace to Canadian loyalty or ambition.

Had one-tenth the treasure lavished upon the Philippines been expended in cultivating the friendship of our neighbours to the north, what might not have been the result upon the welfare of the two countries? Where has this young and alert people a rival except among men of our own blood and training?

As New England built up the great West and placed the United States among the mightiest nations of the globe, so would we also have a part in the development of Canada. Only failure to see the benefit that would come to both countries stands in the way. And if this is true of our greatest customer on this continent, what of the mother country, our greatest customer in the world? Her prosperity must be ours. Co-operation and reciprocity, not independence and retaliation, typify the spirit of the age.

Any scheme of imperial federation which excludes the United States can have only a limited success. No plan of commercial union among English-speaking peoples can win that does not include them all.

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By SOLOMON BULKLEY GRIFFIN, Managing Editor Springfield Republican

IN the end an enlightened self interest must be relied upon to govern trade relations. Illogical existing conditions yield but stubbornly often to the appeal of argument. But the pressure of necessity—the irking of restrictions undesirable and unnecessary, whose hampering processes are slowly perceived, when at last keenly felt and clearly seen, must give way before an imperative demand for relief.

Toward such a point New England is advancing. If the range of the perception of the need that exists for enlarging our trade relations to the northward is less wide at present in this section than it ought to be, the forces that will make it larger, and in the end dominant, are plainly to be seen. That they are both growing and growingly intelligent is certain.

Some evidences of this are worth presenting in such a discussion as this. The late Henry L. Dawes, long a member of Congress and senator of the United States from Massachusetts, and a profound student of tariffs, not long before his death, said: "It is a mistake to suppose that tariff legislation is a fixed science . . . . There can be no tariff formulated that can last, while all these conditions on which it is based are changing." In the same line was the remark made by an influential Republican member of Congress from this state, the past summer, that the existing tariff, unless revised to meet changing conditions, would surely lead to the overthrow of extreme protection by popular revolt. Other Massachusetts Republican members of Congress, among them George P. Lawrence, in the last political campaign, have declared views which are represented by the quotation from Mr. Dawes. "There is more tariff reform sentiment in Massachusetts than exists in Iowa," says a Republican of national fame who has studied the western state during a stumping tour, and is perfectly familiar with the feeling in this state. The associated commercial bodies of Boston are much alive to the necessity which presses for enlarging the bounds of our trade relations; and the same sentiment appears in a less pronounced way among boards of trade throughout the state.

What are the moving considerations behind the changing sentiment which is manifest, and why are so many intelligent New Englanders reaching the conviction that the abrogation of our reciprocity with Canada in 1866 is to be regarded in the present backward look as a mistake? F. A. Vanderlip, vice-president of the National City Bank of New York, and a former assistant secretary of the federal treasury, said in an address before the Commercial Club of Boston, last March, that New England's old position as a manufacturing centre to supply the wants of the West and the South had been contested and in a measure lost. There is truth enough in the assertion to give force to Mr. Vanderlip's further contention that New England's ultimate dependence must be on a foreign trade. In any event the first essential for the continuing prosperity of our manufacturers is cheap raw materials, particularly iron, coal, lumber and other natural products which enter into the processes of the mechanical and building trades. In the West the millers are calling for free wheat in order to mix the hard wheat of Manitoba with the American wheat to improve the general quality of their flour. Purely artificial is the barrier which blocks the way, and it is neither sacred nor unremovable when the intelligently directed demand comes.

The needs of the two countries, Canada and the United States, impartially considered, could be merged and met with advantage to both. We have grown big enough not only to accept commercial union, but to urge it. The Canadians desire a free exchange of natural products, and our production of finished products has increased so enormously that Canada would be unable to affect prices in the United States, no matter how much she might sell to us. The Canadian under reciprocity would be able to put the present duty in his pocket, and this would give him more money and make him a better customer for our wares. The invitation would be to a mutual advantage—the appeal is to enlightened selfishness.

The late President McKinley advanced from a narrow protectionist into the almost inspired breadth of his last address at the Buffalo exposition; and along the way that he blazed—perhaps soon, possibly only until after our present imperialist fever has somewhat more abated—the American people will be found walking. It is to be hoped, even if we are a bit tardy, that Canada will be ready to respond to our overtures.

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By EUGENE N. HAY, in the October, 1903, Review of Reviews

"THOSE Americans who talk of the United States annexing Canada, either by force of arms or by a tariff policy that excludes Canadian products from our markets, woefully misunderstand the temper and spirit of the race to which they belong. Let them remember that a country peopled by Anglo-Saxons has never been annexed. In thinking of forcible annexation, they forget the 'Spirit of Seventy-Six' and the race in which it was aroused. The policy of commercial exclusion has proven a dismal failure . . . . our market was their natural market, but when it was denied them they sorrowed, but not in despair; disappointed they were, but not discouraged, and like the race to which they belong, wherever found upon the round globe, they turned their energies to making the best of the opportunity that was left them. They have found other markets for their products and prospered. . . .

"But whether Canada's future is to become a free and independent nation, or a part of the American Union, the commercial relations between the two countries should be as free and unrestricted as it is possible to make them. . . . To abolish all tariffs between the United States and Canada would greatly enhance the commercial interests of both countries.

" . . . . . Our average tariff on dutiable goods coming from Canada to the United States is 49.83 per cent., and the Canadian average tariff on dutiable goods going from the United States into Canada is 24.83 per cent. Unless commercial reciprocity is soon attained, Canadian tariffs will undoubtedly be raised to approximately the level of our own, which will practically destroy commerce between the countries.

" . . . . . In any reciprocity agreement that could be made, some small interests on both sides of the line would have to suffer. But such interests are prospering to-day at enormous cost to far greater interests and to the masses of the people of both countries, and the time must surely come when unnatural barriers will not be maintained at such a tremendous sacrifice of the well-being of the people for the trifling advantage a very few may receive."

UNITED STATES IDEAS OF RECIPROCITY

WITH REFERENCES TO THE RECENTLY ADOPTED PLATFORMS OF THE TWO PARTIES

By CHARLES H. McINTYRE

THE popular notion of reciprocity in the United States is very much like the time-worn testimonial of some stock patent-medicine. If you ask a member of a State legislature or the ordinary man in the street, what he thinks of Canadian trade, he will probably reply—"O yes, it is a good thing, a good thing"—just as if you had asked him how he liked a certain quack remedy that may perhaps have given him temporary relief. Even in New England this hazy and harmless idea prevails to a great extent. For thirty-five years Massachusetts business men and Chambers of Commerce have been discussing reciprocity with Canada in much the same way they have annually discussed the extermination of the gypsy moth. Public opinion rises and falls amidst these foggy, indefinite ideas of commercial intercourse with Canada, just as a whale comes to the surface of the ocean, blows off steam and then subsides into the rolling deep. People must discuss something, and so they flounder away from time to time on this old but familiar topic, never arriving any nearer to reciprocal trade, but always stiffening up the American tariff at periodical fits of enthusiasm for the home market. Now and again, if you encounter a manufacturer who is closely nestled behind the bulwarks of the Dingley schedules, he will declare most strenuously his adherence to "genuine reciprocity." For him, there can be no reciprocity but in non-competitive products, and he spurns with emphasis that peculiar brand proposed by Canada. Of course the fact that Canada has not for years made any proposition on this question, makes no difference either in his argument or assumptions. As the avowed champion of a fighting tariff, he lays his hand upon his breast and calls upon his countrymen to resist the unpatriotic assaults upon American labour. His reciprocity accordingly is a kind that exists in his mind only, but never did nor can become an actuality. The public man who most fitly typifies this idea is Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, who always claims to be in favour of "genuine reciprocity," providing it does not affect the Gloucester fishing business or some other hungry but selfish industry. The truth is that very few Americans really understand this question. The great bulk of them know little about it and care less. The dominant political party, with a swaggering notion of their own greatness, take little interest in Canada or any other country, so long as the United States can sell it two or three times as much as they buy. This policy is in accordance with the instincts of human nature. It is especially potent among a sharp trading race. No humanitarian argument, however well conceived, can make the slightest headway against such a self-satisfied indifference. The only feasible remedy for countries like Canada and Great Britain, is to shut off certain exports of the Republic, by a policy of Imperial preference. Mr. Chamberlain understands very well where the weak spot in the Dingley tariff lies, and if Canada and the Empire get together on a preferential basis, the effect upon high protectionists in the United States would be most wholesome. We firmly believe that it is the only method by which a gradual reduction of duties in both countries can be made permanently successful.

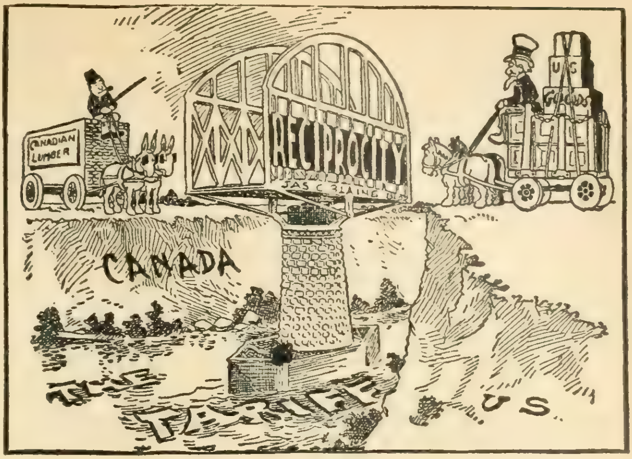
While this nebulosity of ideas is very prevalent, there are no doubt many American business men who clearly perceive where the best interests of their country lie. Such men as Governor Cummings of Iowa, Henry M. Whitney and Eugene N. Foss of Massachusetts are not only patriotic Americans, but sincere believers in enlarged commercial intercourse with Canada. Quite recently a movement for reciprocity has been started by these gentlemen and others associated with them. Mr. Foss is a successful manufacturer of some twenty years' standing, and has built up a great industry both at home and abroad. He thoroughly understands the nature of the burdens imposed upon the business men of New England by excessive tariff rates. He has been a staunch and life-long Republican, but so far, he has been unable to convert the high-protectionist element in his party to a policy of commercial conciliation towards Canada. He recognises the duty of Canada to develop her own industrial life, to control her own tariff and to maintain her allegiance to the British flag. Neither does he view with hostility the Preferential policy of Mr. Chamberlain. But he believes that it is entirely possible for Canada and the United States to have an increased measure of reciprocal trade in certain natural products, together with a moderate extension of the free list and a reduction of duties on a limited number of manufactured or partly manufactured goods. Moreover Mr. Foss believes that it is necessary for the United States to take the first step in a serious effort to resume negotiations. This is very important, as such an idea has yet to dawn upon the mind of the average American. The pushful citizen is too much wrapped up in the bigness of his own country to think of unbending and sitting down to talk this matter over with a small nation like Canada. However, he may some day learn better.

The views of Mr. Whitney, while in most respects satisfactory, are not so clear as those of Mr. Foss. He still possesses some hazy notions of commercial union and unrestricted reciprocity. For example, in a recent address before "The Twentieth Century Club," of Boston, he is reported to have said: "We have Sir Wilfrid Laurier's word for it that the Liberal party in Canada will never desist until it obtains unrestricted continental reciprocity. I believe that Canada would meet us in a spirit which would permit of an agreement that would make trade between the two countries as free as it is between the State of Massachusetts and the State of New York." Of course, Mr. Whitney, though entirely sincere, is too exuberant about this matter. Continental unrestricted reciprocity has already been thoroughly discussed and just as completely discredited in Canada. It is an utter impossibility either as a political or commercial policy. The mere proposal of such a scheme, will only embarrass a situation already very delicate. The views of Mr. Foss on this point are entirely different. His proposal is confined strictly to a limited interchange of commodities, and stops there. Free trade between the two countries is regarded by him as Utopian. The position of such men as Mr. Foss, therefore, seems eminently reasonable, and is based upon a more correct diagnosis of the case. He is willing to live and let live—a wise policy for nations as well as individuals.

At the request of some 35,000 business men of Massachusetts, Mr. Whitney, as President of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, called a mass meeting in Faneuil Hall on May 16 last, for the consideration of the question in a serious spirit. Strong resolutions were adopted, and the importance of the movement was impressed upon members of the State Legislature and of Congress. A committee of one hundred citizens was subsequently chosen to devise ways and means and for the prosecution of the work throughout the country. This undoubtedly indicates the existence of a powerful sentiment in favour of the proposal. Indeed if the people of New England were free to do as they pleased, there would be no great difficulty in making a trade arrangement eminently satisfactory to both countries. The national platform of the Democratic party is not only pledged to tariff reform, but it contains the following plank on reciprocity: "We favour liberal trade arrangements with Canada, and with peoples of other countries where these can be entered into with benefit to American agriculture, manufactures, mining or commerce." The Republican platform adopted at Chicago is less clear, and contains the curious declaration that "We have extended widely our foreign markets, and we believe in the adoption of all practicable methods for their further extension, including commercial reciprocity, wherever reciprocal arrangements can be effected consistent with the principles of protection and without injury to American agriculture, American labour or any American industry." As between these party declarations, the Democratic statement is certainly more explicit. The Republican party is still wedded to the policy of high protection. Nobody and no industry within the sacred zone of the Dingley tariff is to be injured; and, so long as the withering miasma of that tariff zone is spread over American commerce, there is little prospect that the child, reciprocity, will ever be born to bless the land. A resolution recently introduced into the Massachusetts Legislature memorialising the representatives of that State in Congress to take some action for the resumption of negotiations with Canada, was most decisively rejected. The dictators of the Republican party would have none of it. Behind that party in New England is the Home Market Club and most of the protected manufacturers, and while they pretend to be in favour of "genuine reciprocity," they are in reality vehemently opposed to it. There is also the Gloucester fishing industry—that so-called nursery of the American navy—which can set up a howl to order, if free fish were accorded to the crowded towns of New England. No great northern state as yet has decisively spoken in favour of the movement, and even if New England should embrace the idea, it will certainly be difficult to convert the grasping industrial potentates of Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio. It is yet too soon to predict the outcome. So few men possess the courage, optimism and reasonableness of Mr. Foss or Mr. Whitney, that their appeals seem to be like the voices of John-the-Baptist reformers amidst the great wilderness of indifference, ignorance and hostility. It is much easier for the average man to pile up difficulties than to remove them, on questions of this kind. The American people must be educated up to the right frame of mind, before the first successful step is taken. If the advocates of reciprocal trade with Canada can do this, their case is won; if they cannot, it is lost. Herein lies the crux of the whole question, and the next few years will tell whether the proper spirit exists. According to Henry Loomis Nelson "the party in control of the government has given notice to Canada that reciprocity is not to be granted."

The views of the American press are not altogether satisfactory. A few great journals in the east like the Boston *Herald* have espoused the reciprocity cause, but generally speaking the high-protectionist organs, if not hostile, are coldly neutral. The following extract from the Boston *Journal* is a fair sample of their non-possumus attitude. Referring to a letter written to the Springfield *Republican* a short time ago by Goldwin Smith, the Journal says:

"This seems to mean that, in Professor Smith's judgment, if we will but bid high enough and make very generous concessions to the Canadians we may be able to get something in return. This is interesting as the view of one intelligent Canadian upon the situation, but it is not particularly encouraging to American champions of reciprocity with Canada who appear to have an altogether inadequate conception of the obstacles necessary to be overcome." Of course it never occurs to these "stand patters" that one of the greatest "obstacles" is the Chinese wall of the Dingley tariff. When looking abroad for new markets to exploit they always stand on top of this wall, and consequently never see it. The merchant or farmer in Canada who has some goods to sell to a merchant in Boston or New York, is the man who has to bump up against this "obstacle." To those ardent defenders of the American tariff Canada may aptly reply, "First cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."



THE OPEN BRIDGE

—*The St. Paul Pioneer Press*

Apart from these petty bickerings, however, there are certain serious dangers behind the reciprocity movement, dangers which should be clearly considered by Canada. These may or may not be fatal to her best interests. Such a contingency altogether depends upon the character of her people and the influences of reciprocal trade. Many years' residence in the Republic has taught me that, beneath the notions of the average American concerning reciprocity, is the fixed belief that sooner or later, by hook or by crook, Canada must be made an integral part of the Union. The methods for accomplishing such a result may vary. They may be peaceful and benevolent, or they may be predatory and designing. No doubt many patriotic Americans would disavow such a belief or design, but that does not change the prevailing view. That such a feeling exists, and exists very widely, is a fact as susceptible of proof as any phenomenon well can be in the current life of the Republic. One of the common arguments for reciprocity is the supposed ingratiation of the Canadian people, so that they will become enamoured with Americans and ultimately cast in their lot with their kindred to the south. While such a sentiment is not unnatural, the inevitable result of such reasoning is to view reciprocity as the precursor of that larger harvest which annexation is believed to contain. Commercial intercourse with Canada is thus made to run counter to her present political allegiance. We do not say that it is necessarily so, but we feel compelled to point out this notion of the average American. Suppose that a reciprocity treaty were framed to-morrow, what is to hinder an American President or Secretary of State from putting some peculiar construction on the terms of that treaty, just as they have done with Columbia, and then if Canada did not come up to the scratch, applying the national shillalah to their naughty little neighbour? We trust that such a situation may never arise. But no man can read the history of the United States for the last one hundred years, especially the war with Mexico, and believe such a contingency to be impossible. Until Americans drop this line of argument absolutely, is there any reason why Canadians should place their political destiny in pawn?

Again, to what extent could Canada modify her present preferential policy to Great Britain in favour of the United States? Why should she do so in view of the fact that for a decade or more she has sold the bulk of her products to the mother country? Reciprocity, if attainable at all, must conform chiefly to those articles and products wherein this country does not compete very largely with Great Britain in the Canadian market. These would mainly consist in the natural products of the farm, the mine, the forest and the sea. A limited number of manufactured goods might be more freely exchanged, but the number would be small. Canada is just as much calculated to develop great manufacturing industries as the United States, and her national life will most assuredly require the same variety of interests. Indeed, one effect of the present tariff policy is to drive American industries over into Canada. Almost every day we read of the establishment of a branch factory in Canada of some British or American concern. This tends to give further employment for Canadian workmen. Instead of Canada becoming a mere exporter of raw materials, she is thus enabled to convert a reasonable proportion of those materials into manufactured goods. This fact has not escaped the observation of public authorities in the United States. For example, the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labour has recently sent out to the business men of that commonwealth a pamphlet calling attention to the manufacturing opportunities that now exist in Canada. The Boston *Herald*, in commenting upon this leaflet, says that the dissemination of such facts is a necessary result from the narrow and exclusive policy which has been pursued by the dominant political party of the country for so many years. The editorial further states that "unless the force of public opinion can bring about a change in the present fiscal policy of the national Government, so far as this policy stands in opposition to the establishment of freer trade relations with the Dominion of Canada, we shall witness a gradual drying up of our local industries for want of adequate markets, with the exportation of American capital and possibly American labour to this foreign country at the north of us for the purpose of their developing industries which, under more favourable fiscal conditions would be easily developed within our own borders." From a purely Canadian standpoint, therefore, it is difficult to see why the *status quo* in this respect is not beneficial to Canada. Judging by the strength of the public opinion that is now demanding an increase of the Canadian tariff, there is evidently a very large body of Canadians who cherish the same belief. Whether a limited measure of reciprocity with the United States would tend to build up the manufacturing and industrial interests of Canada at a greater pace than is going on at the present time, is an open question. Certainly the chief benefits to be derived from such a treaty either by Canada or the United States would be distributed more widely among other elements of their population. The great bulk of the people in both countries are engaged in occupations which are not affected in any material degree by purely industrial activities.

But if reciprocity ever should become a feasible question, a further query will arise as to the best method of attaining it. Shall it be by a treaty mutually binding for a certain period, or by concurrent legislation in each country, or by a system of maximum and minimum tariffs? If a treaty be framed it must necessarily be referred to the United States Senate for approval, where it will probably undergo the usual process of haggling and emasculation. In addition, such a treaty is liable to be construed by one party in one way and by the other party in another way. The more powerful country is apt to resent the construction placed upon the treaty by a smaller nation. If they cannot agree on the terms friction or international bickerings are likely to ensue. Great dangers are likely to lurk behind such a treaty unless the spirit and temper of the two peoples is immensely changed.

What warrant have we for believing that during the next fifty years their actions and temper will be materially different from their conduct during the past fifty years? We can only say that such a treaty, if rightly used, contains the germs of international friendship and goodwill, but it may also be the club for a powerful and aggressive nation to use unsparingly upon a weaker one. The method of concurrent legislation appears to be more free from the difficulties just mentioned. Each country is free to legislate along certain lines, with a proviso that it take effect upon the other country enacting similar legislation. Neither country is tied up to any hard and fast agreement. If the legislation is repealed in one country it is automatically repealed in the other. It leaves Canada entirely free to adjust her relations with the Empire. It gives her absolute control of her own tariff matters, and prevents her becoming a suppliant at the feet of an aggressive and powerful neighbour. On the other hand, it permits the Republic to maintain its traditional and historic policy by refraining from entangling alliances. If she chooses to continue a policy of commercial conciliation towards Canada, well and good; if she does not, Canadians have no ground of complaint. They have the undoubted privilege of creating a reciprocity of tariffs instead of a reciprocity of trade. The method of maximum and minimum tariffs might also be employed. It has many desirable features, chief among which is the more equal treatment which it is likely to accord to all nations. All these methods, however, must be governed by the facts and circumstances in existence when the time for negotiation comes. No hard and fast method should be laid down, and unless a proper spirit emanates from both peoples, reciprocal trade will never be achieved this side of the Greek Kalends.

Considering then the general trend of public opinion in the United States, it is pretty clear that if enlarged commercial intercourse with Canada is ever attained, the subject must be approached more or less indirectly. In other words, it is exceedingly doubtful if the mere narrow issue of reciprocity is sufficient to attract the attention of the great body of American people. If their convictions are once firmly fixed upon the necessity for general tariff revision, then the movement for reciprocal trade with Canada is likely to succeed. In the first place, a general reduction of tariff duties by the Republic would place her on more friendly and intimate commercial terms with Great Britain, and as well as other portions of the Empire. In the second place, her tariff would then tend to an equality with that of Canada. A more reasonable basis for negotiation would exist, and to some extent, the present preferential policy of Canada might be applied to the Republic. Any loss which Great Britain might suffer from the extension of the Canadian preference to the United States would be fully recouped by her increased exports to the Republic. But the two things must go together. No further commercial privileges can be granted by Canada to the United States until the latter has evinced a genuine disposition to reciprocate. That friendly relations between two such countries are eminently desirable no one will dispute. A good deal of sentimental nonsense, however, is wasted on this subject. Most of the banquet talk and high-sounding encomiums mean very little when it comes to international business. The best evidence of a nation's friendship is to be found in deeds, not words. If those deeds are tainted by sharp-practice and shifty standards of righteousness, they betoken a very doubtful amity. If, on the other hand, they embody the principles of equity and fair-dealing, their inspiration has arisen from a spirit of Christian friendship, which is the highest test of a nation's greatness.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

No. 54—RT. REV. BISHOP CRIDGE

IT was a bright warm August morning in 1856, in Fort Victoria. That something unusual was afoot was evident from the behaviour of the inhabitants, who gathered in groups under the wide verandahs which extended along Government Street, or issued from the trails which penetrated the forest in almost every direction. Presently all moved toward the fort itself, and passed through the gate which pierced its cedar palisade. Just inside the stockade, and on a spot near which the Canadian Bank of Commerce now stands, they gathered in a square, unfurnished room, to witness the formal opening of the first House of Assembly of Vancouver Island, and the birth of responsible government in the Canadian West.

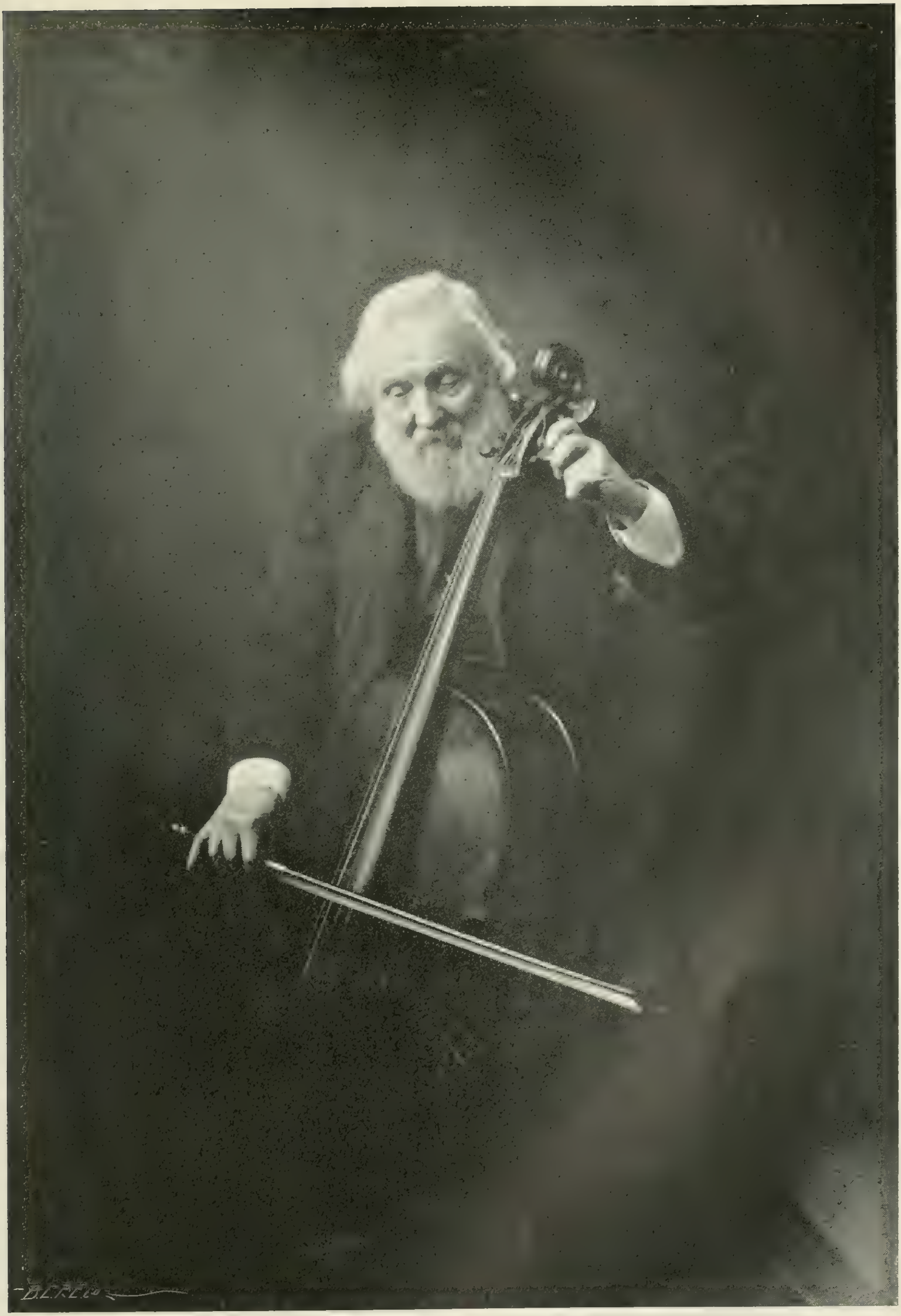
Of those who participated in, and witnessed that epoch-making event, three attracted particular attention, an augury of the conspicuous parts they were destined to play in the life of the colony. Towering head and shoulders above the throng, stately as the firs among which so much of his life was passed, and under whose shade he ultimately was laid to rest, moved Governor James Douglas, his handsome face already bespeaking that executive power and authority for the exercise of which he subsequently found such necessity. The speaker was a man almost the etithesis of the courtly and dignified Governor, whose daughter he afterwards married. He was of medium height, spare in person, cheerful and affable in disposition. The Governor was unpopular with many, but Dr. John Sebastian Helmcken was popular with all.

Prayers were read by the last of the trio mentioned, Rev. Edward Cridge. He was rector of the district church, and although but a short time in the colony was beloved by all grades of society. He was then about thirty-nine years of age, shaven, and ruddy of countenance, but even at that remote date not unendowed with that benevolent expression which at the present day so becomes his fourscore years. From the day in question, Rev. Edward Cridge, the company's rector, like Governor Douglas its chief factor and Dr. Helmcken its surgeon, became an actor in a larger arena, and commenced a relationship with the colony which was to endure for half a century. The duties of the first two called them to statecraft, while those of the clergyman were more private offices, yet it is doubtful whether they left their imprint on the life of the community more indissolubly than did he.

Bishop Cridge came to Victoria as minister to the district church of Vancouver Island in 1855. The white population of his constituency at that time numbered about six hundred souls. He derived his appointment from the H. B. Co. and, until that corporation completed his church and parsonage, made his home within the walls of their fort. The voyage to Victoria in the *Marquis of Bute*, via the Sandwich Islands, occupied six months.

His birthplace was in Devon, where he first saw the light in 1817, and his natural parts may be judged by the fact that at nineteen he was third master of the Grammar school, Oundle, Northamptonshire. This was followed by a course at Peter House College, Cambridge, whence he graduated and secured his degree in 1848. Six more years were passed in educational and clerical work before coming to Victoria.

Here he has made his home for nearly fifty years, and reflection on the events which have been crowded into that period will suggest what an interesting career his has been. In fact it is so closely interwoven with the history of the province as to be a part of it.



ENGRAVING BY B. C. PHOTO ENGRAVING CO. PHOTO BY SKENE LOWE, VICTORIA

RT. REV. BISHOP CRIDGE

He continued as rector of the Anglican Church till 1874, when it was unfortunately divided through the pro-Ritualistic sermon of an Anglican divine—a course diametrically opposed to the liberal views taught by the Bishop. Then followed appeals to the courts, and finally the secession of most of the congregation to found an R. E. Church, of which he was selected rector. In 1876 Mr. Cridge attended the R. E. Church convention in Ottawa, where he was consecrated a bishop and appointed a deputation to the Free Church in England.

Since that time his life has drifted along in comparative calm. When age and infirmity rendered the duties as rector too onerous, and an assistant had to be appointed, that gentleman, Rev. Dr. (now Professor) Wilson declined to accept the title of rector, preferring to be known only as assistant to the Bishop. By virtue of his long career, and of the love for him shown by all church members, Bishop Cridge holds to-day by common consent a position which might almost be described as that of dean of the clerical corps.

His position in the community in other respects is unique. He has married and baptised three generations in the same family. His presence, too, is regarded, in a sense, as the seal of many events. Few of the vast throng who filled Victoria's drill hall to God-speed the local quota for the First Canadian Contingent will forget the dramatic scene, just prior to the march out, when the venerable bishop extended his hands and blessed the arms of the men about to go forth to battle. It was like an Old Testament scene.

A life so eminently useful, and which he himself describes as being "crowded with mercies" is moving serenely to its close in surroundings congenial to his heart. Amid the flowers and shrubbery which screen "Marifields," flit fair-haired grandchildren, the riot of their laughter drifting in through the open windows of his study, and bringing a smile of rare beauty and content to the kindly features of this Grand Old Man of British Columbia. The setting is an ideal one for the figure.

The striking photograph which accompanies this article was taken by Mr. Skene Lowe, Victoria, by request, to form one of a collection started to commemorate the founding of the Cambridge University Musical Society at Peter House (the Bishop's alma mater) sixty years ago, he being one of its organising members. The instrument shown in the picture is that on which he played at several ensuing concerts, and which he still employs for his own diversion. It may be interesting to note that Y. B. Dykes (Catharine), subsequently author of several beautiful hymns, and Lord Kelvin (then Wm. Thompson) were active members of the Society.

John Nelson

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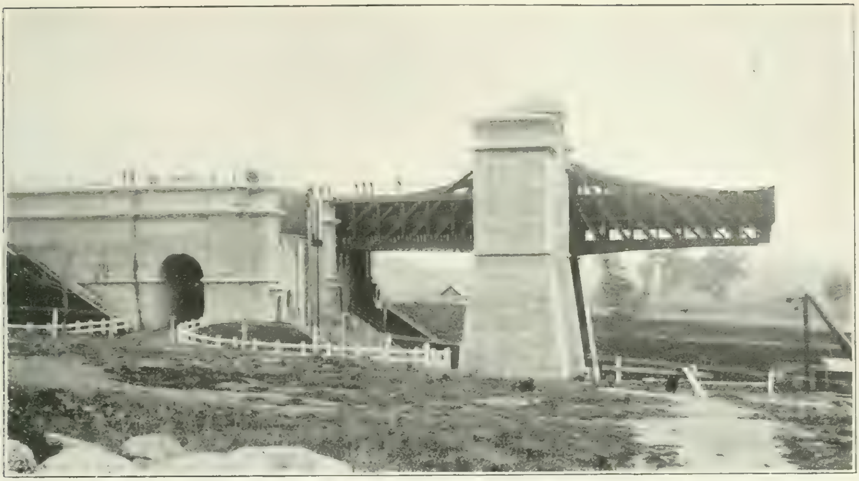
MIDSUMMER

BY B. J. THOMPSON

AN August moon—
The river's tune—
The touch of a bending willow ;
A blessed sky—
A restful sigh—
A canoe—
And you !

A trembling word
All passion-stirred—
A shudder along your paddle ;
Ah ! never fear,
For none shall steer
My canoe—
But you !



THE PETERBOROUGH HYDRAULIC LIFT LOCK—FROM THE WEST SIDE

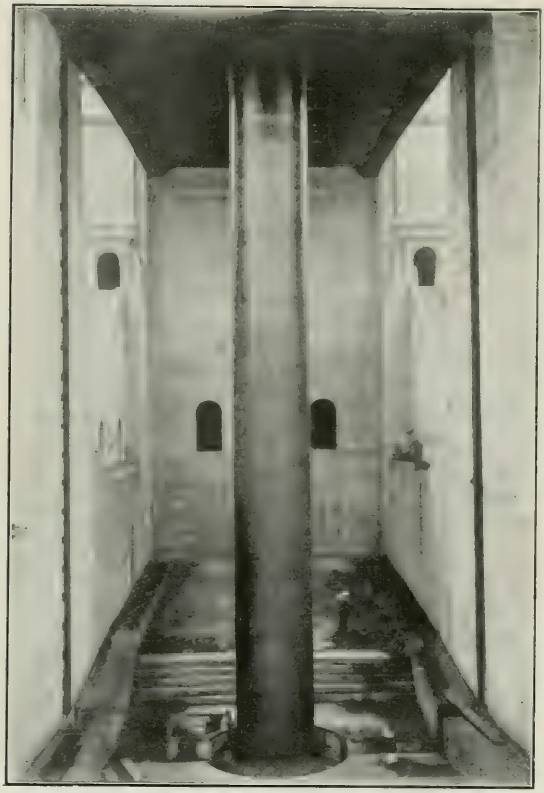
AN HYDRAULIC LIFT LOCK

By F. H. DOBBIN

A NOTABLE event in the engineering world was the formal opening, or putting into operation, of the gigantic hydraulic lift lock at Peterborough, Ont. This lock forms a connecting link between two levels on the Trent waterway. This waterway consists of a series of lakes and rivers connected by artificial canals. It forms, when completed, a line of water communication between Midland Harbour, on Georgian Bay, and Lake Ontario, coming out at either Trenton or Port Hope as may be determined. The construction of the canal has been under way for many years, and of the total length of 203 miles only about 20 miles remain to be completed. The chief value of the canal is thought to be in its use for barge navigation, permitting grain to be brought in bulk from the west to Midland and unloaded into barges taken through the canal and towed down the St. Lawrence to Montreal.

From the lakes above Peterborough to within four miles of the town, the Otonabee river has been canalised, and an artificial channel connects the river reaches with the lift lock. Here the difference of level is sixty-five feet, and instead of overcoming this by means of locks of the mitre gate, or ordinary type, the hydraulic lift lock was planned. Three locks of this type are in operation in European countries, the pioneer lock having been built at Anderton, England. Very little of the design in either of these locks was incorporated in the Canadian one, which is a departure from prescribed rules. Instead of masonry the substructure is built of concrete, quite the largest mass of this material as yet put together. The highest European lift is 50 feet; the Canadian lock elevates its burthen to 65 feet, while the capacity is about double.

In principle the hydraulic lock may be likened to two immense hydraulic elevators having their presses connected together, the descending one furnishing the power which causes the ascending one to rise. The platform of each elevator is made in the form of



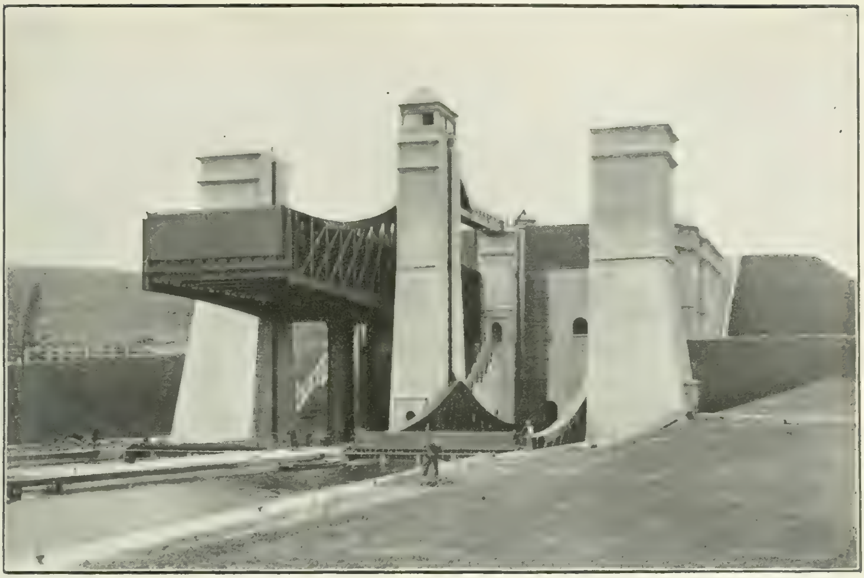
PETERBOROUGH HYDRAULIC LIFT LOCK—ONE OF THE MAIN LIFTING RAMS—LIFTS A VESSEL SIXTY-FIVE FEET

a large watertight box or tank closed at either end by a gate. The lockage is performed by towing the vessel into the box of water and then closing the gates at the ends of the box. The ends of the lower and upper reaches are closed by similar gates. The box is thus left independent of the reach (as the navigable channel leading to the lock is termed), and free to move vertically. The box, with the water and floating vessel, is then raised or lowered to the other reach. The chamber, or box, about to descend, is loaded with a few inches more water than the other chamber, thus giving it the necessary additional load, or "surcharge," to enable it to cause the ascending chamber to rise when valves between the two presses are opened.

Five locks of the ordinary type would have been necessary to overcome the height which is covered by the lift lock, or if built in pairs, ten locks of the ordinary type would have only assured the duty of passing the traffic in the same time as can be done with the hydraulic lock. And the service would have been slower, continually interrupted, and the capacity of the canal at this point restricted. Hydraulic lift locks are planned and built to serve the future as well as the present and to provide for expansion.

The preparation for the foundation for the lock required an immense amount of labour. Over 120,000 cubic yards of earth were removed, and the excavation was completed in 1899. Being on the slope of a hill, the excavation was much the heaviest at the north. Most of the material removed was hard clay mixed with boulders. All of this was removed down to the rock, and on this firm foundation the concrete superstructure was erected. While the excavation was going on large quantities of stone and sand were delivered on the works. Nearly all the farms in the neighbourhood were denuded of stone that had accumulated in the fields and fences. The stone was crushed by power crushers, mixed with the sand and cement by power mixers and carried out on the works by derricks and cableway. With the mould boards placed, defining the contour of the part to be erected, the concrete was emptied in, firmly rammed and settled into place. Over 26,000 barrels of cement were used.

Following the commencement of the concrete work, the "wells" to receive the cylinders of the presses were undertaken. These were excavated down for 75 feet below the general level of the bottom of the lock, the diameter being 16 feet 6 inches. At the bottom of each well to receive the base of the cylinder was placed a foundation of large blocks of Stanstead granite, in three courses, two of 30 and one of 40



THE PETERBOROUGH LIFT LOCK—FROM THE LOWER REACH

inches in thickness. The wells are lined with concrete, making the walls smooth and practically watertight.

For two years the placing and building of the concrete work proceeded, and when finished over 26,000 cubic yards had been placed. As sections of the work there was built the breast wall, 126 feet wide at the base, 80 feet high and 40 feet thick. Formed within the breast wall was a large chamber or room, which contains the pressure pumps, by which the accumulator is filled. These pumps are driven by turbines. Stairways are provided, built in the mass of concrete, to give access to the pump-room and various parts of the work. The breast wall is pierced by an arched roadway, and over this is built the entrance to the upper reach. The breast wall is finished with a handsome and massive cornice.

The guide towers, three in number, are massive pieces of concrete work. From foundation to top the distance is 100 feet. As these towers act as guides to the chambers in ascending and descending, the inner faces are plumb, the outer faces built with a batter. At intervals mouldings project from the walls and make an agreeable break in the otherwise rigid outline. The summit of the tower is finished with a neat cornice, and the central tower is capped with a handsome cabin, sheathed in copper, and from which the operation of the lock is directed and controlled.

The main presses form the most interesting as well as the most important part of the whole structure. It is thought that they are the largest hydraulic presses that have ever been made. Each ram is 90 in. external diameter and has a working stroke of 65 feet. The gauge pressure in the presses during operation is nearly 600 pounds per square inch. The inside diameter of the press is 7 feet 8½ inches, giving a water space of 1¼ inches all round between the ram and press. The rams are built of cast iron, 3¼ inches thick, made up in sections. Each section is 5 feet 3 inches long and is bolted to the adjacent ones by bolts through inside flanges, for which purpose forty 1¼ in. bolts are used. The joints between the sections are made with a gasket of thin copper, rolled true to gauge, 1-16 inch thick by ¾ inch wide. This gasket is brazed in the form of a ring. The ends of the ram sections are rabbetted to fit into one another and have male and female corrugations. The copper is put in flat, and when the joint is screwed down tightly, becomes corrugated, making the joint perfectly tight.

The presses are made of steel castings, built up similarly to the rams. The internal diameter is 7 feet 8½ inches. The thickness of the metal is 3½ inches, and the length of the sections 5 feet 3 inches. The sections are flanged at both ends. The flanges are faced and rabbetted male and female to receive a soft copper gasket similar to that used in the rams. In addition to the copper a lead gasket was also used in the press joints, being placed in a V-shaped groove cut in the flanges about 3 inches outside the circle of the copper gasket. The lead was put in round, ½ inch diameter, and distorted to nearly fill the groove in the process of making the joint. Fifty-six bolts, 1-58 inch in diameter, were used in each of the press joints.

A summary of the amounts and various kinds of metal used in the superstructure is as follows: Rolled steel in plates and shapes for the lock chambers and gates, 1,680,000 pounds; cast iron in rams, accumulator, guides and various machines, 495,000 pounds; steel castings for the main presses and accumulator, 668,000 pounds.

It is gratifying to know in these days of commercial and engineering activity that this important work is the product of Canadian skill, and that it has been planned and built, in fact, "made in Canada. It is the largest and most pretentious work of the kind on the continent, indeed in the world. It makes an epoch in canal construction, and elicits unqualified praise from men the highest in the engineering professions. In the old country such work is placed in the hands of men of world-wide experience and reputation; here it is accomplished by Canadians in a country town, and worthily shows that the confidence reposed by the Department of Railways and Canals in our Canadian men has not been misplaced.

SOME FACTS OF INTEREST

Height of lift, 65 feet.

Dimensions of Presses:—External diameter of cylinders, 8 feet, 3½ inches; diameter of ram, 7 feet, 6 inches; working stroke, 65 feet; the largest ever built.

Pressure in presses during operation, 600 pounds to the square inch.

Approximate weight of water in each chamber, 1,300 tons.

Depth of water in chamber, 8 feet.

Dimensions of Chambers:—Two; each 140 feet long, by 33 feet wide; depth, 9 feet, 10 inches. Built of steel plates.

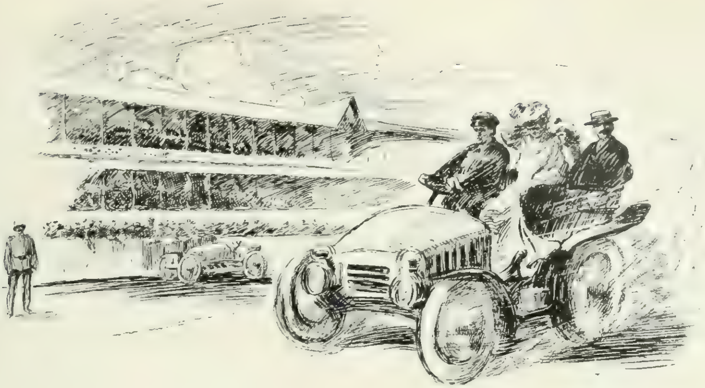
Height of Guide Towers:—100 feet from foundation. Base of tower, 26 feet, 6 inches x 40 feet, 8 inches. Central tower slightly smaller.

Breast Wall of Lock:—40 feet thick, 80 feet high and 126 feet long at base.

Substructure of Lock:—Concrete; the largest monolithic mass of concrete in the world. It contains over 26,000 cubic yards.

Time of Lockage, twelve minutes.

Cost of Lock, half a million dollars.



CANADA'S FIRST AUTOMOBILE RACES

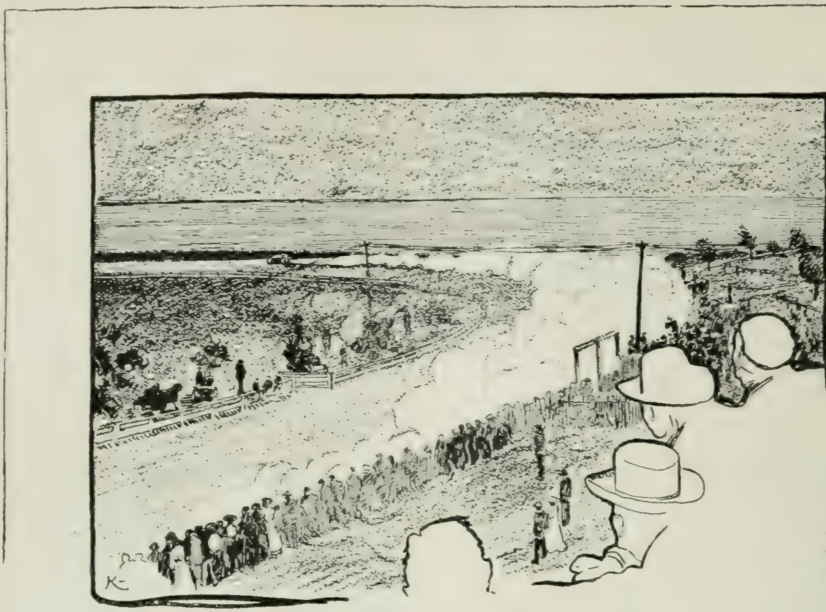
By FERGUS KYLE

LOOKING from the gallery of the grand stand in the Exhibition Grounds in Toronto one fine Saturday afternoon early in August, one could see the white sails of the yachts racing over the course on the bay; men in slim racing boats were pulling at their oars; in the lagoon at the Island athletic youths in bathing suits were doing the trudgeon stroke in their annual swimming competitions; on the commons in the middle distance a baseball player was doing his best to beat the ball to the plate; and down on the track in front of the stand, Father Time, hard pressed as he was in all his other contests that day, was being beaten to a standstill by a green streak of a thing that was going round the course faster than any human contrivance had ever done it before. The Automobile Club of Toronto was giving its exposition of the principle of fast locomotion, and 5,000 sympathetic souls were watching.

The game of automobiling has been steadily advancing in Canada. The "horseless carriage" of a few years ago is now known under a score of aliases, and its devotees are as well versed in all the nice discriminations of mechanism as were the enthusiasts who but a short time ago were filled with the bicycle craze.

Doubtless the familiarity of the poor "bike" has earned for it the contempt in which it is now held as a vehicle of sport, but not so with the "fussy waggons." Until everybody has had his chance to climb aboard and juggle with the levers until satisfied that he can make it unwind the miles as well as anyone else, the auto. will continue to be good for a backward look on the street and an admission ticket on the track.

What clinched the argument for the indifferent Saturday afternoon sightseers in favour of the automobile races as an attraction was the much advertised visit of Barney Oldfield and his Peerless racer, a 100 horse-power machine that weighed over a ton, and wore $100 tires at each and every performance; one that would go a mile a minute on an ordinary dirt road without even a rail to hold it in line, and which, if it got away from and with its driver, would probably make kindling wood of any fences or buildings it came across. Barney himself was a good-looking young man with iron nerve and muscle, ability to think quicker than has been, and a courage far in excess of anything required in everyday pur-

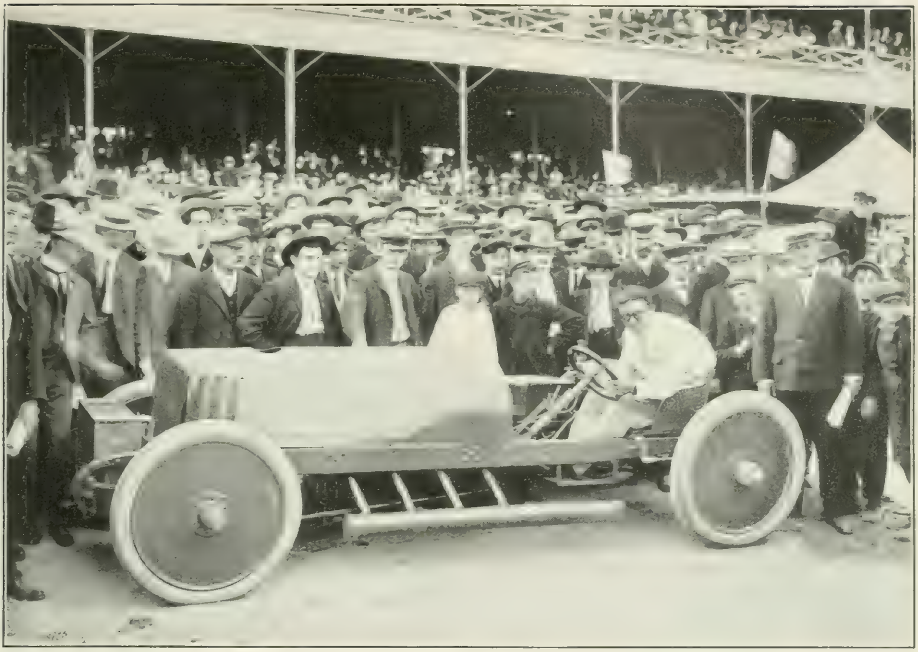


A VIEW OF THE TRACK.

suits. If it was true that it took a pretty good all-round man to run an automobile under ordinary circumstances, surely there must be something uplifting in the exhibition of progressive methods as set forth in the Exhibition grounds that afternoon.

So 5,000 persons were there to see. Scattered about the field enclosed by the track were some fifty automobiles of many sorts; all snorting and chuggling and breathing strong breaths. Some were like freight cars, some were palaces on wheels; motor cycles for one, buckboards for two, and many-seated, luxuriously upholstered touring cars for parties. Lounging in the seats were many well-dressed folk, all with programmes and a keen interest in the doings of the machines that were of the same make as their own. Some of the men were arrayed in all the paraphernalia of the game, waterproof caps and coats, goggles and gauntlets; others had just stepped into the auto. from the luncheon table, and, between races, took their ladies for a two-minute spin on the track with the air that they might assume in strolling across the lawn to the tennis court. Moving about in a more business-like way were the mechanical experts, attending to the needs of their eccentric charges. Also there were the dealers and agents, as in the old bicycle days, when the race was not so much to the clever-brained mechanically, as to the strong, muscularly. Among the officials of the track were many faces seen at the old bicycle tracks. Automobiling is a bigger game than bicycling, and it costs more to get in; but it is the same old game and the principle is the same—to travel fast.

The "passing of the horse" does not hold



OLDFIELD AND THE MACHINE IN WHICH HE MADE HIS RECORDS AT TORONTO

PHOTOGRAPH BY GALBRAITH

good when applied to racing. So long as flesh and blood are so largely used in the making of people a bundle of cog-wheels and gasoline taps and electric sparks, no matter how cleverly put together, will never interest the sport-loving crowds as the horses do.

To be sure there was uncertainty, and the people cheerfully chaffed the luckless chauffeur who, without knowing exactly why, was left at the post, sitting impatiently in his carriage, pushing on the reins, so to speak ; but the generous applause which greeted the winners in the several events was less a spontaneous outburst of interest in the race than an expression of good-will and a testimonial to the popularity of the automobiler ; somewhat like prize day at school when the blushing hero of many a backyard tussle goes forward amid the hand clapping to receive the prize that was coming to him all the time—simply because he had the equipment.

It was impossible that so many spectators should all have the mechanic's love for grimy fingers, and the sense of satisfaction in making the wheels and valves and things work together for good, but the arrangement of the various classes on the programme in relation to the machine's cost appealed to them as highly appropriate, and it was with no little delight that they beheld a little $1,000 auto. come rollicking home a winner in the class that was "selling for $2,100 and under."

The mile-a-minute auto., however, was a horse of another colour. It was painted a vivid apple green and was clearly constructed with an eye single to phenomenal performances. Its frame was low set on the wheels ; the outer shell, covering all its powerful internals, was sharply pointed at the front, resembling an inverted torpedo boat, and its whole appearance was that it was for business purposes only. Oldfield, himself, deserved all that the advance notices could say of his nerve, keen eyesight, and physical fitness. There was a real struggle—against time, against fatigue of the senses, against the chance that the crazy thing would stumble or bolt through the fences, the man on the green steed and a whole field of unseen possibilities, at even money, pressing close on the flank. That was the race the crowd came to see, and they were not disappointed.

It was really startling to eyes accustomed only to trolley cars, locomotives and other fast travellers, to see the way that machine sped over the ground. A man could take a match from his pocket as the auto. passed the starting point, strike it and light his pipe, take an extra puff to make sure it was going, and look up to find the machine half-way round the half-mile track; he would just have time to shift his position for a good look at the finish, when it would shoot past with a devilish rattle. To see it from the top of the stand was like looking down upon a little tin track, with a little toy engine wound up tight and squirming manfully to stay on its feet until it could get rid of its surplus energy. What a fine thing it would be for a man in a tremendous fit of temper if he had all outdoors to work on, with no stone walls to butt against! But Oldfield was the man with the cool nerve; he crouched rigid, and sought out smooth places on the track. Level as the track was for ordinary travel, one could plainly see the racer bounce and swerve on the turns of the course. As it tore round the western end, where human beings lined the flimsy outside fence, a solid mass of dust rose twenty feet in the air, and completely shut out the view for a hundred yards behind. By the time the strong breeze had carried it away there was another cloud to take its place.

And in this manner the official Canadian debut of the automobile was accomplished. The auto. will develop gradually; it will become less noisy and dirty; its breath will not be so noticeable; it will become cheaper and will be harnessed to ordinary day labour, and then after a few more great industrial expositions have come and gone we will have Prof. Upintheairski coming here in connection with the Airship Club's first annual races, to Niagara and back, incidentally proving beyond any reasonable doubt that the superb mechanical construction, the compactness and durability, and speed of the ship built by the Canadian Amalgamated Flying Machine Company is hard to beat this side of the half-way house on the road to Mars.

JACKO'S JEOPARDY

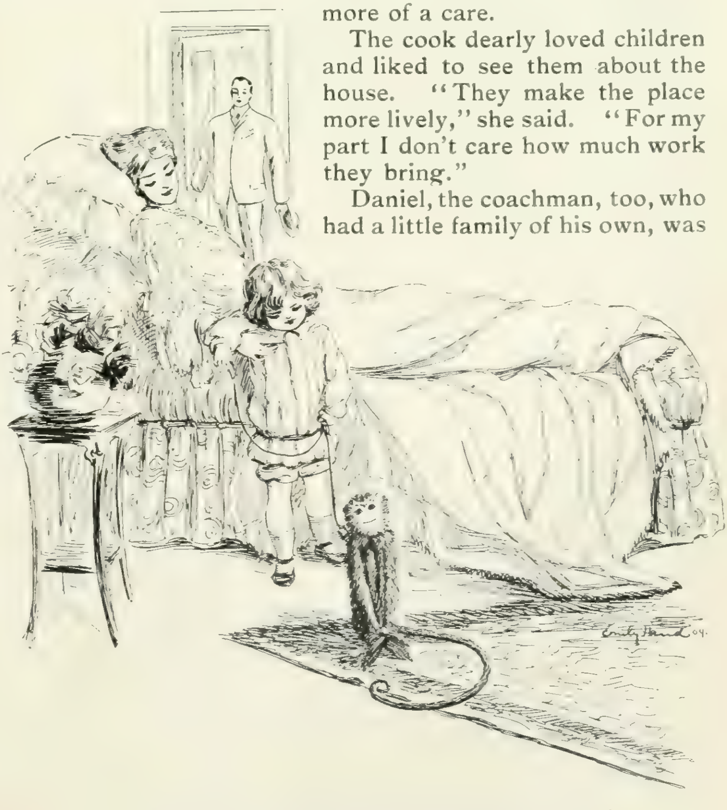
ILLUSTRATED BY EMILY HAND

By ERIE WATERS

"DON'T fret about the child, Elsie; set your mind at rest," said John Willoughby. "Emily and I will take him home with us and ask Mary's Alice to visit us too, so that he will not be lonely; and Emily says to let him bring his monkey."

"Oh, thank you, John; you have taken a load off my mind," and the sick woman smiled gratefully at her big brother. "Emily is indeed kind to say that he may take Jacko; he might miss both 'Mummy' and 'monkey.'"

Theo's father was in the navy and far away at sea, and his mother so ill that the doctor said she must go to a hospital to be quite cured.



"And Emily says to let him bring his monkey"

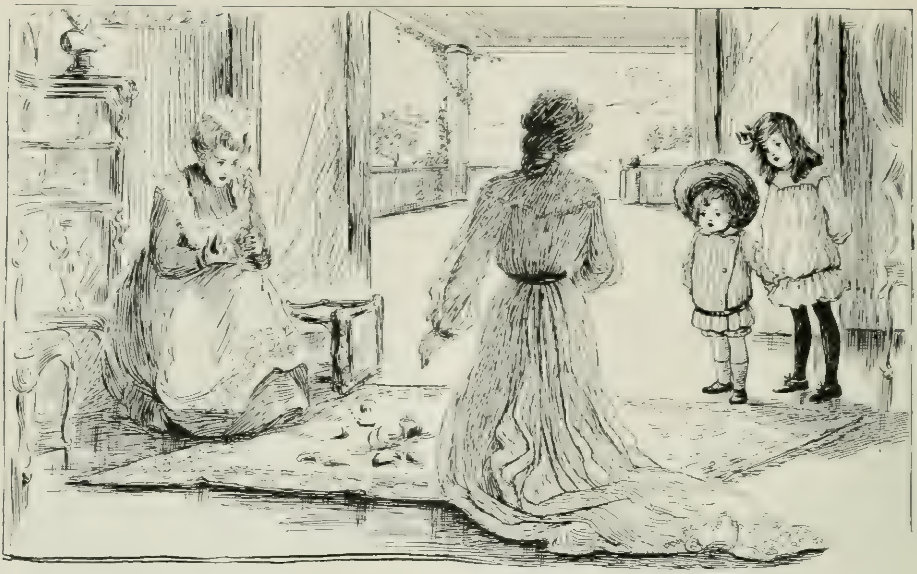
"It will be a good chance to undo some of Elsie's spoiling," Mrs. Willoughby had said to her husband. "Theo is a dear little fellow; but has been petted too much."

Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby had no children of their own, but were very kind to many nephews and nieces, giving them fine presents at Christmas and delightful visits in their lovely country place. Theo and Alice were soon quite at home, and after an hour's lessons in the morning rode the pony or played about the grounds. Jacko was often their companion, but part of the time he was chained in Theo's room because some of the people in the house were afraid of him. The monkey had been given to Theo's father by a sailor whose life he had saved at the risk of his own, and it would have made the poor man feel hurt had his gift been refused.

It was really very kind of Aunt Emily to give the children such a nice visit because she was accustomed to having everything orderly in her house, and had her own duties and visits to take up her time. Not being accustomed to children, she made them more of a care.

The cook dearly loved children and liked to see them about the house. "They make the place more lively," she said. "For my part I don't care how much work they bring."

Daniel, the coachman, too, who had a little family of his own, was



"Oh you naughty children! Fido never breaks anything."

very patient in teaching them to ride the pony. But Minnie, Mrs. Willoughby's maid, was not pleased, and she had a perfect hatred for Jacko, who terrified her. All went well, however, until Alice grew restless, for she was older than her cousin, and a vigorous little sprite who could not keep out of mischief.

One day—one dreadful day—everything had gone wrong. Aunt Emily had a poodle who was a great pet. Theo and Alice were playing on the verandah when a tramp came up the gravel drive. The little dog, who hated ragged folk, dashed out of the open French window of the drawing-room, barking furiously and, in his frenzy, knocking over a little table and breaking a lovely ornament. The noise brought Aunt Emily and Minnie to the spot.

"Who has done this?" they asked.

"Fido did it trying to get at the tramp," they cried with one voice.

"Fido! Oh, you naughty children! Fido never breaks anything. Tell the truth now; do not throw the blame on poor little Fido."

But alas for the innocents! The more they explained and denied, the more guilty they looked—the redder their little faces grew. They had never seen Aunt Emily so angry before, and when she refused to believe them and told Minnie to take them to the play-room and not let them out again till teatime, they went sadly upstairs, a most unhappy, homesick little pair. The afternoon was long and miserable.

"Hateful mean things!" Alice muttered, for it was very hard to be blamed unjustly; "I want to go home, so I do."

Theo was very sorry for his little playmate, and was almost crying too.

"Never mind, Allie," he said, "it would be much worser if we did tell the lie; but I am afraid Auntie will never b'lieve us again."

It was late when Minnie, with a very cross face, came in with a tea-tray which she put on the table with a bang.

"Now you've made your kind aunt sick with your naughtiness," she said. "She's got an awful headache. I wish you were both at home; no one wants you here. Your horrid monkey nearly frightened me to death, jumping out when I went to your room—the little demon! I'm going to get

Daniel to drown him in the pond to-night, and everyone will be glad."

"Oh! please don't; please, Minnie! I'll give you all the money in my money-box when I get home. I won't let him hurt you," cried Theo, in great distress.

The girl had no intention of carrying out her threat, but the child believed firmly that his pet was to die. It was his turn to cry now, and Allie's to comfort.

"Let's run away to my mother, and save him," she said.

"How could we? We have no money to go on the cars."

Then Allie put on her thinking-cap and great plans were made. Uncle was away — Auntie was sick — nobody wanted them — it could be done. Jacko, dear little Jacko, should not be drowned.

Early in the evening, Minnie, repenting of her bad temper, looked in to help the children undress, and brought a big plateful of cookies. To her surprise, she saw Theo in his little room next the play-room, apparently sound asleep, and Allie in her bed in the big room, also with close-shut eyes. She lowered the blinds quietly, put down the cookies, and went back to the kitchen to chat with the gardener.

Presently, when all was still, out popped Alice, arrayed in a faded cotton dress, torn in several places—a large coloured handkerchief was tied on her head in Italian fashion. The other little schemer joined her—in his shabbiest suit and a torn straw hat, with a red ribbon tied around his throat—and Jacko led by a strong cord. Each carried a little bundle, one filled with cookies and the food they had saved from their tea.

JACKO FRIGHTENS MINNIE

Allie had decided that since they had so little money they must walk to her home—some thirty miles away.

"We'll be wandering minstrels," she had decreed, "and with Jacko we can earn enough to buy food, and we'll get home at last."

When all was ready they took their shoes in their hands, and carrying Jacko, slipped softly downstairs and out into the moon-lit night. How queer and lonely it felt to be creeping out of Uncle's house like this! Nevertheless fear for poor Jacko's life blotted out every other thought. Love for the pet lent courage to their hearts. Reaching the road, they ran for some distance till well out of sight of the house.

"Wait! there comes a carriage—quick!" cried Allie, and into a ditch they jumped, and crouched down in the shadow as it went past. On and on they went through the night. Terror often seized Alice through fear that a tramp might be lurking near, and every sound was a fresh alarm. Still Jacko must be saved; it would be too awful to have him killed. At last when their little legs refused to carry them farther, they saw an old haystack in a field, and finding a hollow space at the foot, they pulled away a little hay, and cuddling in, covered themselves with branches and hay, till they were nicely hidden. They ate some cookies and soon fell fast asleep.

When they wakened the sun was just rising, so they thought it time to move on. They washed their faces and hands at a little stream, and Alice gave her own and Theo's hair a hasty combing.

"Minstrels must not look too tidy," she said.

"We had better hurry before they come after us," Theo said. They hid behind bushes or fences when they heard the sound of wheels. Near a farm-house they saw a girl in a field, milking a cow. She looked up in surprise to see children and a monkey. They stood still before her; then out came a mouth-organ from Theo's pocket, and Allie's voice rang out sweetly on the morning air, in a pretty jingle that she had learned at school; while Jacko scampered merrily around them.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the girl. "Where did you spring from?"

"We are minstrels," was the reply. "We get pennies for singing. We will not ask you for any, if you will please give us some milk." Theo held out his own little mug that he had strapped by his side, and it was soon filled with foaming milk. The young woman made them drink as much as they could, and asked them to come to the farm-house and "sing for the folks." They thanked her, but said they must hurry on.

Oh! the troubles and trials of that long day! The narrow escapes they had hiding under bushes, in the cornfields, or in the high grass; the terrible fright when a great dog jumped out at them and attacked Jacko; but Jacko—to their great joy—sprang on the dog's back and clawed him so fiercely that he ran for his life. Some people were kind; some were cross; some gave them pennies and food.

II

Mrs. Willoughby's head ached badly all night—when our little runaways were getting far from home. In the morning she felt quite well, and began to wonder if she had been too severe with the children. Perhaps, after all, they were speaking the truth. "I never found Allie cowardly or untruthful, in spite of her mischievous ways," she thought. Presently Minnie tapped at the door, showing a white, frightened face.

"I can't find the children high or low, Ma'am; and Daniel, he's looked everywhere, too. They've run away for sure, and Jacko has gone, too."

As quickly as possible Mrs. Willoughby joined in the search, but no trace could be found.

"I never saw them since yesterday," said the gardener, "when the tramp came up to the house. I had my eye on him, and so had Fido, for I saw him jump out of the window, breaking something in his haste; he's that mad when he sees a tramp."

"Oh! Minnie, do you hear that?" cried Mrs. Willoughby. "Daniel saw Fido break the ornament, and we accused those poor children wrongly. Poor little things! where can they be?"

Evening came, and still no tidings of the lost ones. Aunt Emily was frantic, and Minnie heart-broken.

"I may as well tell the truth, Ma'am," she sobbed. "It's all my fault. I told them I'd get Daniel to drown Jacko in the pond. They've just run away to save him."

III

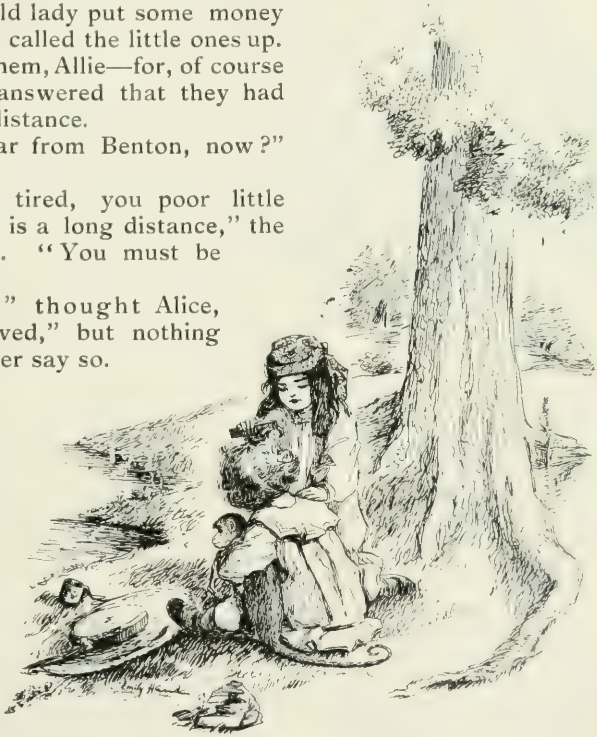
It was two days later when a dear old lady, who was sitting in her parlour in a pretty village, heard the sound of a mouth-organ, and a sweet, childish voice singing. Looking out, she saw a shabby little boy and girl, and a playful monkey. Something attracted her strongly to them. They looked tired and dusty. When the song was finished the monkey came bounding up with a little mug in his paws. The old lady put some money in it, and then called the little ones up. Questioning them, Allie—for, of course it was Allie—answered that they had come a long distance.

"Are we far from Benton, now?" she asked.

"You are tired, you poor little things, and it is a long distance," the old lady said. "You must be hungry, too."

"Hungry!" thought Alice, "nearly starved," but nothing would make her say so.

Making the children sit down on some cushions on the steps, the lady disappeared, presently returning with the maid, who carried a tray of good things. She watched the cold chicken and bread and butter disappear quickly, but noted that these were no tramps — their voices and "table-manners" were too good for that. They fed Jacko, too, and Theo kept him close beside him. Alice thanked the old lady very politely, and said good-bye.



"Minstrels must not look too tidy," said Alice.

"I don't know what to think of those children," the old lady said to her daughter. "I wish you had seen them. They are no ordinary tramps. Depend upon it, there is a mystery. I doubt if I did right to let them go. Come with me, dear; let us get our hats and follow them," she urged.

They walked down the road till they came to a grove, and there they saw them—Allie sitting against a tree, with tears falling down her cheeks, the little boy, with a flushed face, lying beside her, his head pillowed in her lap. Coming up quietly, the kind women sat down beside them.

"Is he sick?" one asked.

"He's so tired," Allie answered; "he says he can't walk any more; his feet hurt. He's so little, you see." Then, listening to the sweet, kind voices —looking up at the gentle face, brave Allie burst out crying:—

"I wish we were home. Oh! why did we run away? But we had to save Jacko."

Then Theo opened his eyes, looking trustingly at their new friends.

"Tell me who you are, children, and where are your friends, and we will make it right."

Before they would tell, the children begged that they would promise that no one should hurt Jacko. At last the whole truth came out—of the nights in the lonely fields, and all their fears. But when Theo told his name, and that his father was away at sea, the

"Bless your precious heart! I know your papa well."

dear old lady looked again, and took the little boy in her arms and kissed him many times.

"Bless your precious heart! I know your papa well. His mother was my dearest friend, and he looked just like you when he was a little boy."

They took the weary wanderers home, bathed them, and put them to bed. Telegrams were sent at once to relieve the terrible anxiety of Alice's parents and Uncle and Aunt. The morning found them at the good lady's door, to rejoice over the little minstrels and to take them back.

The news of Theo's disappearance had been kept from his mother because of her illness. The children had been home but an hour when—to the great joy of everyone—a carriage drove up to the door, and who should appear but Captain Turner, Theo's father—safe home from sea—and the dear invalid mother, very weak and pale, but getting well at last. How thankful—how very thankful everyone was that their arrival had not been one day sooner!

TRANSFORMATION

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER

At dawn, I gazed into an opening rose,
Its pure, young soul was steeped in pearly dew;
At dusk, again, my sinking heart drew near,
When, lo! there flowered Love's white thoughts of—You.

THE FIGHT FOR NORTH AMERICA

BY A. G. BRADLEY

A HISTORY IN TWELVE INSTALMENTS

CHAPTER IX—BRADSTREET CAPTURES FRONTENAC—FORBES LEADS AN EXPEDITION AGAINST FORT DUQUESNE—DEFEAT OF GRANT AND HIGHLANDERS NEAR THE FORT—POST, THE MORAVIAN MISSIONARY—FORBES OCCUPIES FORT DUQUESNE—HIS DEATH—1758.

PITT took the disaster of July 8th sorely to heart. His friends endeavoured to console him by pointing out the valour and the spirit which had animated the soldiers, even to the last moment of their hopeless attempt; but the failure, summed up in facts and figures, was outside consolation. Happily the news of Louisbourg followed so quickly on that of Ticonderoga, that both Pitt and the British people, save those who mourned their dead, were soon buoyed up again on the high tide of hope. Loud was the outcry in America against the hapless Abercromby, as he sat down again, at the head of Lake George, with his 13,000 men, raised, fed, and transported at such pains and cost. He has since had his defenders for thus retiring, after so severe a rebuff, on his base of supplies; but to all the critics in his own army, whose views survive, it seemed sheer poltroonery. The 9,000 provincial troops who had been conveyed to the scene of action and brought back again almost intact, sounded the loudest note of indignation, save, perhaps, that of the provincial taxpayers. The General, however, does not seem to have suffered from an over sensitive temperament, and he quietly set about intrenching his front, upon the site of Fort William Henry; and, without any apparent sense of humiliation, exchanged his former *rôle* of an irresistible invader of Canada to that of the defender of a threatened frontier. His army, no doubt, thanks only to himself, was greatly shaken in morale, but it was still enormously superior to that of Montcalm, who could not believe that he would be left unmolested. As time passed on, however, and it became evident to the French that no attack on Quebec by Amherst was likely, men were crowded down to Ticonderoga, and before the commander-in-chief was free to support Abercromby, Montcalm had troops enough and intrenchments enough to make his eviction a matter of such serious difficulty that all thoughts of it were given up. The doings of Abercromby and his disheartened men this autumn need not detain us. They occupied the old lines of defence and communication from Lake George across the fourteen mile carrying-place to Fort Edward, and thence down the scattered forts upon the banks of the Hudson. A single sloop, flying the British flag, and carrying six of the guns which had made that incompleted pilgrimage to Ticonderoga, cruised about Lake George undisputed mistress of that mimic sea.

The passing of provision convoys from port to port, for the use of Abercromby's inactive army, gave Montcalm's Rangers, slipping up Wood Creek from Lake Champlain into the British country, fine scope for their energies, while Rogers and Putnam, with their equally hardy and daring followers, were as active as their rivals, both in defence and attack. But the military machine as a whole remained immovable upon the lakes. Amherst's men, to the number of 3,000, landed at Boston from Louisbourg in September, and made a long march across the grain of a rough country to Fort Edward. It was too late, however, even in Amherst's opinion, seeing the great strength of the French, to make another attempt on Ticonderoga ; and we may now leave the camps on the New York frontier to an autumn season of discontent. Gathering snowstorms and freezing waters in due course put an end to their unprofitable labours, and sent them into winter quarters to glean what consolation they might from the better fortune of their comrades at Louisbourg, and in two other quarters which must now be dealt with.

Before consigning poor Abercromby to the oblivion which ensued upon his recall—the best fate, indeed, he could have hoped for—it should be said to his credit that he consented to a scheme, and supplied the troops for it, which was entirely successful, and materially helped the triumph at Louisbourg to counterbalance the disaster on Lake George. Bradstreet, whose acquaintance we have already made, was the hero of the enterprise. He was a New Englander, had served as a captain in the former war, and as lieutenant-colonel of provincials had done yeoman service in this one. In the management of bateaux, whale-boats, and canoes, and of the men who manned them—a vital department of these campaigns—he had no rival. He was, moreover, a brave and enterprising soldier, equally at home in the forest, in the open plain, or on the surging rapid. He was somewhat contemptuous of European generals and their deliberate tactics, but was on good terms with all the British commanders, and greatly valued by them, as indeed he may well have been, for he was of infinite service to the British cause. He received a royal commission, and died eventually a Major-General in the English army. If the gratitude of a country is to be estimated by its biographical literature, it has forgotten Bradstreet, as it has forgotten many another man, who laid his country and his race under a lasting debt in the wild woods of eighteenth century America.

Bradstreet had for a long time kept his eye on Frontenac, that important half-way station between Montreal and the remoter western forts. It was a depot of supply, too, for these, as well as for the new garrisons in the Ohio valley. He had urged Loudon in the preceding autumn, when his operations had all failed, to let him make a dash upon this vital French position, but Loudon was nothing if not cautious, and had refused. Poor Abercromby, however, grasping at anything which promised some mitigation of his affairs, listened readily to the renewed applications of Bradstreet, after the failure at Ticonderoga, and gave him 3,000 men, all of them from the provincial militia except 200 regulars, and 300 bateau men and 70 Indians. Bradstreet had got word that Frontenac was denuded of its usually strong garrison, which had been withdrawn by Vaudreuil to strengthen the only part of Canada now supposed to be in danger, namely, that threatened by Abercromby's army.

Bradstreet's only line of attack was, of course, up the old western route by the Mohawk valley, to the site of the vanished Oswego, on Lake Ontario. Up this long toilsome track by lake, rapid and portage, the New England colonel and his bateau men pressed their way with ready and familiar steps, the colonial soldiers marching none the less cheerfully, though suffering much from sickness, now that they were under one of their own leaders. They passed General Stanwix, who was busy erecting the great fort at the Oneida watershed that was to bear his name, and on the 22nd of August stood beside the ruins of Oswego, looking out over the blue waves of Lake Ontario, to the shoreless horizon, behind which lay the still virgin forests of Western Canada. Great numbers of Bradstreet's soldiers had dropped behind from sickness, but he had written Abercromby that if he had only a thousand left he would carry out his venture. He had much more than a thousand, though, as it turned out, he hardly needed so many. Launching his bateaux and whaleboats upon the lake, he had, in four days, landed his men and guns within sight of Fort Frontenac, and on the following morning had a battery mounted within point blank range of the enemy's walls, and the garrison at his mercy. The great French station, key of the west, master of Lake Ontario, and feeder of the Ohio forts that had been for so long decimating the English frontier, had indeed been caught napping. Resistance was hopeless, as a few discharges of artillery soon made evident. There were only a hundred men in the fort, with their women and children, and they promptly surrendered, but it was crammed with stores. The prisoners were allowed to go to Montreal on parole, on the understanding that their equivalent in British captives should be forwarded to Albany. The commandant was one Payan de Noyan, an aged gentleman of family and considerable culture, but of greatly impaired means, the recuperation of which was, indeed, the immediate cause of his exile in the backwoods, for it will be remembered that a Canadian fort was given to favourites, or deserving officers, for this dubious purpose.

This gallant old versifier and scientist, for he was both, heard of Bradstreet's intentions, at an early date, from friendly Indians, and resented being thus caught like a rat in a trap. Vaudreuil, in answer to his earnest solicitation for troops, sent him one man as an adviser, and he with but one arm! Upon which de Noyan, for there was yet plenty of time, begged to be relieved of his honours. Vaudreuil put him off, insinuating, at the same time, that his nerve must be failing. After the inevitable surrender, Vaudreuil bade him be of good cheer, and neither to worry himself, nor take the trouble to draw up formal reports, for that he would explain the whole matter to the court of France. Vaudreuil, who was, in fact, wholly responsible for the fall of Frontenac, did explain matters, but after his own characteristic fashion, giving the king to understand that age had impaired de Noyan's energies; in short, that he had played the coward. The poor old gentleman, who, if he did plunder his king, could not rest under the imputation, certainly an unjust one, of being backward in fighting for him, went to France and craved for a hearing, but to no purpose. Perhaps it was a just judgment on his peculations, though Vaudreuil seems hardly a fitting instrument for Providential chastisement. Thus was Canada governed in her hour of need, and indeed for a very long time previous to it.

The booty taken and destroyed at Frontenac was very great, and the loss to the French, they themselves declared, was worse than that of a battle. There were nine vessels, carrying over a hundred guns, most of which were burned, together with the fort itself, and everything inside it that could not be moved. Sixty pieces of artillery were carried away, besides an immense amount of valuable furs, stores and provisions, valued at nearly a million livres. Bradstreet, to crown the honour of his achievement, refused any share in the booty, his portion being divided among his troops.

It should be remembered that the base, or the Canadian side, of the triangle, on which the whole conduct of this war necessarily ran, was a line along which movement was, for the most part, easy, namely, the St. Lawrence river. The two routes of attack, diverging from Albany, on the other hand, were, as we know, full of obstacles. The French could move comparatively swiftly and without fear of molestation along their line of defence. Hence the prestige earned by Bradstreet in traversing the Mohawk route with such destructive expedition and taking them by surprise. Three thousand Frenchmen had started from Montreal at the last moment, but had only reached the Lachine rapids when they heard that Frontenac, like its old rival Oswego, was no more. Later on there was some slight attempt made to restore it, but misfortunes soon crowded thick on the French, and the spot was ultimately abandoned to the wilderness, which for a generation held its tangled fields and blackened ruins in its grip. Thirty years later a band of refugee loyalists, expelled by force, or urged by patriotic fervour, from the new republic of the United States, gathered at the old fort of Frontenac, drew lots for the newly surveyed lands around it and founded the province of Upper Canada, better known to-day as Ontario. The important lakeside town of Kingston now covers the site both of the old French warehouses and batteries, and the fresh wheat and turnip fields of the United Empire loyalists; it has always been, and appropriately so, the headquarters of Canadian military life. Oswego, its old opponent across the lake, has gone through no less of a transformation. Covered with streets and squares, and flanked with leafy villas, it is a place of much repute.

"Frontenac is a great stroke," wrote Wolfe with much enthusiasm when he heard of it. "An offensive, daring kind of war will awe the Indians and ruin the French."

Bradstreet had, as a matter of fact, struck awe into the Indians in the very nick of time, had Wolfe, far away at Cape Breton, only known it. The fall of Louisbourg had influenced them but little; it was too remote. Ticonderoga, on the other hand, had shaken the fidelity of the Six Nations so seriously that Bradstreet found evidence to show that they had never before been so near a wholesale defection to the French. The capture of Frontenac had effectually put a stop to this. It had also destroyed the source whence Fort Duquesne, whither we are now bound, drew its stores and ammunition, and greatly contributed to its fall.

Abercromby was recalled in November, and Amherst took his place as commander-in-chief in America. It was some twenty years later, in the gloomy period of the Revolutionary War, that North uttered his memorable wail, "I don't know whether the enemy are afraid of my generals, I only know that the very sound of their names makes me shiver." George the Second up till now might well have anticipated the sentiment of his grandson's minister; but a change was coming. The Loudons, the Abercrombys, the Webbs, and the Sackvilles, disappeared for a time to crop up again, in another generation and in a slightly altered form, upon this very ground. In the meantime, we must turn south and see how Forbes fared in his arduous march across the Alleghanies to Fort Duquesne.

John Forbes was a Scotsman, of Petincrief in Fife. He received his first commission in the year 1710, and must therefore have been some sixty-four years of age. He had been colonel both of the Scots Greys and the 17th Foot, and was now, with the rank of brigadier, eminently qualified in all respects but age perhaps and health to justify Pitt's choice. He had been a year in America, and in April arrived at Philadelphia with much the same task before him, though better equipped for it, as had confronted Braddock three years previously when bound for the same goal. Of regular troops he was to have the 62nd, or Montgomery's, Highlanders, 1,260 strong; a battalion of Royal Americans (60th), 363, and 4,350 provincials. He had not, however, got them yet. Indeed, Forbes had not only to play the soldier and the organiser, but the diplomatist as well, having to haggle and wrangle with the Pennsylvania burgesses, while they, on their part, seized the opportunity of military requirements to reopen the old congenial squabble touching the taxation of the Penns.

Now Forbes was a man of liberal and enlightened views. It is admitted on all sides that he had none of the hauteur and superciliousness in his treatment of the provincial officers that distinguished so many of his contemporaries, and worked such infinite and far-reaching mischief; he was regarded, moreover, by all classes with profound respect. His comments, therefore, on the fashion in which the middle and southern colonies went about releasing themselves from the clutch of the enemy and provided for their future development, will be above suspicion. Pennsylvania made a really heroic effort, and out of a population of 260,000 provided 2,500 men. Maryland, which was in the line of attack, with a population of near a hundred thousand, and a social order based on the ownership of slaves and land, contributed 270 very indifferent soldiers. Virginia surpassed herself, and gave Forbes two regiments, comprising in all some 1,400 men.

Forbes, admittedly a cool and impartial judge, was extremely dissatisfied with these levies. Of discipline they were all impatient, and only a portion of them had any qualities wherewith to make up the deficiency. Numbers of them came with damaged firelocks bound up with string; some had not even this much, but walking sticks only with which to oppose the French! "Their officers," said Forbes, "except a few of the higher ranks, are an extremely bad collection of broken inn-keepers, horse-jockeys, and Indian traders." Where, again may be pertinently asked, was the southern chivalry, the sons of the better-class planters and squires? Washington had, no doubt, been vainly asking this question in the last two years on the war-torn borders of Virginia. Now, when he joined Forbes with his increased regiments, he may well have asked it again. Virginia and Maryland had been far more cruelly scourged in their western districts than Natal, within recent memory, and by a still ruder and incomparably more cruel foe. The supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon in North America was as clearly the issue of the struggle as it is to-day in South Africa. Yet scarcely a dozen men of birth and character came forward to fight out of two whole colonies, whose numerous gentry was their pride and is still the chief burden of their reminiscent literature. Even if two or three or four dozen just such men could be produced, in the face of the social statistics of these provinces, it would scarcely modify the situation. As I remarked in a former chapter—and the strangeness of the matter must be my excuse for mentioning it again—neither love of country, nor thoughts of their murdered countrymen, nor the ordinary martial ardour of youth, nor the prospect of a well-organised and well-led campaign against their two implacable enemies, seem to have had the least effect in drawing the Virginians and Marylanders from their comfortable homes. With such men as we are told formed the bulk of the fifty or sixty commissioned officers from these colonies, it is not surprising that Washington stood a little on his dignity, and intimated at headquarters that he would "gladly be distinguished from the common run of provincial officer," whom he goes on to characterise as a "motley herd." The rank and file were poor men, more lawless and less tolerant of discipline and of a lower social stamp than the men of the New England regiments. Some of them were admirable bush fighters, but others were of no use at all, which was natural enough, seeing the varied districts and occupations from which they came, and the various motives which caused them to enlist.

Forbes had for his chief colleagues: Bouquet, the able Swiss officer who commanded the Royal Americans, and Sir John Sinclair, who had been with Braddock as quartermaster-general, and was to be so again, though generally disliked and not over-capable. Montgomery was in command of the Highlanders, while Washington and two experienced and tried Virginia soldiers, Colonel Byrd and Major Lewis, the latter then and afterwards a famous Indian fighter, represented the provincials.

Now arose a sharp controversy as to the best route to Fort Duquesne. Braddock's road started, it will be remembered, from Port Cumberland, on the Potomac, and here Washington with his Virginians was now quartered. But the Pennsylvanians and the whole interest of that colony were in favour of cutting a new road, which would make the actual wilderness part of the march only 90 miles, instead of 122, as before. This difference of opinion was heavily biassed, too, by other considerations. Braddock's road, rough as it had been at the best, had fallen into disrepair, but it was the outlet of Virginia trade to the West, or was expected to be, and the gorge of intercolonial jealousy rose at the notion of the Pennsylvanians having a direct route cut for their traders at the expense of the British Government. This, I need hardly say, was not one of the arguments openly put forward upon either side. These were, indeed, numerous and admirable, and to their respective advocates seemed conclusive, though we need not enlarge upon them. It will be sufficient to remark that Washington, probably from sincere conviction, strongly championed the Virginian side of the question, and predicted disaster if the alternative route was followed; while Forbes and Bouquet inclined to, and ultimately adopted, the Pennsylvania scheme. In justice to Washington, it should be added that he promised to render all the assistance in his power whether his advice were taken or rejected.

The dispute and ill-feeling, however, between the two colonies ran very high, and added greatly to Forbes's troubles in providing transport, guns and provisions. Philadelphia was a far different kind of base from the plantation villages upon which poor Braddock had to lean, and Pennsylvania, though as a colony conspicuously pacific, was eminently business-like, and comparatively well supplied with the necessities of life and industry. Lastly, it was urged that a new road might spring a surprise on the French at Fort Duquesne, as indeed de Lévis tells us it actually did, though the surprise was not effective.

Bedford, then called Reastown, was the advanced base of action. Thence by the new route, which crossed no large rivers as did the other one, it was ninety miles to Dusquesne. But every yard of it was rough, and it climbed the same ranges as Braddock's road, somewhat to the northward, and if anything at more difficult points. Advanced parties were sent forward to make the roads under cover of redoubts, and Forbes's plan was to erect these at intervals, so that he could strike his final blow with a permanent chain of posts in his rear, and obviate all risk of that unparalleled stampede of over a hundred miles, which made Braddock's disaster so memorable.

It was not till the end of July that the route was definitely decided upon, and Bouquet then went forward to superintend the road-making.

But with all his energy the progress of the Swiss officer was abnormally slow, for there were 6,000 men this time to convey across the Alleghanies, with guns and ammunition, and an immense transport. Virginia, too, though incapable of furnishing supplies, and whose better people would not fight, was nevertheless raging at the favours supposed to be shown to Pennsylvania. The latter certainly exhibited little gratitude for them, according to Forbes, who thus writes to Bouquet:—

"I have seen with regret this some time past a jealousy and suspicion subsisting on the part of the Virginians, which they can have no reason for, as I believe neither you nor I value one farthing where we get provisions from, provided we are supplied, or interest ourselves either with Virginia or Pennsylvania; which last I hope will be damned for their treatment of us in the matter of waggons and every other thing where they could profit by us, as from these impositions, although at the risk of our perdition."

Carlisle was the village to which the Indian war of the last three years had thrust back the Pennsylvania frontier. Here Forbes remained during August, prostrate with the illness that was soon to kill him, and managing matters in the rear to the best of his ability, while Bouquet, far in advance, hewed his slow way over mountain and through swamp. Matters progressed wearily, but surely. First came the news of Louisbourg, and shortly after that of Frontenac, to cheer the workers. It only now remained for them to achieve a third triumph on the Ohio, but the country offered great difficulties to the engineers, while at the same time, an idea of permanency for the road and its defences had always to be kept in view. A post called Loyalhannon, nearly fifty miles short of Fort Duquesne, was the halfway station around which events now circulated for many weeks. The French Indians in front began, at this point, to get troublesome and aggressive, and Major Grant of Montgomery's Highlanders made a proposition to Bouquet that was unfortunately accepted, though the gallant and impetuous officer's experience of backwoods warfare was of the slightest.

The whole method of Forbes's advance through the wilderness was to make such progress only as was consistent with security. The object for which Grant was running this risk is not very obvious, and one is only surprised that Bouquet allowed him to take it. His idea was to make a reconnaissance of the fort and ascertain by capturing stragglers or other means what force there was inside it. But Forbes's plans, if once he got there, supported as he was by so large a following, were calculated to succeed in the face of any force at all likely to be present, and the British had provisions for three months.

However that may be, Grant started from the advanced camp at Loyalhannon early in September with 750 men—Highlanders, Royal Americans, and a picked body of provincials under Lewis. They reached the high ridge looking immediately down upon the fort upon the 13th without adventure, after night had fallen. From the same spot to-day a vast arena of belching flame, the smoke, the tumult, and the din of a second Birmingham, would greet the eyes of the spectator; but Grant and his men looked dimly down through forest trees and saw only the feeble lights of a lonely fortress, the broad sheen of the Monongahela, and elsewhere a wide world of shadowy woodland beneath a moonless but starlit sky.

So far there was great uncertainty as to the strength of the garrison. Indians had told Bouquet that it was at least equal to that of the British. Grant, however, had conceived the notion that it was a mere handful of five or six hundred men. Grant, as it so happened, was nearer the truth, and a week or two sooner would have been nearer still; but reinforcements had quite recently arrived, and there seem to have been now some fifteen hundred men within the ramparts, besides Indians encamped without them.

De Ligneris, whom we have met before, was in command, and de Vaudreuil seems to have imagined, thanks, of course, to his personal exertions, that the fort was secure from all attack. About two in the morning, Lewis, with a detachment of Virginians and Highlanders, was ordered down into the plain to attack the Indians, supposed to be encamped before the fort, and then feigning a retreat, to draw them out to an ambush where Grant and the rest of the party were to give them a warm reception.

Lewis was an accomplished frontiersman and belonged to a well-known fighting family of the Virginia border, one of the few men after Washington's own heart; but on this occasion he got into sad trouble. Grant and his men waited in vain for the sound of his attack, and at last, as the first streak of day was showing, the Highland officer was thrown into a state of rage and consternation at the return of the whole party, who had lost their way amid the woods and fenced enclosures which surrounded the fort and fallen into hopeless confusion. Half Lewis's force were Highlanders new to bush fighting. If Grant had sent the pick of the provincials with him, the result perhaps might have been otherwise; but it is not likely in any case to have been substantial, for Grant had underestimated the garrison, and still continued to do so. One object of the expedition was to sketch the fort, but the fog at dawn was so thick as to disconcert for a time plans of any kind. Presently, however, it began to clear, and Grant, still under the impression that the French were too weak to venture a serious sortie, made his dispositions.

From the ridge where the British were posted they could see the Alleghany on their right and the Monongahela on their left, sweeping to their confluence immediately below and in front of them. In the angle of the meeting rivers, whose mingling waters thenceforth became the Ohio, stood the famous fort and the numerous rude buildings within and without its lines. The half-mile or so of flat land on the hither side was cleared, fenced, and partly cultivated to the edge of the descending ridges, which were clothed with forest. It was now about seven o'clock, and Grant, retaining a few of his own regiment with him, despatched his Highlanders under Captain Macdonald to take post in the open on the left front of the fort, and a hundred Pennsylvanians on the right. Lewis he sent back with some Royal Americans and Virginians to reinforce Captain Bullitt of the latter, who, with fifty men, was guarding the baggage about a mile to the rear. Lewis had orders to stay there as a support for the attacking party in case of need.

The French all this time appeared to be unaware of the presence of an enemy; so Grant, by way of stirring them up to the reality of the fact, proceeded to blow lively airs upon his bugles. He soon found that he had aroused them to some purpose; for while the Highland officers were busy sketching the fort, French and Indians, to the number of seven or eight hundred, came pouring out of it, some of the former in their hurry not having even stopped to dress. Their attack was directed against the Highlanders, who, reinforced by Grant, made for a time a gallant stand, the Pennsylvanians having retired with some precipitancy into the woods. Fresh bodies of French came crowding out of the fort, till Grant's vanguard was in great distress, being attacked upon all sides. Captain Macdonald and other officers were killed, and the soldiers were forced back into the forest, where for nearly an hour they maintained the unequal fight. At last they could hold out no longer; it was their first fight in woods ringing with the horrid clamour of Indian warfare, and when they did give way it was in a wild panic, as Grant himself admits. His only hope now lay in Lewis, who was stationed, as he thought, with Bullitt behind the wooded ridge. But Lewis had heard the battle raging, and on his own responsibility had pressed forward to Grant's aid. Unhappily he took a different route in his advance over the ridge to that which Grant followed in his quick retreat, so when the latter reached his base, hotly pursued by the enemy, he found to his horror no support there but Bullitt and his fifty Virginians. Here they were surrounded, and made a final and gallant stand. Grant refused to retire. "My heart is broke," he cried; "I will not survive this day." He was recognised by the French, who called to him repeatedly by name to give himself up; but the rash and luckless officer continued to fight till he was almost alone, when he was disarmed and captured alive. The small band of Virginians with Bullitt fought heroically, and were all killed except such as escaped by swimming the Alleghany river. Lewis had in the meantime run into the very jaws of the French, and he was also made prisoner. Nearly three hundred men were killed, drowned, or taken. The remaining four hundred and fifty straggled back to Loyalhannon with a precipitancy that after all, when once they had started, was the only sensible course, since fifty miles of shaggy wilderness lay between them and their next meal.

Forbes, stretched upon a bed of sickness at Reastown, and with troubles enough already on hand, received the news like the chivalrous gentleman he was, and called no names, when many and hard ones might well have been looked for by Grant, who was solely responsible. In a private letter to Bouquet, however, he permitted himself some little indulgence in this respect. "My friend Grant most certainly lost his wits, and by his thirst of fame brought on his own perdition and ran great risk of ours."

In October, while the British column still lay at Loyalhannon, de Ligneris advanced against it in considerable force. He was not strong enough to actually face the British guns and entrenchments, but he caught several stragglers and destroyed numbers of cattle, and caused Bouquet infinite annoyance. Washington, who had been at Fort Cumberland, at the other end of Braddock's road, all this time, with the other Virginia regiment, now joined the army and took command of the provincials.

Autumn on the Atlantic slope of North America is of all seasons the most stimulating and delightful. Rain, as a rule, falls sparingly or in short spells, and nature, decked in a raiment gorgeous beyond dreams, and rarely ruffled by storm or tempest, slumbers in balmy silence beneath an azure sky. Poor Forbes, like Washington, upon nearly the same ground four years earlier, encountered, and in an even worse degree, one of those climatic exceptions that prove the rule. Rain fell persistently, and fell in torrents, while premature snow-storms filled his cup of misery to the brim. On the lower grounds the new-made road was impassable with liquid mud; on the mountain slopes the torrents swept it away as fast as it was made. Forage began to get scarce and the horses became poor and weak. The prospect, lately so hopeful, seemed now well-nigh desperate. Bouquet laboured hard against the warring elements, the miry swamps, the torrent-riven mountains, and with transport horses growing daily weaker. Forbes, whose indomitable will, rather than improving health, had forced him on to the soaking misery of Loyalhannon, still gave his orders in prison. Tortured with pain, and scarce able to stand, he would listen to no suggestions of abandoning the attempt or of himself returning to those comforts which were his only chance of life. It was now well on in November, and some of the Virginian officers, presumably the best authorities, declared further progress to be impossible, and showed such strong feeling that Forbes, unsupported by any following to speak of, called a council of war. The officers who composed this were good and tried men, and they were practically unanimous against any further advance. But Forbes, though a sobered and middle-aged soldier, had something of that inspired obstinacy which distinguished another and a greater, but a younger invalid, whom we have met at Louisbourg, and shall meet again at Quebec. Happily for the country and for the dying general's reputation—though posterity has cared little enough for that—he got news at this moment of a reduction in the garrison of the fort and that the Indians were deserting it. This settled the matter so far as Forbes was concerned, and he gave orders for twenty-five hundred men to be quickly picked from the army for a rapid march, each man to carry a blanket and a few days' provisions.

Forbes's courage in urging a forward advance when men like Bouquet and Washington were against it, thoroughly deserved this piece of fortunate news, which made success so much more probable; nor was it by any means mere good luck, for oddly enough the causes that were thinning the defenders of Fort Duquesne were due in great part to this indomitable officer's precautions in the preceding summer. He had then strongly urged that the western Indians, who had so long been ravaging the frontiers of Pennsylvania and her Southern neighbours, under French instigation, should be approached by diplomacy as well as arms. The Indian was a good deal influenced by his stomach; the side that fed him best scored at least one very strong point, and the French were even thus early finding it necessary to husband their supplies. Spies and scouts brought news that discontent was already showing in the French camps on the Ohio. Forbes had a notion that these savage warriors, who ate bullocks by the hundred and drank brandy by the bucketful, might be detached from their patrons, now that the bullocks and the brandy were getting scarce, and that hints of British beef and perhaps British rum might save much bloodshed both in the army and on the frontier. The provincial authorities thought lightly of the scheme, and moreover grudged the expenditure. They regarded such suggestions as the theories of an Englishman without experience of savages. Nor, indeed, was it easy to find an ambassador to cross the Alleghanies, and run the gravest risk of death, and that by horrible torture, in the Indian villages, where English scalps were hanging by hundreds on the wigwam walls. Forbes, however, gained his point, and a man was found who would face the fate that seemed inevitable, and that, too, without reward. This hero was a Moravian missionary, and a German, Post by name, a simple, pious person, but intimate with Indian ways and languages and married moreover to a converted squaw.

Post reached the Ohio villages in safety, and was received with tolerable civility, but his hosts insisted on taking him to Duquesne, that the French might also hear what he had to say. As his ostensible mission was to wean the Indians from the French alliance to those peaceful paths of which his order, the Moravians, were the chief exponents, it was not doubtful what the French would say, and little less so what they would do. As he was the guest of their allies they had to listen to Post, and did not venture to kill him openly, but behind every thicket they had an agent waiting to take his life, a large reward being privately offered for his scalp. With indomitable courage Post braved the whole thing out, and, wonderful to relate, with impunity. He had succeeded in persuading the Indians to send some delegates, at any rate, to a grand conference near Philadelphia, had shaken their allegiance to the French, and withal, though not without many hair-breadth escapes, got safe back again to civilisation. A great meeting was held during the early autumn, presided over by the Governor of Pennsylvania, to which Johnson brought delegates of the Six Nations from the Mohawk and whither also went some of the chiefs of the hostile Indians of the West. With much ceremony and a prodigious wealth of oratory, it was resolved that the Ohio tribes should bury the hatchet with the Six Nations, which was a step, at least, in the desired direction. Once more the brave Moravian faced the Alleghanies, and again harangued the Indian allies of France under the very eyes of the French themselves, and with such effect that the latter had to submit to the open insults of barbarians they could not afford to offend. Post again escaped safely, having done most valuable work, which was greatly aided by the scarcity of provisions, a condition due to Bradstreet's brilliant stroke at

Frontenac, the source of their supplies. So after an alliance of three years, a record of hideous and ceaseless slaughter, the Ohio Indians fell away from the French at the very moment when the gallant Forbes was pushing forward to reap the fruits of his earlier policy, that unknown to him had succeeded almost beyond hope. Swung on a rude litter between two horses, he was led in the van of his flying column through the snow and rain and falling leaves. The army moved in three divisions with caution and in open order, guided through the thick forest by the monotonous tapping of their own drums, which were beat without ceasing at the head of each company. Thinly clad, and with a single blanket to cover them at nights, the men pressed cheerily forward through the mysterious mazes of the woods, till on the 23rd of November the guides had brought them within twelve miles of the fort. Here the unexpected news was received that it had been abandoned. They halted a day to confirm the report, and on the 25th moved forward to find the backwoods fortress, so long the curse of British America, standing silent and deserted amid a fringe of fire-scorched ruins, and the unburied corpses of their own Highlanders who had fallen in Grant's attack. Thus fell, without a protest from rifle or cannon, the very stronghold and hope of French empire in the West, and the scourge of the British frontier.

It seems that de Ligneris, the French commander, had, some time before this, formed the opinion that an attack upon him was impossible before the following spring. His Indians, as we know, had deserted, and, fearful of his provisions running short, he had furthermore dismissed all his troops but three or four hundred, who would suffice for the winter garrison. But he had not long taken this step when he heard that Forbes was in truth coming, and no great way off. He had then no choice but to abandon the post, doing what damage he could do it before leaving and throwing its guns into the river.

It now only remained to make the fort good for the reception of a winter garrison, and to re-name it. The heroic Forbes had entirely collapsed from the fatigue of the march, and for some days his life was hanging in the balance. Once again, however, the strong will conquered, and he was carried out among his men to superintend their operations. A new and suitable name for the conquered fortress was not hard to find, and Duquesne became Fort Pitt, after the great minister, whose spirit had here, as everywhere, been the source of British triumph. Colonel Mercer, with some Virginians and Pennsylvanians, was left in charge of the fort, and, towards the close of December, Forbes, stretched upon his litter, was borne feet foremost in the midst of his remaining troops on the weary homeward journey through the freezing forests. Though his weakness and his sufferings grew worse rather than better; his mind, at least, was now at ease. His task was accomplished, and Ticonderoga was the only failure of the year. The French were driven from the West, their connections between Canada and Louisiana severed, their prestige with the Indians broken, and the demon of Indian warfare on the Alleghany frontier apparently laid. That all this might have been achieved the next year or the year after is no answer to the decisive nature of Forbes's work. There might have been no next year or year after for military achievements in America. Peace in Europe was at any moment possible. Events there might take a sudden turn that would make boundary lines in the American wilderness appear to most men a secondary matter. Pitt cherished no such illusions now; his intentions to drive the French from America were fixed and clear. But circumstances at home might weaken his arm, or he might die, for his health was none of the best, and it was of vital import that every stroke should be driven home before a general peace was made. A French garrison anywhere in America would have been hard to move by diplomatic means, when once the sword was sheathed.

There was great rejoicing in the middle colonies at the fall of Fort Duquesne, as there had been in New England at the fall of Louisbourg, and for much the same reason, since each had been relieved of a neighbour whose chief mission had been to scourge them. In England the news was received with profound satisfaction. There was no bell-ringing and there were no bonfires. There had been nothing showy in the achievement, and its import was hardly realised. The glory belonged to two men, and their patient heroism was not of a kind to make a stir in the limited press of the period. But the cool fearlessness of Post was a rarer quality than the valour which faced the surf and batteries of Louisbourg, and the unselfish patriotism of the invalid brigadier was at least as noble a spectacle as that of the Highlanders who flung themselves across the fiery parapet at Ticonderoga.

It was nearly 300 miles from Fort Duquesne to Philadelphia, and Forbes did not arrive there till January 14th. Through all the wilderness part of the march, men had been sent on each day to build a rude hut with a stone fireplace for the dying general. One night, says an officer, some muddle had been made, and the unfortunate Forbes was reduced to insensibility by waiting in the bitter cold for fire and shelter to be provided. It took some time, says the writer, to bring him back to life again with the aid of cordials. He lingered a short time after reaching Philadelphia, where he expired early in March and was buried in Christ Church with military honours. The place of his grave has been obscured by alterations and lost sight of, as may with equal truth be said of his services and his unselfish valour in the memory of his fellow-countrymen.

A melancholy incident occurred while the troops were engaged in repairing the fort. No Englishmen had stood on the scene of Braddock's defeat since its occurrence three and a half years previously, so a party now proceeded up the Monongahela to visit it, among them being the brigade major, Halkett, whose father and brother, it will be remembered, fell dead together at the same moment. The victims had of course never been buried, and the ground was found plentifully strewn with bones, picked clean by wolves and buzzards and partly hidden by the withered leaves of four successive autumns. Halkett's immediate object was the faint hope of finding and identifying the remains of his relatives, with the details of whose death he was familiar from the report of those who had seen it. Two skeletons were found close together under a tree, at the spot where Sir Peter and his son had fallen, one of which Halkett identified beyond a doubt as that of his father, from a peculiarity of the teeth, while the well-known manner of their death practically marked out the other one as his brother. It was a gruesome spectacle for the survivor, and it is no discredit to the young officer, nerved though he was to bloody scenes, that he broke down at the contemplation of it and, as we are told, "swooned away."

Pitt had good reason to be satisfied with the results of the year's fighting in America. The attack on the French centre had failed, but that upon both flanks, which Louisbourg and Duquesne may fairly be called, had been crowned with victory, while the destruction of Frontenac went to swell the triumph. French prestige with the Indians outside their own missions had been destroyed, the formidable alliance shattered, and all thoughts of further aggression from Canada laid at rest. It now remained to strike at the heart of Canada a deadly blow, which would wither and dry up those distant sources of wealth and influence to herself and annoyance to her foes, which stretched far away beyond the northern lakes and the verge of the distant prairies.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE BALLYGUNGE CUP

By *W. A. FRASER, Author of "Thoroughbreds," etc.*

THE triumvirate: a true woman, a strong man, and a good horse; love, strength and speed. Because of these things, a story.

But it did not start this way—not by a great deal. At first it was only banter. That was the way Beth looked at it—Beth Cavendish. If Douglas Slade were more in earnest, that was his fault.

He was in indigo, up in Tirhoot, and the planter's life tends to make one take things more seriously than they do in the service. For Beth was of the army. Her father, who was a general, and her brother, and all the rest of the Cavendishes, were of the army. And there is strength, and speed, and truth, and just a little of love, perhaps.

She admired Slade in a sisterly sort of way. He was like her brothers; quite good enough for the service—should have been there, in fact, not messing about in the poisonous indigo, having to drink a little gin every day to keep the poison out of his blood, as they all did.

As for the seriousness of the thing, as I have said, it was all on his side. That was the atmosphere when they said these things. It was in Calcutta.

He had really been skirmishing for an opening—so blunderingly, that she knew it.

"Marriage and the before is not romance," she said, looking very earnestly through the window and out across the sun-scorched maidan that stretched away to the stone feet of Fort William. "It's dreadfully commonplace—it's almost tragic in its dull commercialness."

"Is there no romance in love, then?" he said, feeling that some strong moves were being made on the chess-board of their little game.

"I suppose there is, of 'love,' but we don't associate love with most of the marriages we see, you know; they are *arranged*, and the result is—"

He waited for her to finish the sentence, watching the gray eyes as they came back, drooping a little from the glare of the hot sunshine. But she seemed to be picturing the result to herself, and to have forgotten all about his presence, so he added, "Disastrous, eh?"

"Not always, of course. Now if it were the old days, the old times when men rode forth to battle for the ladies they loved, or said they loved, it might be different. Then a man had to dare and do much to prove his love. Now it's simply a matter of arrangement."

Slade thought hopelessly of his position. He might vow to raise more indigo than any other man in his district, but that would hardly appeal to this maid of a warlike race. His chances were limited. He would willingly undertake to thrash anybody, but there was nobody to thrash. He felt quite bitterly that what she said was true—there was little of romance in his life, little that was bright to offer her in exchange for the pleasant existence she led.

Why should she go to live at his stupid old bungalow, up in Tirhoot, simply because he desired it—loved her, if you will. She had sadly demolished his skirmishing line, but he must retreat with a light heart—conceal the dull little gnawing with banter.

"Yes," he said, "if we lived in those days, or those days were now, I might take your glove, tie it to my helmet—I really forget how they did fasten the gloves on—and go up and down the land knocking people about until you were quite satisfied with the slaughter, and called me back to receive my reward. By Jove! I'd do it quick enough, though," he added, more to himself than to his companion.

Beth smiled a little at this, and said: "You see, the fates are against you—there's no chance for you to show your devotion."

"No, no chance," he admitted, tragically.

"Are you going to win any races at Calcutta next meeting?" she broke in, changing the subject abruptly, as though his last words had settled the other for all time.

"No, I'm afraid I can't even win a race; my horses are all crocks—not one above selling plater form."

A merry laugh danced in Beth's eyes. Had she laid a trap for him?

"You shall be my knight-errant, then; I'll give you a task. Win the Ballygunge Cup."

His face fell. "Something easy, please," he begged; "the moon, for instance, or Buddha's tooth from Ceylon. Any little bauble you may think of."

"My knight rides not forth to battle to-day, then?" said Beth.

"Oh, I'll try it of course," he added, flushing a little; "try it, and not a hack in my stable fit to pull a dog-cart. Only don't pluck a fellow if he fails, that's all. But I must have a gage—a modern gage in black and white."

The getting of the gage was too tedious for telling, but it read:

"If Douglas Slade wins the next Ballygunge Steeplechase I promise to —" and there she stuck.

He filled in with his own hand "reward him."

"You're to wear it on your casque, you know," she said, as she folded it up neatly.

"Yes, I'll tie it in my racing-cap when I ride forth to battle in the Cup," he said, as he stood, one foot on the step of his high dog-cart and nodded pleasantly to Beth.

"Now I'm in a hat," said Slade to himself, as he drove to his hotel. "Win the Ballygunge Cup with a lot of broken-down nags, when I have failed before with the best horse that ever came to India! And the Cavendish knew I couldn't win it when she set me the pace."

Then he grabbed a life-line that dangled down into his sea of despair. The life-line was Captain Frank Johnson. He was standing at the door of the hotel.

"By Jove!" said Slade; "you're just the man I want, Johnson. If there's anybody on earth, or anywhere else, that can help me out of this pickle, you're the man, or friend, as the case may be."

Up in his room he told Johnson what he had undertaken to do. The captain whistled a merry note of derision.

"Do you know what you've run up against?" he asked. "Lord Dick's got Musket, a big winner at Punchestown, out from home to land this same bit of jewelry; and, bar him, there isn't a horse in the country can beat Jovial, who is in it, too.

"I'd transfer my horse Chang to you quick enough," said Captain Frank, "for I mean to start him; but I'll tell you straight, if either of the other two come to the post fit, I'll only win it if something happens the both of them—if they fall, or run out, or something of that sort. Neither of them are apt to do that, though," he continued, regretfully, "for they're both crackers at the leaping game."

"But I've *got* to win it," cried Slade, helplessly; and the look on his face drew another whistle from the firm thin lips of the racing captain.

Johnson sat in deep thought for a minute. "If it's as bad as all that," he said, looking at Slade, "we'll have to hunt up a horse to beat the both of them, eh? You've got nothing in your stable that a dhoby's donkey couldn't give pounds to. But Baldeck's just landed a whaler, in a shipload of horses from Australia, that if we can buy and get fit in time will take a lot of beating. His name's Gold Finder; he won over Big Timber in Australia."

Hope is a good tonic, and the way Slade rushed things until he had secured Gold Finder was appalling. Not but what there was trouble over it, and it really seemed as though everybody was in league to keep him from winning the Cup.

Baldeck wanted it himself; in fact, had brought this horse out to win it to take back to Australia.

Gold Finder's price, £500, was all right—Slade gave that eagerly enough; and he got over the difficulty of the Cup for Baldeck by agreeing that if the horse won he would have a duplicate made, in gold if he liked, and give it to him.

This seemed a trifling and happy arrangement; but, like a good many other trifling things, it turned out seriously in the end.

"You'll have to come up with me to my place and get Gold Finder fit," Slade told Johnson. "I want to win this race and then quit the turf. I'll have something else to think of then," he added, impressively.

So Johnson and his own racing stable were transported up to Tirhoot. There was no difficulty about this, for Captain Frank had shed the army, and was a racing gentleman pure and simple—not so *very* pure and simple, perhaps.

Slade agreed to make him a present of Gold Finder after the race was run and won.

"We'll have a great chance to find out how the new horse is going," Slade said, "with Chang in the string. Chang's almost good enough, and if my horse turns out a bit better we'll scorch them this trip."

While Slade and Johnson got the two horses ready in Tirhoot, on the indigo planter's estate, something else was being got ready in Calcutta.

That was the working of Maynard's mind over this same Ballygunge Cup. He was in the service too, but that didn't matter. What did matter was that he thought Beth Cavendish the only girl he wanted to marry.

Now a trick native servants have, is to understand English and pretend they do not. And one of Beth's servants had heard enough of the conversation between Beth and Slade to earn a silver rupee from Maynard. It is not customary for English officers to bribe native servants, but Maynard was not a customary sort of chap—he was oriental in his ways.

That was why Maynard also prepared something. "I can't get anything to beat him now," he reasoned, "but I can stop him; I can get a horse strong enough to do that trick—strong enough to bring him down."

So while the others worked faithfully in Tirhoot, he trained a sprinter to go fast for a mile, and jump viciously at everything in sight.

Though Maynard's morals were slightly oblique his pluck was all right, and he never thought of his own neck in the matter.

If he broke the other fellow's—well, necks sometimes do get broken in a steeplechase over a stiff country.

"I think it's fairly satisfactory," he confided to himself; "if by any chance I fail to bring him a cropper, Lord Dick is pretty sure to beat him out on Musket." So he took a pretty heavy bet, backing Lord Dick's horse to win a small fortune. You see it was all gain with him—love and coin.

A week before they took the horses down to Calcutta for the Meet, Slade and Johnson had a trial to see how things had been coming on. As trials go it was superb. Slade rode Gold Finder at 11 stone; Johnson, Chang at 10 stone 7 lbs., and three other horses were put in to make the running, with an English jockey, Stegg, on the back of the best of them, a horse called Ring. They went over three miles of strongly made country as though they were racing for a hundred Ballygunge Cups.

Gold Finder won handily enough at the finish, and Slade had a nice warm feeling about his heart as he looked at the big chestnut's mighty limbs, clean as a whistle, when he turned him over to his syce after the gallop.

"It's hall oop, sir, with tothers," said Stegg. "Th' coop 'ill coom Tirhoot w'y this trip."

"If it doesn't," said Johnson, "I'll take the shilling and give up racing."

But down Calcutta way people were just as sure that the race lay between Musket and Jovial. Musket was from the land where they bred grand national winners, and Lord Dick was a finished horseman. Nerves of steel and heart of a lion, that was Lord Dick, in the saddle or out.

Why Maynard had put Budmash in, nobody knew. Certainly he couldn't stay the course, three miles and a half, and he was well named Budmash, for he had the temper of a fiend.

It bothered Captain Frank not a little; that a man of Maynard's cleverness should play the fool was quite out of the question; besides, Maynard could surely get something that would go the distance and have some chance of finishing with the others.

Then, when he found out that Budmash's owner had taken a long bet about Musket's winning, he commenced to do considerable thinking—suspicious thinking.

"I'll keep an eye on Maynard in the race," he told Slade. "He played me a bit of a trick once at Umballa, and I shouldn't half mind wiping out the score; Chang's a pretty big horse, and between us we can take care of ourselves, and somebody else too if it's needed."

"What do you mean?" asked Slade.

"Nothing! only we'll sort of win the Cup between us. You'll sort of ride under my orders, and when I give you the word in the race do just as I say, even if it does seem a bit queer."

"I'll take your coaching, Frank, for you know the game better than I do," Slade answered.

That was only two days before Cup day. Slade said nothing to Beth about winning the Cup. When he had won it would be soon enough; if he lost—well, he had not lost yet, anyway.

"There'll be some collar-bones cracked to-day," remarked Captain Frank to Slade, as they put on their silk colours in the dressing-room the day of the race; "the top bamboos on all the jumps are iron bound, and if any horse hits them hard he'll come down for keeps, and he'll stay down too."

"Dangerous that, eh?" grunted Slade, tugging at a tight boot; "might upset our good thing."

"Hardly," said Captain Frank, with his drawling twang. "Somebody'll find them dangerous, but you won't. Gold Finder'll fly them like a bird."

"What about Chang?" inquired Slade.

"Chang and his rider are all right," replied Johnson; "they're only out for an airing."

The terms of the race were simple enough: It was a gentleman's race, for all horses owned solely by members of the Ballygunge Association, open to all riders.

Here also was a simple arrangement, that turned out very complicated at the end.

Of course Beth was there, everybody who was anybody was. It was the "Grand National" of India.

Beth had not thought that Douglas Slade would take her banter so seriously. Why had he bought a horse that really had a good chance of winning the Cup, for people were saying that he might win? Good judges liked the big chestnut, and were saying that he had a great chance.

Beth kept asking herself a knotty question: "If Douglas Slade wins, what then?" He had kept so quiet about it that she thought he had forgotten the whole thing.

Surely he was a valiant knight; 'twould almost be too bad for him to be beaten now. The thought gave her a start. What if he should be beaten?—he had been so plucky about it—so determined.

It was the one thing in the world to warm the warrior blood that coursed through her veins; just what her brothers would have done; gone at it strong and fearlessly, and with a determination to win. And it was all for her sake, too; there was no getting over that point.

And Maynard, who also had a horse in the race, had told her that Lord Dick's Musket would certainly win. She hardly knew what her feelings were. If Slade won it would lead to complications sure, he was so persistent—if he lost it would be too bad. It was silly of her to have given him that gage.

And there was the gage, right enough, straight in front of her eyes. Douglas Slade, riding by on his big chestnut from the paddock to the course, turned his head toward the grand stand as he passed the end, and she saw the missive, the gage, tied tightly in the strings of his cap, gleaming white against the dark-blue silk.

Slade caught Beth's eye as he looked at the sea of faces, and she felt a warm flush scorch her cheeks. It vexed her. She did not care for him; it had been only banter.

They were all stringing out for the start—eight of them, eight of the best steeplechase horses in all India. Captain Frank, on the big angular Chang, looked the finished horseman that he was; the easy grace of his seat told of the perfect mastery; it was like mylady in her rocking-chair. And the thin, determined, bony face of the rider; it would be Chang's fault if that pair did not win.

Win! The captain was not thinking of winning—thinking of something else, thinking of the dark-brown horse just in front of him, Budmash.

Gold Finder held Chang quite safe as far as winning went, he knew; his business was to take care of Budmash, and mayhap his rider, for Captain Frank's suspicion had become a certainty.

A steeplechase of three miles and a half is not a sprint in which the start counts for much, so they were soon away, the silk jackets of the riders snapping and cracking at the wind, like frost breaking from the tightened bark of trees in winter.

Beth had said to herself that she shouldn't care much, shouldn't take much interest in the thing, but when the roar "They're off!" beat up from the enclosure below and went echoing through the stand, she felt that she had three or four hearts in her breast, all beating and hammering away with a suffocating quickness. Still, she did not care—it was the excitement.

Over the first three fences they raced like mad things, not at all like cool-headed riders in a big steeplechase.

"They'll soon crack up at that pace," racing men said, "it's too fast."

Jovial's rider was racing for the lead, and Budmash, blood-red nostrils spread wide, his small, wicked ears laid tight back on his cobra-like neck, looked the perfect embodiment of evil as he raced on the leader's quarter. Maynard was pulling at his head, but the very devil was in the horse.

At the third fence Prifton, an outsider, struck the rail heavily, and the bamboo clanged back like a taut bowstring. The fall was so terrific that Prifton and his rider lay as though their backs were broken.

Swinging to the right over this fence, just in time to miss the fallen horse, Musket, Gold Finder and Chang went in a bunch. Over the "post and rails" and "drop fence" they still kept up the terrible pace, Gold Finder making the heart of Douglas Slade glad as he skimmed them like a deer. "God and my Girl," he muttered, quite like a knight of old, as he felt the great springy chestnut rise each jump with a mighty surge and come down on the other side like a cat.

Beth, too, was muttering something as she watched the dark-blue cap rise in the air, almost disappear, and then go slipping away on the level.

Maynard was pulling his mount back to the others. Johnson saw that, and pushed Chang out a little. "You devil!"

he jerked out between his set teeth; "I'll give you 'what for'!"

That was for Maynard.

At the big mud wall Jovial struck his forefeet and sent a cloud of dust in the air. As the others swept by they saw Jovial's rider ploughing along on his side, as though he had been shot out of a catapult. But he was not hurt, and in three seconds had the horse going again.

Maynard, with a strong pull at Budmash's head, had got him back until Chang's nose was on his flank. On Chang's quarter raced Gold Finder.

Johnson saw Maynard take a look over his shoulder at Slade's mount. "He'll try it on at the 'in and out,' or the big jump," thought Captain Frank.

The "in and out" was two big mud walls about twenty feet apart. As they neared it Johnson saw that Maynard was up to mischief. "He'll pull dead across Gold Finder if I don't bring him down," he muttered to himself.

Four strides from the first wall Maynard looked around again. Gold Finder was thundering along just behind Chang, who was still lapped on Budmash's quarter.

Captain Frank saw the look, and the short rap that Maynard took in the right rein of his horse's bridle.

"Pull back!" he yelled to Slade, and drove the spurs into Chang's great flanks.

At that instant Maynard pulled Budmash's head short to the right as they lifted at the first wall; with a smashing crack Chang was into him, chest on. As the two went into the dip a smashed mass, Gold Finder took off at their very heels, springing slightly to the left, and landed clear of the wreck.

The second wall he cleared also, and he and Musket, a length behind, raced on the level.

A cry of horror went up from the stand as Budmash and Chang toppled over the wall in a broken heap.

Beth closed her eyes and turned white. When she opened them the blue cap was skimming along like a bird.

"Who fell?" she asked, faintly.

"Captain Johnson and Maynard are down," her companion replied. "I'm afraid there are backs broken there."

It seemed wicked to feel glad when perhaps someone was lying dead between those barriers, but her heart certainly gave a throb of joy at the answer that told her the owner of the blue cap was still riding—that Slade was not down. She was beginning to forget all about the banter.

Then the race itself began in earnest. Musket and Gold Finder were fighting like gladiators for the Cup their masters coveted so much. At the water jump, eighteen feet broad, they came together; together they flew it.

A roar of applause went up from the straining, eager watchers.

Half a mile from home Musket's head showed well in front.

"Lord Dick'll win," said Beth's companion. "Musket's an Irish horse, bred to run all day."

Beth's fingers clutched tightly the handle of her parasol, and she set her white lips firm and hard.

And so they came, around the corner and up the stretch and over fences—always the same, the creamy nose of Lord Dick's roan always a trifle in front. As they cleared the last fence Slade seemed to send a thrill of the pent-up energy of his frame into Gold Finder, and the big horse made a last mighty effort.

Surely, slowly, his golden nozzle crept up past the mottled head of the roan; Lord Dick's whip flashed in the air and cut at Musket's quivering flanks. Slade sat perfectly still, crouched low over the withers of his horse, for he knew that Gold Finder knew, and was making his last effort.

There was no sound in the stand, nothing but the strained breathing of the people who waited and the soft rustle of cloth as they pressed close to each other in their intense eagerness.

Only the judges knew as they flashed under the wire what had won.

Then the numbers went up, and the mob knew. It was Gold Finder's race.

"Sorry for Lord Dick," said Beth's companion, as they sat down; "but the other chap, Slade, deserves it. Never saw a gamer race in my life."

Beth wasn't sorry for anybody. Her nerves were jerking and twitching, and she felt that she never wanted to see another race in her life—not one just like that, anyway.

Two processions came into the stand enclosure almost together. Musket and Gold Finder formed one, while the other consisted of two stretchers, carrying Johnson and Maynard.

"A twisted ankle and a cracked rib is no price to pay for a victory like that," Captain Frank assured Slade; "besides, I wiped that Umballa score out."

Maynard was badly smashed up too; collar-bone broken and a badly wrenched shoulder, but not beyond the working of more mischief.

After the race Slade met Beth face to face on the lawn. She held out her hand in a pleased way.

"Are you glad I won?" he asked awkwardly. "Did you win gloves or anything over my mount?"

"I hardly know yet what I won," she replied enigmatically. "You see I can't quite remember what my bets were till people come to pay up."

"I don't know what I've won either," thought Slade, as Beth's companion carried her off. "But I'll find out to-morrow."

That night Slade was having the fruits of victory thrust upon him. He was in a very heaven of pleasant conquest.

They were having a little victory dinner, he and some friends, and in the middle of it a servant brought in a letter for Slade.

The letter was from Johnson; it was characteristic and much to the point. Somebody, who was the undoubted brother of the devil, had entered a protest against Gold Finder, on the score that he was not the sole property of Mr. Slade. The Stewards, whose brains were as weak as stewed tea-leaves, had decided to hold the Cup back. Gold Finder had undoubtedly won the race itself, and stakes and bets would go to his owner and backers; but the Cup would not be handed over until Slade proved that he had complied with the regulations.

There would be a meeting of the Stewards next morning at ten o'clock, when he would have a chance to prove his case.

All that Johnson wrote, and more too, but the "more too" was chiefly ornamental, and reflected upon the character of the Stewards and everybody associated with the objections.

Slade was sure there was no case against him, but somehow he felt as though Beth were slipping away.

Next day, at the Stewards' meeting, he indignantly denied that anybody but himself had any interest in Gold Finder.

Then he was confronted with something he had completely forgotten—his promise to Baldeck.

One of the Stewards said: "An objection has been lodged on the score that Mr. Baldeck is still interested in Gold Finder to the extent that you promised him the Cup, or a duplicate of it, in the event of his winning. If you assure the Stewards this is not so, there is no evidence other than his word, and we shall be forced to overrule the objection.

"If you admit it, it establishes the fact that Mr. Baldeck still has an interest in the horse, and that you are not the sole owner. In that event the Cup will go to Musket, who finished second."

It was a bitter pill, losing the prize, and on a technicality, too, but Slade never hesitated for an instant. His word would be taken against the other man's, but that didn't matter.

"I promised Mr. Baldeck the cup," he said, gravely. "I didn't know that it constituted an interest in the horse."

That afternoon he went to hand Beth the gage back, not as he thought he should have gone, to demand fulfilment of the promise, given in banter though it was, but to admit that he had failed.

It was rather odd that Beth had heard all the facts of the case before Slade got there, but she had. Whether

Captain Frank was able to get about in a gharry or not I don't know, but Beth knew.

"I have brought back your gage," said Slade, trying to speak in the same bantering tone they had used that other time. "I failed to get you the Cup."

Beth smiled a little as she reached out for the creased slip of paper Douglas handed her. "She doesn't care a rap," he thought; "she is laughing at me."

Deliberately Beth opened the dust-stained note, and read it with provoking coolness.

"This doesn't say a word about the Ballygunge Cup," she said, arching her eyebrows.

"Doesn't what?" he broke in, perplexedly.

"It says—wait, I'll read it to you—'If Douglas Slade wins the next Ballygunge *steeplechase*, I promise to—'" then she broke off, as she had in writing the note, and, looking up at him, inquiringly asked, "And you did win the steeplechase, didn't you—though you are not to get the Cup?"

And so it really did not matter very much about the Cup after all, though they would have liked it in their drawing-room.

JAPAN

BY VERNON NOTT

ONE deem'd her but a land of flower and fan,
A toy-like paradise 'mid Eastern seas,
Of lilliputian handicraft, and ease—
An artist nation since art first began.
And lo! no stripling, but a forceful man
Hath stepp'd, full arm'd, from out the centuries
And, toward the foe, unfurl'd upon the breeze
The battle standard of this new Japan.
Britain's adopted brother, may success
Sustain thine arms beneath a rightful cause!
And should repulse thy progress e'er give pause,
Dream not our hearts are with thee aught the less.
Our prayer and thine—what count religion's laws!
A righteous cause a righteous God will bless.

HAPPINESS*

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT

IT was tea-time before the appearance of the lamps. The villa commanded the sea; the sun, which had disappeared, had left the sky all rosy from his passing—rubbed, as it were, with gold-dust; and the Mediterranean, without a ripple, without a shudder, smooth, still shining under the dying day, seemed like a huge and polished metal plate.

Far off to the right the jagged mountains outlined their black profile on the paled purple of the west.

We talked of love, we discussed that old subject, we said again the things which we had said already very often. The sweet melancholy of the twilight made our words slower, caused a tenderness to waver in our souls, and that word, "love," which came back carelessly, now pronounced by a strong man's voice, now uttered by the frail-toned voice of a woman, seemed to fill the little salon, to flutter there like a bird, to hover there like a spirit.

Can one remain in love for several years in succession?

"Yes," maintained some.

"No," affirmed others.

We distinguished cases, we established limitations, we cited examples; and all, men and women, filled with rising and troubling memories, which they could not quote, and which mounted to their lips, seemed moved, and talked of that common, that sovereign thing, the tender and mysterious union of two beings, with a profound emotion and an ardent interest.

But all of a sudden some one, whose eyes had been fixed upon the distance, cried out:

"Oh, look down there; what is it?"

On the sea, at the bottom of the horizon, loomed up a mass, gray, enormous and confused.

The women had risen from their seats, and without understanding, looked at this surprising thing which they had never seen before.

Some one said:

"It is Corsica! You see it so two or three times a year, in certain exceptional conditions of the atmosphere, when the air is perfectly clear, and it is not concealed by those mists of sea-fog which always veil the distances."

We distinguished vaguely the mountain ridges; we thought we recognised the snow of their summits. And every one remained surprised, troubled, almost terrified, by this sudden apparition of a world, by this phantom risen from the sea. Maybe that those who, like Columbus, went away across undiscovered oceans had such strange visions as this.

Then said an old gentleman who had not yet spoken:

"See here. I knew in that island which raises itself before us, as if in person to answer what we said, and to recall to me a singular memory—I knew, I say, an admirable case of love which was true, of love which improbably enough was happy.

"Here it is—

"Five years ago I made a journey in Corsica. That savage island is more unknown and more distant from us than America, even though you see it sometimes from the very coasts of France, as we have done to-day.

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* Coprighted in the United States by Harper and Brothers. Maupassant, like Zola, is of the naturalist school of French writers He is one of those who attempted to study man and life as they are, to paint people exactly as they appear, selecting of course such phases of life as have dramatic interest. They desired to put Romanticism and Idealism behind them and to show where society stands and whither it tends. Maupassant was a nephew of Flaubert, one of the first of this school. He was born in 1850 and died in 1893. In early life he was apparently strong and robust, but later he fought with insanity and death. This fight made his work somewhat gruesomely pessimistic and realistic. Nevertheless as a maker of compact phrases, as a master of concise diction, as a finished stylist he is one of the greatest of nineteenth century novelists. His short stories were originally published in sixteen volumes, while his novels are eight in number.

"Imagine a world which is still chaos, imagine a storm of mountains separated by narrow ravines whose torrents roll; not a single plain, but immense waves of granite, and giant undulations of earth covered with brushwood or with high forests of chestnut trees and pines. It is a virgin soil, uncultivated, desert, although you sometimes make out a village like a heap of rocks on the summit of a mountain. No culture, no industries, no art. One never meets here with a morsel of carved wood, or a bit of sculptured stone, never the least reminder that the ancestors of these people had any taste, whether rude or refined, for gracious and beautiful things. It is this which strikes you the most in their superb and hard country; their hereditary indifference to that search for seductive forms which is called Art.

"Italy, where every palace, full of masterpieces, is a masterpiece itself; Italy, where marble, wood, bronze, iron, metals and precious stones attest man's genius; where the smallest old things which lie about in the ancient houses reveal that divine care for grace —Italy is for us the sacred country which we love, because she shows to us and proves to us the struggle, the grandeur, the power, and the triumph of the intelligence which creates.

"And, face to face with her, the savage Corsica has remained exactly as in her earliest days. A man lives there in his rude house, indifferent to everything which does not concern his own bare existence or his family feuds. And he has retained the vices and the virtues of savage races; he is violent, malignant, sanguinary without a thought of remorse, but also hospitable, generous, devoted, simple, opening his door to passers-by, and giving his faithful friendship in return for the least sign of sympathy.

"So, for a month, I had been wandering over this magnificent island with the sensation that I was at the end of the world. No more inns, no taverns, no roads. You gain by mule-paths hamlets hanging up, as it were, on a mountain-side, and commanding tortuous abysses whence of an evening you hear rising the steady sound, the dull and deep voice, of the torrent. You knock at the doors of the houses. You ask a shelter for the night and something to live on till the morrow. And you sit down at the humble board, and you sleep under the humble roof, and in the morning you press the extended hand of your host, who has guided you as far as the outskirts of the village.

"Now, one night, after ten hours' walking, I reached a little dwelling quite by itself at the bottom of a narrow valley which was about to throw itself into the sea a league farther on. The two steep slopes of the mountain, covered with brush, with fallen rocks, and with great trees, shut in this lamentably sad ravine like two sombre walls.

"Around the cottage were some vines, a little garden, and, farther off, several large chestnut trees—enough to live on; in fact, a fortune for this poor country.

"The woman who received me was old, severe and neat—exceptionally so. The man, seated on a straw chair, rose to salute me, then sat down again without saying a word. His companion said to me:

"'Excuse him; he is deaf now. He is eighty-two years old.'

"She spoke the French of France. I was surprised. I asked her:

"'You are not of Corsica?'

"She answered:

"'No; we are from the continent. But we have lived here now fifty years.'

"A feeling of anguish and of fear seized me at the thought of those fifty years passed in this gloomy hole, so far from the cities where human beings dwell. An old shepherd returned, and we began to eat the only dish there was for dinner, a thick soup in which potatoes, lard and cabbages had been boiled together.

"When the short repast was finished I went and sat down before the door, my heart pinched by the melancholy of the mournful landscape, wrung by that distress which sometimes seizes travellers on certain sad evenings, in certain desolate places. It seems that everything is near its ending-existence, and the universe itself. You perceive sharply the dreadful misery of life, the isolation of every one, the nothingness of all things, and the black loneliness of the heart which nurses itself and deceives itself with dreams until the hour of death.

"The old woman rejoined me, and, tortured by that curiosity which ever lies at the bottom of the most resigned of souls:

"'So you come from France?' said she.

"'Yes; I'm travelling for pleasure.'

"'You are from Paris, perhaps?'

"'No; I am from Nancy.'

"It seemed to me that an extraordinary emotion agitated her. How I saw, or rather how I felt it, I do not know.

"She repeated, in a slow voice:

"'You are from Nancy?'

"The man appeared in the door, impassible, like all the deaf.

"She resumed:

"'It doesn't make any difference. He can't hear.'

"Then, at the end of several seconds:

"'So you know people at Nancy?'

"'Oh, yes, nearly everybody.'

"'The family of Sainte-Allaize?'

"'Yes, very well; they were friends of my father.'

"'What are you called?'

"I told her my name. She regarded me fixedly, then said, in that low voice which is roused by memories:

"'Yes, yes; I remember well. And the Brisemares, what has become of them?'

"'They are all dead.'

"'Ah! And the Sirmonts, do you know them?'

"'Yes; the last of the family is a general.'

"Then she said, trembling with emotion, with anguish, with I do not know what, feeling confused, powerful and holy, with I do not know how great a need to confess, to tell all, to talk of those things which she had hitherto kept shut in the bottom of her heart, and to speak of those people whose name distracted her soul:

"'Yes, Henri de Sirmont. I know him well. He is my brother.'

"And I lifted my eyes at her, aghast with surprise. And all of a sudden my memory of it came back.

"It has caused, once, a great scandal among the nobility of Lorraine. A young girl, beautiful and rich, Suzanne de Sirmont, had run away with an under-officer in the regiment of hussars commanded by her father.

"He was a handsome fellow, the son of a peasant, but he carried his blue dolman very well, this soldier who had captivated his colonel's daughter. She had seen him, noticed him, fallen in love with him, doubtless while watching the squadrons filing by. But how she had got speech of him; how they had managed to see one another, to hear from one another; how she had dared to let him understand she loved him—that was never known.

"Nothing was divined, nothing suspected. One night when the soldier had just finished his time of service, they disappeared together. Her people looked for them in vain. They never received tidings, and they considered her as dead.

"So I found her in this sinister valley.

"Then in my turn I took up the word:

"'Yes, I remember well. You are Madamoiselle Suzanne.'

"She made the sign 'yes,' with her head. Tears fell from her eyes. Then, with a look showing me the old man motionless on the threshold of his hut, she said:

"'That is he.'

"And I understood that she loved him yet, that she still saw him with her bewitching eyes.

"I asked:

"'Have you, at least, been happy?'

"She answered with a voice which came from her heart:

"'Oh, yes! very happy. He has made me very happy. I have never regretted.'

"I looked at her, sad, surprised, astounded by the sovereign strength of love! That rich young lady had followed this man, this peasant. She was become herself a peasant woman. She had made for herself a life without charm, without luxury, without delicacy of any kind; she had stooped to simple customs. And she loved him yet. She was become the wife of a rustic, in a cap, in a cloth skirt. Seated on a straw-bottomed chair, she ate from an earthenware dish, at a wooden table, a soup of potatoes and of cabbages with lard. She slept on a mattress by his side.

"She had never thought of anything but of him. She had never regretted her jewels, nor her fine dresses, nor the elegancies of life, nor the perfumed warmth of the chamber hung with tapestry, nor the softness of the down-beds where the body sinks in for repose. She had never had need of anything but him; provided he was there, she desired nothing.

"Still young, she had abandoned life and the world and those who had brought her up, and who had loved her. She had come, alone with him, into the savage valley. And he had been everything to her, all that one desires, all that one dreams of, all that one waits for without ceasing, all that one hopes for without end. He had filled her life with happiness from the one end to the other.

"She could not have been more happy.

"And all the night, listening to the hoarse breathing of the old soldier stretched on his pallet beside her who had followed him so far, I thought of this strange and simple adventure, of this happiness so complete, made of so very little.

"And I went away at sunrise, after having pressed the hands of that aged pair."

The story-teller was silent. A woman said:

"All the same she had ideals which were too easily satisfied, needs which were too primitive, requirements which were too simple. She could only have been a fool."

Another said, in a low, slow voice, "What matter! she was happy."

And down there at the end of the horizon Corsica was sinking into the night, returning gently into the sea, blotting out her great shadow, which had appeared as if in person to tell the story of those two humble lovers who were sheltered by her coasts.

THE HEALTH OF EUPHEMIA

A NOVELETTE DEPICTING AN INCIDENT IN CANADIAN SCHOOL-BOY LIFE

By AMY WALSH

CHAPTER I

BONES, hurrying from the class-room at twelve o'clock, collided with Jones in the corridor.

"Oh, let us be joyful!" said the latter. "I've thought out a plan."

"What is it?" cried Bones.

"It's this way," said Jones. And an explanation followed.

CHAPTER II

Ten minutes later Jones was sprinting homeward to await the arrival of Bones, and Bones was talking, with a certain rude eloquence, through the fence to his dear friend, the day-pupil. Every boarder knows the need of one trusted friend among the day-pupils, and Bones was an experienced boarder.

"It's like this Billy," he was explaining. "I'm tired out; my health is a wreck from overwork (*whereat the day-pupil grinned greatly*), and if I can't get away for a week's rest, there is bound to be a collapse."

"Why don't you go home?" suggested the day-pupil. "Write to your guv'nor and go home."

"Home is not for me," returned Bones sadly. "My father is a stern man, and if I turned up looking so—so—comfortable (*Bones looked down regretfully at his all—too—solid frame*), he would think it was a put-up game to get home. It would do no good to plead that I had that brain-fag you read about in the breakfast food advertisements. But I have another idea and you've got to help."

"Sure Mike! What is it?"

"It's this way. You know Jones; he's a boarder and in my form. Well, his cousin from Texas is coming up for a visit, and Jones has to go home to show him round a bit. The Head is willing, for Jones isn't working for exams this year. Besides his home is so near Toronto that there won't be much time wasted going and coming."

"That's dead lucky for Jones," volunteered the day-pupil, "but it doesn't seem to help you much."

"Oh—but it does. Jones doesn't like his Texas cousin very much, and he has asked me to go out for a week to help things along. He wants me to ask you to have this message telegraphed to me from the Junction this afternoon. (*Here Bones pressed a scrap of paper into the other's hand.*) It's clear as day I'll have to leave for home when that comes."

The day-pupil was dubious.

"There's no harm in it," said Bones reassuringly. "You sign it 'R. Bones.' 'R' is my initial as well as the guv'nor's. It isn't forgery—it's just a message from myself to myself—see?"

"I see," said the day-pupil hesitatingly. "But—"

"But what?"

"Oh, nothing! I'll do it—but seems to me you've been in enough rackets this term."

"Thanks, Billy. You're a dead game sport. See you again in a week. Good-bye."

CHAPTER III

The Latin class was progressing with more or less celerity (*principally less*) through an arid spot in the Æneid when a sharp rap from without arrested attention. The nearest pupil opened the door and bore to the Head a yellow missive.

"Telegram for Bones, sir," he said.

"Ah, for Bones! Bones, come here, please."

"Thank you, sir," said Bones, and opened the missive with trembling fingers. In his agitation he carefully tore off the heading. On the whole, it was better that he did so for the father of Bones lived in a distant town on the banks of the Ottawa River, and the heading to the message was "Toronto Junction."

Bones read it with dimming eyes. Then he trembled, reeled slightly, and, one might have said, turned pale.

"What is it, my boy?" solicitously inquired the Head. "No bad news, I hope."

For answer the stricken Bones handed him the telegram. "My sister Euphemia," he moaned; "my dear little sister Phemy."

The Head adjusted his glasses and read:

"Sister Phemy very ill. Better come at once.

"R. BONES."

Then he looked at the boy. "You may go immediately," he said in his kindest accents. "You will catch the afternoon train if you hurry. Perhaps you will find your little sister better. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. Thank you, sir." The smitten Bones moved doorwards slowly, heavily. "By the way," added the principal, "would you like one of the masters to see you off?"

"Oh, no!" answered Bones with agitation. "Oh, no, thank you, sir. Not at all!" and he quickened his pace. Once outside the door, Bones grinned—largely—benevolently. The Science Master, passing, noted the grin with scientific curiosity as to the origin thereof.

CHAPTER IV

It was four o'clock. The principal sat in the vacated class-room and mused. "Strange," he soliloquised, "how that telegram affected Bones. Who could have dreamt that that troublesome boy had so much tenderness in his nature. '*My sister Euphemia—my dear little sister Phemy.*' Really, the way he came out with that was touching in the extreme."

He was still lost in thought when the Science Master entered on friendly confab bent.

"What was your High Mightiness doing to make the Virgil-hating Bones so gladsome this afternoon? He came from your Latin class wearing a radiantly benevolent smile—the smile that won't come off."

"Gladsome! Bones! Wearing a smile, you say—surely not!"

"Yea, verily—a smile. His face shone with unholy mirth."

"We must look into this," said the Head, and took counsel of the Science Master. They looked into it conjointly. They looked also into the mutilated telegram and observed that the heading was gone.

"One doesn't like to be or to appear needlessly suspicious," remarked the Science Master, "but I think, if I were you, I should write to R. Bones, Senior, and inquire after the health of Euphemia. She may not be so very ill after all."

"I shall certainly do so," said the Head, and added musingly, "Euphemia, his dear little sister Euphemia."

CHAPTER V

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your kind inquiry as to the safe arrival of my son Reginald and the progress toward recovery of my daughter Euphemia, I would say that Reginald has not yet arrived, and that I never had any daughter Euphemia, nor any daughter at all, for that matter.

Reginald is not likely to come our way. He is probably staying with some friend, and I imagine he will return to the college in a few days.

If his absence should exceed a week let me know, and I shall take steps to find him. You are at liberty on his return to use any means you think best to restrict the workings of his imagination; it is decidedly undesirable to have a daughter added to one's family in this unceremonious fashion.

Yours very sincerely,
R. BONES.

This illuminating letter reached the principal in a day or two. He read it and with ominous carefulness placed it in a drawer.

CHAPTER VI

On the seventh day Bones returned and reported, as was seemly, at the Head's office. He did not look as if he had spent much time at his sister Euphemia's bedside. His eyes were bright, and the light mesh of freckles which formerly decorated his face had disappeared under a coat of tan.

Bones had spent the greater part of seven precious days in showing Jones and the Texas cousin how to sail a skiff with two umbrellas and a pillow-sham. Therefore was he tanned and weather-beaten.

The Head was a humane man. He did not ironically require an explanation of the vigour and high colour of Bones. With merciful swiftness he came to the point.

"Bones," he said affectionately, almost admiringly, "I have received a letter from your father. If you read it, it will set at rest any lingering anxiety you may yet have regarding the health of Euphemia."

Bones paled perceptibly—even under his tan. Then he read the letter. The last sentence made him feel weak and ill.

"I—needed—a—rest," he said simply.

"Perhaps you did," murmured the Head, pensively reaching for something from the table. "Perhaps you did, but what you need now is something vastly different. It is my painful duty, Bones, to—

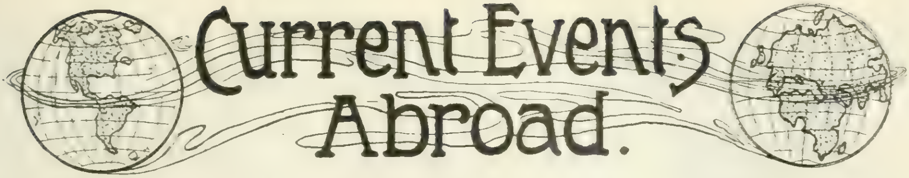
And Bones rose to the occasion like a man.

CHAPTER VII

!—! ! — —! ! — —!
—! ! ! — — —! ! ! — — —!

"I am sorry, Bones," added the principal, "that you made it necessary."

"So am I, sir," said Bones.



Current Events Abroad.

NICHOLAS in his palace during the past month must have recalled to many minds the Scottish tyrant to whose castle at Dunsinane messenger after messenger comes bearing tidings of woe and disaster. One comes to say that ten thousand English, commanded by men who had a fearful title to thirst for his life, were marching on his stronghold; another announces that Birnam Wood is moving to Dunsinane; a third that Lady Macbeth is dead. So fast does one woe tread upon another's heels that the desperate usurper says:

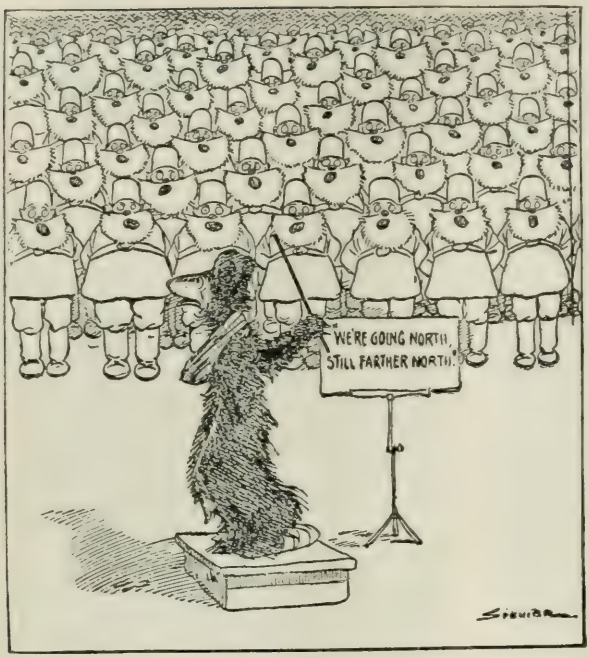
"I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As if life were in't. I have supp'd full with horrors."

* * *

Since that fateful day in February when the detonations of the Japanese torpedoes in Port Arthur announced the opening of the war, the messengers of disaster have been even thicker at the Czar's palace gates. But more dire than the news of the worst things that the enemy has inflicted, more dire even than the sinking of a battleship with the bravest of his admirals aboard, must be the tidings of the assassination of the great servants of the state by the hands of his own subjects. The assassination of the Governor of Transcaucasia, of the Governor of Finland, and finally of his chief minister have one after another been carried home to him almost at his own portals. The murder of a conspicuous personage anywhere may have very little political meaning. Three Presidents of the United States, men chosen by universal suffrage for a term of years, have perished at the hands of fanatics. All three were men greatly revered by the nation at large. Their untimely taking off was universally deplored and the instruments of it as universally execrated. No political data or lessons could be gleaned from such events, for they were utterly irrational and purposeless. It is somewhat difficult, therefore, to draw any conclusions from events that occur equally in one of the freest governments in the world and in that which is most absolute and tyrannical. There is a difference, however. In America it is only the most conspicuous office that is exposed to the attention of cranks. It is only the President who has to be attended by secret service men as protectors. The general state official moves about as freely and probably as safely as the average citizen. Not so in Russia. The instruments of absolutism are hunted as ruthlessly as the Czar himself. M. Plehve was accompanied by guards when he was slain. His predecessor in the office was also assassinated. His successor will be a marked man. The successors of the Governors of Finland and of Transcaucasia will, in the truest sense, be offering their lives in the service of their master.

* * *

This situation will become more and more intense as the propaganda of freedom gradually makes its way among the vast inert mass that forms the population of Russia. Under its impending dangers changes will be enforced on the most reactionary rulers. The despatches tell us that in view of the Von Plehve murder the *Novoe Vremya* is discussing in its columns the need of a responsible cabinet in Russia. The curious thing is that the press has been allowed to canvass the matter quite freely. The articles in


"WE'RE GOING NORTH, STILL FARTHER NORTH."

RUSSIA'S NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM
Sung to the tune of "I regret to report"
—Denver *Republican*

the *Novoe Vremya* were signed by the editor, M. Souverin. One of the sententious clauses in the second article was that in which he said that "Peter the Great opened the window towards Europe. Now we need to open the door and let what is best of western progress enter." M. Souverin went so far as to say that the rivalry between ministers is causing chaos in the public service. The creation of a responsible ministry would necessarily involve the privilege of free criticism on the part of the press. The press has already, it would appear, gained unwonted freedom.

* * *

For the past two years the relations between the French Government and the Vatican have not been good. Under the new Pope and his equally new Secretary of State, Mgr. del Val, they have reached the breaking point. During the pontificate of Leo the campaign of the French Government against the religious corporations occasioned the Holy Father much grief, but with his usual statesmanlike patience he was inclined to bend his head to the storm, hoping that it would blow over. It never blew over in his time, and under his successor the prospect is for still rougher weather. Pius X had not long been seated in the chair of St. Peter before President Loubet paid a visit to the King of Italy. It has become a point of etiquette that so long as the Pope is deprived by the Italian Government of his temporal estates no Catholic ruler can visit Rome. President Loubet disregarded this intricacy. He paid a visit to the King of Italy, and as a consequence he was not received at the Vatican. The incident increased the strain occasioned by the expulsion of the teaching corporations.

* * *

The friction has been doubled by a still more recent happening. As is well known, the relations between the Government of France and the Papacy are regulated by the Concordat which Napoleon concluded with Pius VII.

Among the provisions of that agreement, or, rather, in an interpreting document, is one that stipulates that all communications between Rome and the Church in France shall pass through the hands of the French Government. The church has never formally recognised this as an obligation, although in practice it has been carried out. The other day the Bishops of Laval and Dijon were summoned to Rome to answer charges made against them. The civil authorities resent the fact that these summonses were not presented through them. The Pope and his Secretary of State refuse to recede, with the consequence that the French Ambassador has been recalled from the Vatican and the Papal Nuncio been handed his papers. As the Government provides clerical salaries throughout France out of the people's taxes and, of course, can cease doing so when it chooses to think that the Concordat has been violated, it can be seen that a very serious issue has been raised.

HE'S NOT SO HANDSOME AS HE WAS, BUT HE KNOWS A GOOD DEAL MORE.—Denver *News.*

❧

I was rash enough in the August number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE to say that before "Current Events Abroad" met the eye of the reader one of the world's great battles would have been fought. But here ten days of the month have elapsed and still the looked for event is *in futuro.* It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the silent deliberation that broods over the area of conflict is bodeful for the Russians. We may well believe, of course, that every moment is being employed by them in increasing their numbers, in adding to their armament and, if they mean to make a fight behind a fortified front, in strengthening the lines of their position. But is there not the danger that the object of these deliberate steps the Japanese are taking is to put Kouropatkin virtually in the same position as Gen. Stoessel in Port Arthur? If they can surround him, cutting his communications with Harbin, he is practically a besieged man, and cannot even choose his fighting ground. His opponents can make him come out for food and endeavour to break through their lines. That would be to surrender all the advantages he may have gained by occupying a strong position, made still more invulnerable by the pick and shovel.

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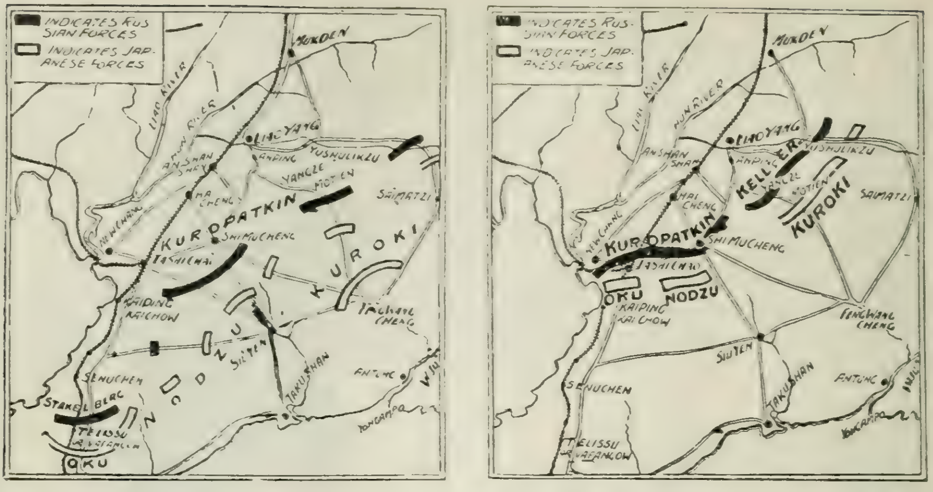
It need scarcely be pointed out that a force that manœuvres itself to the rear of a position is in peril of suffering the fate which it designs for its enemy. If a Japanese force, for example, gets between the main Russian army and Mukden the preserving of their own communications will become a matter of vital interest, and an enterprising commander would make their position a most precarious one if the present Fabian tactics are maintained. The deliberation that has marked the last few weeks of Japanese strategy shows the little people in a new light. The naval opening of the war gave us their headlong aspect. Their courage seemed of the reckless order which has been displayed by more than one Asiatic people, and has eventually only contributed to their more effective and speedy overthrow. Such valour has a touch of fatalism in it, and while it was the quality which made the conquering career of Mahometanism possible, it is not the best type of courage for the soldier. The good soldier does not want to die, although he is willing to take large risks in order to encompass the death or dis-

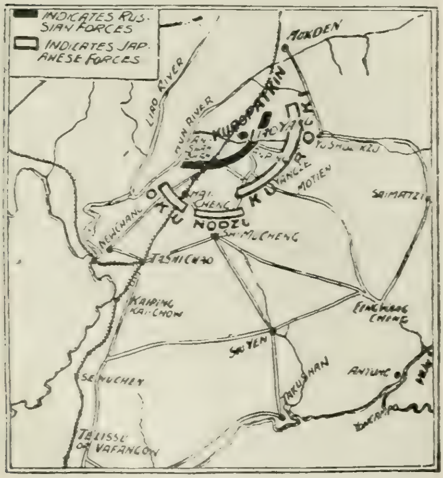


Position of Russian and Japanese Armies on June 15, at the time of the battle of Telissu.

Positions on July 23, after the battle of Kaiping (Kaichow).

THE MOVEMENTS OF THE OPPOSING ARMIES, SHOWING THE ENCLOSING MOVEMENTS OF THE JAPANESE.

abling of his foe. He wants to beat his antagonist, and to be alive to enjoy the victory. That is the European type of courage. The amazing valour of the Japanese seaman, which has been quite matched by that of the land forces, doubtless led many to conclude that the Japanese type of bravery was that of the best Asiatics—reckless, prodigal of its life, self-immolating. But the last few weeks have illustrated their other side. They have approached the Russian position with a deliberation, caution and sure-footedness worthy of a Wellington. It is the finest temper for waging a war. The characteristic of Cæsar was his readiness when need be to run great risks, and to trust to a furious onset, backed by dogged valour, to bear down all opposition. But on occasion, when conditions seemed to call for it, the great Roman captain could be as cautious as anyone. Witness his patient manœuvring previous to the overthrow of his foes at Thapsus. The Japanese have exhibited themselves in both aspects. When some great object is to be served the little dark men can be confidently relied upon for almost any sacrifice. When deliberate and slow accumulation of the means for the delivery of an earth-shaking thunderbolt is necessary they have the calmness and steadiness for that as well.



Positions on August 4, after the battles of Tashichao, Shimuchen, Yangze Pass, Yushulikzu, and the evacuation by the Russians of Hai-Cheng.

John A. Ewan.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

TO DIANEME

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes,
Which starlike sparkle in their skies;
Nor be you proud that you can see
All hearts your captives; yours yet free;
Be you not proud of that rich hair,
Which wantons with the love-sick air;
When as that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty's gone.

R. Herrick.

DOMESTIC ROCKS

PAPER I

IT is little wonder that in the ceaseless effort to make a show for the world to gaze at, the better part of woman is seriously neglected. One dangerous rock which needs a warning buoy above it, is the lack of simplicity in our homes.

Let us follow through a series of years the domestic life of the average newly-married young man and woman. In the beginning they domicile themselves in a rented house, and their sovereign aim is to rise on the line of material possessions, and, as a natural sequence, owing to the present edicts of society, having in view some pretentious residence of which they wish to possess an equal, or some family with which they desire to rank socially.

Ordinarily, at the outset, with a view to saving money toward one day possessing a home of her own, the wife dispenses with a servant, often drudging away the first years, which should be among the most progressive spiritually, of her life, and what is usually the result?

Having soon or late come by a residence, not in every instance a home such as her fancy has long pictured, her social obligations more often than not increase, and a maid is engaged, sometimes two, and following this there is the continual effort to keep up appearances, accompanied almost invariably by living up to, or beyond her means, both equally disastrous to domestic happiness.

In such habitations, then, and they are innumerable, where is found the rest and true felicity which, at the outlook, married life seemed to promise? To the husband, at least, it is often a pitiable farce, for probably, in the majority of instances, it is the wife who first relinquishes the chance of happiness, and perhaps not always blindly, to the thraldom of keeping up appearances.

To make an effort toward bettering this condition of affairs domestic, the furnishing and ornamentation of our homes should be planned with due respect not only to our purses, but to the amount of time we can afford to spend in keeping things trim. While it is woman's mission, notwithstanding the new woman's distorted views on the subject, to look well after the ways of her house, this should not be permitted to occupy her time to the exclusion of all things else, particularly when a home which requires little special attention is often more comfortable and attractive than one calling for considerable.

One young lady I know of spends half a day getting her room ready for a maid to sweep, and nearly as long a time dusting and putting things in place again. Another, a married lady, confesses that she spends two days on her parlour. Both rooms are full of gilded, perishable creations which a maid is not permitted to handle.

A noteworthy stumbling-block to the housekeeper is the mantel, which often is swathed in fancy draperies suggestive of dust and microbes, and scattered over with various senseless ornaments. But what is to be expected when deplorable quantities of useless and common articles are daily being manufactured and offered for sale?

The decoration of a mantel might to advantage be limited to a clock, a neat marble one, for instance; a couple of good vases, which should be supplied daily with fresh flowers during the garden season, at least; and it may be noted here that time spent on floral decoration is well spent; and to these might be added a couple of small photographs in not too fancy frames. Ornaments which are solely ornamental should be avoided—unless, of course, one can afford the handcraft of the best sculptors. Imitations should not be encouraged.

Annihilation, then, should be the fate of what-nots and ordinary *bric-a-brac*, and the places these usually occupy should be converted into cosey corners which admit of being made at once comfortable and beautiful. As to the walls, only good pictures should hang there, if but one to a room; not necessarily paintings by artists—fine photographs, simple prints may be selected, with the thought always before the home-maker that mere copies of the really good paintings are infinitely better than any but the best originals. *A. M.*

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FOOD QUESTIONS

THE question as to whether this or that kind of food agrees with the human stomach or not, seems to have entered enormously into everybody's calculation and conversation of late. Formerly the mere mention of the subject in a mixed gathering gave one's sensibilities a mild shock, but now we willingly lend both ears to bald discussions of indigestion, at luncheons, afternoon teas, and—from timely necessity perhaps—at the midnight supper.

Is this the outcome of the various food demonstrations, of lectures on the things people should or should not eat —especially the latter, or is it just the natural spray cast up by the wave of domestic science which has recently swept over the country?

When a fanatic arises and tells a devouring nation that it should not touch beef; that potatoes are the cause of more dyspepsia than any other thing; that bread is nothing short of poison; that fearful monsters lurk in every drop of milk; that the seductive sparkle in water is as little to be trusted as the light in woman's eyes—then, surely, the only conclusion left us, is that this jaundiced prophet is in league with the undertaker. We had better be resigned to death. Let us be businesslike and make all necessary arrangements for our own funerals. We should lose no time in deciding whether we desire to be cremated, or to be buried in "the cold, cold ground." His message comes as welcome as the "cheer up" salutation with skull-and-crossbones beside it.

But a happier day is dawning, and the most thoughtful doctors are now saying that it is not what we eat so much as the state of mind we are in at the time of eating, which determines our digestion. We must not eat when excited in any way, when anxious or worried, when nervous, when deep in grief or on the pinnacle of elation, while in a state of fear, when madly in love, or—worst of all—we are solemnly warned not to partake of food when in a mood of violent anger.

Thus we may expect shortly to arise, a race of sweet-tempered, delightfully placid human beings, to take the place of us ordinary mortals who must either die of starvation from excessive fasting, or depart this life from nervous indigestion.

A year ago I heard a woman gravely advising her friends to live on grape-nuts, shredded wheat biscuits and cereal tea. These were all-sufficient for the human system, she stoutly declared. They followed not her counsel, but she unfortunately did, and today this poor woman—herself the victim of faddists—is a physical wreck.

A. M.

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LADY MARJORIE GORDON

THE marriage of Lady Marjorie Gordon, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, to Captain Sinclair, Liberal M.P. for Forfarshire, took place in London on July 11th.

Captain Sinclair, who was A.D.C. in waiting during Lord Aberdeen's term as Lord - Lieutenant of Ireland, served Lord Aberdeen in the same capacity in Canada, and has since then been private secretary to Sir Henry Campbell - Bannerman, Liberal Leader in the British House of Commons. Entering the army in 1879, Captain Sinclair saw active service in the Soudan expedition of 1885 and retired from the service in 1887 with the rank of captain.

From early childhood the name of Lady Marjorie Gordon has been a household word in Great Britain through her editorship of *Wee Willie Winkie*. The children who eagerly welcomed each issue of the little magazine with its pictures and stories, puzzles and games, have with a feeling of affectionate comradeship watched their young editor grow into charming womanhood. Lady Marjorie is still devoted to literary pursuits, and at the International Congress of Women held in Berlin June 15th to June 18th, she read an admirable paper on "Women in Literature."

LADY MARJORIE GORDON

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT & FRY

Lady Marjorie is tall and graceful, with a beautiful head and fine thoughtful dark eyes, and her winning manners make her extremely popular in the circles in which she moves. Though bright and fond of society, her thoughtful mind looks much on the serious side of life, and in the solution of some of the most perplexing questions she manifests a sympathy and soundness of judgment remarkable, were it not that from her earliest years she has been associated with her mother in all the benevolent and philanthropic enterprises so dear to Lady Aberdeen's heart. Children are usually fond of helping in any project in which their activities can be employed, and the little Lady Marjorie always found singular delight in lending her small aid, the more so as the utility of the effort was always carefully impressed upon her.

Her years in Ottawa during the *régime* of the Earl of Aberdeen were years in the school-room, a clever description of which she gives in a dainty brochure, entitled "Our School-room at Ottawa, 1893-1898." The school was in affiliation with the University of Toronto, Lady Marjorie passing in due course the successive examinations.

The question of a course in Domestic Science and Manual Training as a part of the education of their children was solved by Lord and Lady Aberdeen presenting them with Holiday Cottage, near Haddo House, complete in all its fittings, sleeping accommodadation alone being omitted. An annual rental of four ivy leaves, as indicated by the framed document hanging on the wall of the living room, entitled the children to all the privileges of the cottage. Here they practised all the details of housekeeping, Lord Haddo and his brothers doing the gardening and any carpentering found necessary, while Lady Marjorie, who was both housekeeper and hostess, delighted in performing every detail of the housework, and in entertaining her favoured friends with the results of her own culinary skill.

Fond of outdoor exercise, Lady Marjorie excels at golf and tennis, and her well-used Indian bag with B. B. shot, darts, slugs and cartridges and her 22 Quackenbush rifle are evidences of another pastime in which she delights. In the study of Natural History Lady Marjorie and her brothers added some valuable trophies to their collection of specimens, ranging from a beautiful collection of butterflies to a large rattlesnake killed on Lord Aberdeen's ranch at Vernon, B.C.

On the return of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen to Haddo House, Lady Marjorie was elected a member of the School Board of Methlick in Aberdeenshire, and though her success at the polls was perhaps quite a foregone conclusion, the ability she displayed in discharging the duties of her office was a distinct surprise. For three years she has served on the School Board, and her visits to the schools were welcomed by the children as red-letter days.

A few weeks ago Lady Marjorie Gordon, accompanied by Captain Sinclair, visited the school of Cairnorrie, which was *en fête* in honour of the approaching happy event. In the warm wishes then expressed for the future happiness of the distinguished pair, the people of Canada heartily join.

Margaret Eadie Henderson.

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TO A YOUNG LADY

SWEET stream, that winds through yonder glade,
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—
Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay, busy throng,
With gentle yet prevailing force
Intent upon her destined course;
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes,
Pure bosom'd as that watery glass,
And Heaven reflected in her face.

—*W. Cowper.*

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FORGIVENESS

IN a clearing of the wood two men stand facing each other at a measured distance. The right hand of each grasps a gleaming sword, whose bladetip touches the dry brown earth.

It has been an affair of honour—honour dearer to one than life itself. One man stands straight, proud, fearless. He could look into the eyes of God and be unafraid. The other man holds high his head, his body straight, but in reckless daring only. His eye shifts and wavers. He watches his antagonist furtively. Blades cross . . . and cross again . . . and yet again. He stoops—he, the guilty one, and with lightning alertness grasps with his left hand its full of the brown dust, which he flings in the face of his adversary. Then—a terrible thrust! The mad moment ended. The murderer would fly, but stronger arms bind him.

The wounded sinks into the arms of his second. He looks up with a quivering smile of great tenderness.

"Don't let them do anything to him. . . . He meant only to disarm me. . . . It is but a scratch. . . . I will be all right in a—" . . . But in that minute he died. *A. M.*

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ONE touch of what we call sympathy is worth more to us than many volumes of what we call knowledge, we are such lonely creatures.

—*Clara Sherwood Rollins*, in "Threads of Life."

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

CANADA'S YOUNG MEN

LAST month, the writer took occasion to congratulate the Maritime Provinces upon their waking up to a realisation of how difficult it is to build up a country without young men. This month an opportunity occurs to congratulate Ontario upon the excellence of the manhood being produced in that province. Ontario has tried to keep her young men at home, to give them employment, and to encourage their thrift and enterprise. If she could not find a suitable niche for every promising young man, it was but the fault of circumstances. The Northwest is fairly well supplied with successful citizens, who were once bright young men in Ontario. These came from homes presided over by thoughtful, sensible parents, who believed in young men having few idle moments, and who hated card-playing, cigarette-smoking and beer-drinking with a deadly hatred. There was plenty of encouragement for the boy who showed a desire to learn, whether it were the knowledge that is in books or the living facts which nature conceals, or whether it were cricket, lacrosse, "shinny," or any other laudable sport. No idling, no funking, no wasting of God-given strength, no neglect of opportunities, said these earnest fathers and mothers. They aimed to send their boys forth into the struggle of life with a little religion well-imbedded in their consciences, a strong body, and as much education as it was possible to acquire with the time and money that was available. And for fifty years Ontario has produced honest, sinewy men whose superiors are not to be found on the round globe.

Because of these things there are two new stories to be told this month; stories which cannot possibly do justice to the two young men who have brought honour to the fathers and mothers of their native province.

THE DIAMOND SCULLS

LOUIS SCHOLES, a Torontonian, has won the highest amateur honour in the rowing-world—The Diamond Sculls. Although only twenty-three years of age, Scholes is a powerful athlete with sense, pluck and endurance in an unusual degree. Two years ago he went over to Henley, and was beaten in the same competition by an oarsman from the United States. Undismayed, he went in for further training on Toronto Bay, and this year went back to measure his strength once more. After four hard races, he succeeded in getting possession for one year of Britain's greatest sporting trophy. Not only that, but he lowered the record for the Henley course by 5 4-5 seconds, and taught the young men of Great Britain that all the skilled muscle of the Empire is not on the shores of the Thames.

When Scholes returned to Toronto he was given a civic welcome and a case of silver. Thirty thousand people turned out to do honour to him and to his father who also has an athletic record. "It is a grand thing for pure athleticism," said the latter. "All fathers should encourage their sons to take an interest in athletic sports. It is a grand thing for young men. It fits them for any kind of business."

The intensity of the struggle in such a competition is shown by the fact that Scholes lost sixteen pounds between the first and last heats, partly owing

REGATTA, KINGSTON HARBOUR, JULY 23RD TO 28TH
PHOTO BY HENDERSON

to the physical exertion, and partly to the mental strain. He knew that his club-mates, his friends and the whole sporting-world were watching his efforts.

THE KING'S PRIZE

ANOTHER Canadian, the second in history, has won the King's Prize for the best shot in the British Empire. Hail, Private Perry, of Vancouver, the first Canadian-born to gain this distinction! Over fifteen hundred men competed—the best shots from New Zealand, Canada, the Channel Isles, England, Scotland and Wales. And there was no chance about it, as everyone who knows the competition well understands. Fifteen hundred men fire at three ranges—200, 500 and 600 yards; the best three hundred go on to 600 and 800 yards and compete again; then the one hundred best, the King's Hundred, have a final test at 900 and 1,000 yards, and the aggregate score at all the ranges decides. The prize is a gold medal, a badge and £250.

And then the afterwards! Montreal gave him a welcome which must have made his face glow, even though the Prince of Wales and Lord Roberts had already patted him on the back. Toronto, where he was born, where he first enlisted in the militia, from which he started as a member of the first South African contingent—Toronto gave him cases of silver, gold watches and a welcome which he will never forget. Vancouver, his newer home, awaits his coming with impatience.

And why all this? Partly because of his pluck, his skill, his manliness, his earnest view of life. Partly because he did honour to Canada where Canada desires to be honoured. Partly because all the world loves a hero.

A SOUND BODY

THE future of the Canadian people depends upon the development of the mental and physical powers of the young. It depends more on these qualities in our young men and young women than upon the building of railways and canals, the increase in immigration, the development of trade, or whether the Government is Liberal or Conservative. A sound mind in a sound body is the basis of all progress. There have been strong minds in weak bodies, but these are the exception. Lucretius's ancient observation is worth recalling:

> "Gigni pariter cum corpore, et una
> Crescere sentimus pariterque senescere mentem."

"We see that the mind is born with

the body, that it grows with it and also ages with it." Sterne carried the idea another step when he said: "Man's body and his mind are exactly like a jerkin and a jerkin's lining—rumple the one, you rumple the other."

Some young people take too little interest in athletics, some take too much. There must be a proper balance; and the maintaining of the balance depends upon the teaching of the parents and the educationists. Athletics should not be made the aim of life; they are but a part of the preparation.

* * *

YOUNG MEN'S CLUBS

EVERY town should have a building devoted to athletics, because indoor sports as well as outdoor sports are necessary in this climate. In the summer evenings the young men may indulge in cricket, baseball, lacrosse, football, aquatics, and even in bowls and golf. In the winter time he should have a swimming bath, a gymnasium and perhaps a billiard room.

If the temperance reformers would work along this line they would accomplish more than by agitations for local option and prohibition. The young man who drinks to excess is usually led thereto by the necessity for spending his leisure winter evenings in the hotel—the only place in the town that invites him to enter when he pleases. The Y.M.C.A. buildings in most of the larger towns are splendid institutions where not too narrowly directed. Their moral influence is good.

The other day I noticed a fine new building in course of erection in Stratford and learned that it was a Y.M.C.A. structure to which the Grand Trunk Railway had subscribed $4,000. It has nearly a thousand workmen at that point. This is an excellent example which might be followed by other large employers of labour. These young men's clubs will benefit not only themselves and the community, but also the nation. Of course, these institutions will bless only according to their administration, and the giving of money is not enough; employers must retain a permanent interest and influence in the management.

THE NOORNA OF MONTREAL, SUCCESSFUL DEFENDER OF THE SEAWANHAKA CUP, 1904

Keep the young man out of the barroom by interesting him in other phases of life.

* * *

THE DECLINE OF CRICKET

AS a means of creation and recreation of mental and physical strength there is no sport to surpass cricket. For nearly seventy years this game has been played in this country, and especially in Ontario and Nova Scotia. Back in the thirties and forties there were flourishing clubs in Upper Canada, and (the Hon.) John Beverley Robinson, (the Hon.) J. G. Spragge and (Chief Justice) Draper were among the leaders. The game has maintained a fair popularity, but not sufficient

THE WHITE BEAR OF MILWAUKEE, UNSUCCESSFUL CHALLENGER OF THE SEAWANHAKA CUP, 1904

to enable it to hold the national affections in competition with lacrosse, baseball and golf. It will long remain the chief game of the boarding schools, but its incompatibility with the American rush is against it as a sport for men.

This is regrettable from a certain point of view. The late Edward Thring, headmaster of Uppingham School, once wrote to a friend: "Mark me, cricket is the greatest bond of the English-speaking race, and is no mere game. This Australian visit has unconsciously done much in this way towards a feeling of brotherhood and common life." This may be a statement in superlative terms, but it is often true with those who are English-born. If Canada had taken more kindly to the game, it is possible that it might have had some imperial significance; yet, because the game is not played here now as it was thirty years ago, is no proof that the ties of the English-speaking race are breaking. Our football, lacrosse and bowling teams still visit Great Britain, as do our rifle-shots and curlers. Yet, as has been said, from the imperial point of view it is regrettable that cricket has lost so much of its popularity among Canadian men and become so purely a school-boy game.

A YACHTING VICTORY

WHILE showing pre-eminence in rifle-shooting and rowing, Canada has also maintained her reputation in yachting. The Seawanhaka Cup has again been successfully defended at Montreal. In 1895 the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club established a permanent challenge cup for small yachts, owing to the possible visit of J. Arthur Brand, of the Minima Yacht Club of England, with his half-rater *Spruce IV.* To meet this boat six yachts were specially designed and built. Of these, the *Ethelwynn*, designed by W. P. Stephens, was selected. It was a shoal centre-board boat with a firm keel, and a water-line length of about fifteen feet. This boat won from the English boat. The Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club at once challenged, and Mr. Duggan's *Glencairn* competed in 1896 and defeated *El Heirie*, designed and sailed by Clinton H. Crane. Every subsequent race on Lake St. Louis has ended with a similar result, the *White Bear* making the best attempt this year, winning two out of the five races.

This series of races has given a great impetus to small yacht building and racing on the Lakes, and the Canadian designers and builders have been fairly successful in all competitions. This has added variety to the sports and pleasures of those who live along these waters, and has enabled many persons of limited means to enjoy themselves in what is really a royal sport. The effect upon the young men who take to this form of pleasure is to make them more acquainted with the problems of navigation and the varying moods of sailing weather.

John A. Cooper

About New Books.

BACK TO NATURE

SPEAKING of flat buildings and apartment houses in their relation to human action, the Montreal *Gazette* says that the "flat building is the right-bower of race suicide." There is no doubt that large cities mean small families, because it is difficult for parents with small children to secure a rented house, and impossible for them to get apartments in the best locations. The woman with a child is regarded as a nuisance, as a being who should have known better.

Hence there are many books now being issued which are teaching people how to get back to Nature. A few bold spirits have voluntarily thrown aside professional reputation, and gone back to the land, there to work out a higher agricultural life. They are trying to imitate Thoreau and his disciples. "Our Mountain Garden," by Mrs. Thomas; "The Fat of the Land," by Dr. Streeter,* and "Working With the Hands,"† by Booker T. Washington, are three recent additions.

In the third of these volumes the author deals incidentally with another phase of this question. He says: "I found young men who could wrestle successfully with the toughest problem in 'compound interest or banking,' or 'foreign exchange,' but who had never thought of trying to figure out why their fathers lost money on every bale of cotton raised, and why they were continually mortgaging their crops and falling deeper into debt." He could find the same kind of young men in Ontario—blinded under the most delusive system of high-school teaching that could be devised by short-sighted men.

The negro needed education, but what kind? Booker T. Washington decided to try a combination of brain-work and hand-work, so that the negro could improve his body, his temporal life and his mental life all at the same time. Mere hand training would not do. "The hands, the head, and the heart together, as the essential elements of educational need, should be so correlated that one may be made to help the others." He taught the young negroes to build and to think, to work with their hands and their brains, and he made Tuskegee College famous.

Canadian colleges might learn the lesson. Every man who graduates might have a knowledge of building and architecture. Whether he becomes a merchant, a manufacturer, or even a professional man, he will find it useful to know exactly how a building is put together, and what are the striking architectural features of the finer buildings which come under his eye during life. Besides it will teach him to use his hands, it will render his theoretical knowledge more practical, and it will make him a much more useful citizen whether he serve in a private or a public capacity.

REFERENCE BOOKS

AN occasional lament is heard to the effect that Canadians do not know enough about their own country to maintain a good argument with a foreigner. They are not prepared to answer the most likely questions. Why is Canada valuable to the British Empire? What is her area? What are her chief products? What is the average immigration? The average duty levied on imported goods? What percentage of imports come in free? How is Canada governed? What are the characteristics which distinguish

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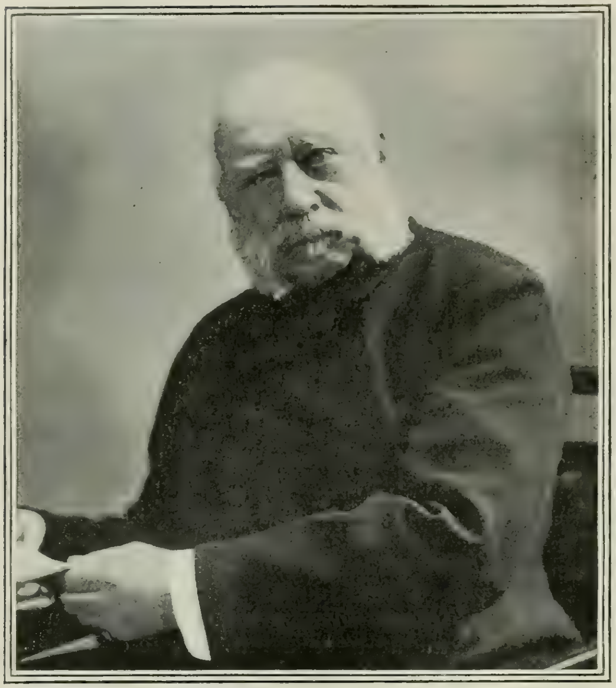
*Morang. †William Briggs.



THE LATE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, WHOSE DIARY WILL BE PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF THE KING

her system of government from all other systems?

This lack of information of a general nature is also noticed when young men are choosing professions. The youth appeals to his parents and friends, who answer: "Be a lawyer, doctor or dentist—or a preacher." They do not realise that lawyers, doctors, dentists and preachers are not the classes most in demand in Canada. A young man will make a greater success of his life if he educates himself for a mercantile career, a draughtsman, a mining engineer, a railway engineer, an electrician, a lumberman, a specialist in transportation, a miller, or even an agricultural expert, for these are the classes of men that the country requires. The rewards of to-day are not going to the professional men, as those words are usually understood, but to the specialist in some branch of industry or trade. This must continue to be true for the next two hundred years, since there is a huge country offering itself for development. Lawyers and doctors and dentists are not developers; they are non-producers. What Canada needs is producers—and in failing to give us these, the educational system of the country has fallen short of perfection.

The parent of a family of boys will take a different view of Canada if he will but study the reference books. Several of these offer themselves for consideration this month.

"The Canadian Annual Review" for 1903, edited by J. Castell Hopkins, shows considerable improvement over 1902. Instead of one section devoted to "Government and Politics," there are two sections, "Dominion Political Affairs" and "Provincial Political Affairs." This is an improvement. There are additional sections devoted to "Art and Music" and "Legal Incidents and Appointments." There are fifty more pages in this volume and the matter is also better condensed. The section devoted to "Relations with the Empire" is extended so as to give a full account of the momentous fiscal conflict now raging, while "Relations with the United States" gives a splendid account of the Alaskan Boundary incident. The lists of daily papers and of the books of the year are also valuable. The illustrations are well chosen. Altogether this is a valuable work which should be in the library of every progressive citizen.*

"The Statistical Year-Book of Canada," 1903, edited by George Johnson, is much more of a book of figures than Mr. Hopkins' work. Not events, but trade and administration are the subjects. While Mr. Hopkins treats statistics in a general manner, Mr. Johnson treats them in detail. He also analyses them. Mr. Hopkins may give the annual value of the butter and cheese exported from Canada in 1903; Mr. Johnson shows by tables that the gross value of the cheese produced in Ontario has grown from nine million dollars in 1894 to fourteen million in 1902, with similar figures for the other provinces. He will show that seven million dollars' worth of butter was exported last year as compared with less than a million in 1891, while in the same period cheese exports have grown from a value of nine and a half millions to more than twenty-four millions. He will go farther and show what portion of this export went to Great Britain, what portion to the United States, and what portion elsewhere. He will even tell how many cheese factories and creameries there are in each of the provinces, how many patrons each has and what is the average return.

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*Toronto: The Annual Review Pub. Co.

Mr. Johnson might materially improve his book. There are certain parts of it which are of small usefulness and might be omitted. Each section might have an introduction which would assist the ordinary reader to understand what follows. No copies should be issued in paper covers, and it should be advertised in all the leading periodicals of the world.

The Dominion Government has issued a handbook for the St. Louis Fair under the title "Dominion of Canada." This title is decidedly inadequate, but is not quite so ridiculous as the title-page proper, which is a splendid example of inane conglomeration. The illustrations are excellent and the text is good so far as it goes. There is, however, an absence of charts and diagrams such as are to be found in the Atlas issued by the Department of Interior or the Budget Speech issued by the Minister of Finance. In fact, this handbook would indicate that the common impression of the country that the Department of Agriculture is not up to the average of the Dominion departments, is only too true. Mr. Johnson may not be to blame, but as his name is on the book he must take his share with the Hon. Mr. Fisher. The volume is a great disappointment, though it looks as if quite enough money had been spent on it. It is not more expense that is required, but more ingenuity and newer ideas in the graphic presentation of facts and statistics.

SPEAKER GULLY'S BOOK-PLATE

Volume I of the Census of Canada, 1901, has been issued for some time. The matter for the other three volumes has been ready for nearly a year, but the Ottawa Printing Bureau is not run for the benefit of the country. The government needs a new King's Printer, one who will refuse to let every meddling M.P. foist undesirable employees upon him. This department of governmental production is said to be most inadequately managed, mainly because of petty interferences by those who desire to extend their political patronage. The delay in publishing the census volumes would indicate the truth of the assertion.

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NOTES

THE London critics are very severe on Maurice Hewlett's "The Queen's Quair," declaring that it is unjust to Mary Stuart who is the leading figure of the story. The *Outlook* says: "Mr. Hewlett has not unveiled a queen; he has not even undraped a woman."

William Briggs will have the Canadian edition of Miss Laut's new book, "Pathfinders of the West," which claims to give for the first time a full and accurate account of the discovery of the Northwest. Parkman, she asserts, saw in late life that his story of La Salle was wrong, but it was too late to correct it. The book is divided into four sections: Part I—Radisson and Groseillers (1660-1700). Part II—The Verendryes, Father and Sons (1730). Part III—Hearne and Mackenzie (1769-1789). Part IV—Lewis and Clark (1800-1806.)

While not a literary man, the late Duke of Cambridge had a good command of the language. His carefully kept diary, which ran into a number of volumes, is to be edited and published. No doubt it will contain some illuminating stories of the leading personages of the Victorian era, for the Duke knew them all—sovereigns, statesmen, diplomats, soldiers and prominent men and women of English and continental society.

Grant Richards has recently published an edition of "What is Art?" by Leo Tolstoy, at one shilling.

Mr. A. G. Bradley, author of "The Fight for North America," now running in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, is writing a book on Guy Carleton, Lord Dorchester, dealing specially with Lord Dorchester's work as Governor of Canada during and after the Revolutionary War.

Marie Corelli's new story will be called "God's Good Man; a Simple Love Story." The title is so sacrilegious that the Canadian edition will be issued by the Methodist Book Room.

Mr. G. W. E. Russell has written a *critique* of Matthew Arnold, in which he indicates that as a poet and a theologian Arnold was not great, but as the most lucid of modern essayists, he is worthy of a very high place in the history of English literature. Arnold's "Essays in Criticism," published in 1865, is undoubtedly his greatest contribution to our literature.

Among the recent additions to the British Civil List pensions are £125 a year to the widow of W. E. Henley; £75 a year to the relict of Phil May; £74 a year to the two sons of George Gissing during the minority of either; £150 a year to Sir William Laird Clowes, and similar grants to several other literary persons. In Canada literary workers receive scant consideration.

A volume of sermons by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, successor to Dr. Parker, has been issued under the title, "City Temple Sermons." It will be remembered that Mr. Campbell recently visited Canada.

The Copp, Clark Co. will have some splendid books this fall. Sir Gilbert Parker's new story is entitled "A Ladder of Swords" and is an Elizabethan romance concerning two lovers hindered by a difference in religious adherence. This will be illustrated from paintings by the Kinneys. They will also have a new novel by Charles G. D. Roberts, entitled "The Prisoner of Mademoiselle." This is an Eastern Canada story. Besides these two volumes which will be of especial interest to Canadians, they will issue: "Jess & Co.," the story of a young married couple, by J. J. Bell, author of "Wee MacGreegor"; "The Loves of Miss Ann" by S. R. Crockett"; "A Romance of the Crusades" by H. Rider Haggard; "Hearts in Exile," a Russian story, by John Oxenham; and "Sir Roger's Heir" by Frankfort Moore. Most of these will be issued in illustrated editions. Every book in the list has something special to recommend it.

IDLE MOMENTS

A BEDTIME STORY

"WELL, if you won't tell me a story to-night, I'll tell you one," said a dear little girl to her mother.

"Do you know, mother, the other day the sun asked me to dinner with him. And he let down a long, shiny ladder. And I climbed up the ladder; and when I got up there the sun had the moon to dinner, too.

"And the moon was such a funny little fellow. He had a big, round face and little tiny legs. And I laughed and laughed when I saw him.

"And the sun said, 'Do you like him?' And I said, 'Yes, of course.' So the sun said, 'Well, you can have him, then.' So I took the moon under my arm and went down the long, shiny ladder, again.

"That night, when I was in bed, I heard the awfullest noise. And I got up and went out. And there were all the little stars, crying and making the awfullest noise. And I said, 'What are you crying for?' And they said, 'Because you've got the moon' And I was sorry, and I ran back and got the moon for them, and the little stars were so glad. And that night I had thousands of little stars to sleep with me."

Silence for a moment—then, "And there was darkness over all the earth."

Agnes Tessier.

SAMBO'S REASON

Col. Davis, a fine old Southern gentleman, and a faithful attendant upon the beautiful services of the Episcopal Church, was always driven into town on Sunday morning in most orderly and dignified style by Sambo.

After carefully seeing to the fastening of the staid and sober horses, Sambo himself used to slip into a pew and be a most attentive listener Under any ordinary circumstances neither master nor man were absent.

It so happened that on one particularly fine Sunday the Colonel noticed, on casting his eyes around to the usual pew, that Sambo was not in his place. The Colonel was surprised, but said nothing, supposing Sambo had some good reason for his absence.

But noticing for two or three Sundays the continued vacancy in Sambo's place, he determined to enquire the reason why.

"Sambo," said he, "I haven't noticed you in church for two or three Sundays."

"No Massa; no Massa, I want dere," said Sambo, shifting about uneasily.

"And where were you, Sambo? I should like to see you in church, sir."

"Well, Massa," said Sambo, "I'se jus' down to de lil Methodis church roun' de conah."

"Why, Sambo, I'm surprised at you. What have you got against my church? Doesn't it suit you, Sambo?"

"Yes, Massa. Yo' church good church, Massa; but den I mus' go an' look ater de hosses now, if you'll scuse me."

"POOR LITTLE FROGGIE! I'LL BET THERE WAS A MOSQUITO IN YOUR ROOM LAST NIGHT."—*Life*

A PROMISING PARTNER

Miss Lightfoot—"But—er—if you're not certain if you can dance the two-step, Mr. Clumpsole, perhaps you'd prefer to sit it out."

Enthusiast—"Oh no, thanks. I want to learn it!" —*Punch.*

"Never mind the horses, Sambo. Tell me why you don't like my church?"

"Well, Massa, if you'll scuse me, I lak de Methodis' bes', for yo' church spen's so much time readin' de minits o' de previous meetin', but de Methodis', dey gits rite down to bizness to once."

With a hearty, good-humoured laugh, the Colonel replied, "Oh well, Sambo, your explanation is quite satisfactory. Be a good man, Sambo, and Master will find no fault about your church."

F. W. Murray.

■

BEAUTIES OF ARCHITECTURE

The following "coloured" story is going the rounds of the press, and is certainly a worthy one:

A dusky couple, evidently on their honeymoon, were heard discussing the beauties of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

"Dese heah," said he with a lofty wave of the hand, "am what dey calls de fine Art Buildin's."

"Don't look so turrible fine to me," objected the bride. "De Libble Art Building looks finer."

"It do that," assented the groom.

"What is libble art, anyway?" she inquired sweetly.

He drew himself up and gave her an impressive look. "Libble art," he began, and then pondered a moment—"I don't know as I can give a correck idea of libble art, honey. I know what it is, but I disremember. But it's a mighty fine buildin'. All dese heah buildin's, you know, am in de style of de French Reminiscence."

■

ANXIOUS TO KNOW

A Mormon boy out in Utah
One day chanced to meet his own pa;
Cried the glad little one:
"Shake, pa; I'm your son!"
"Indeed?" said the man; "who's your ma?"

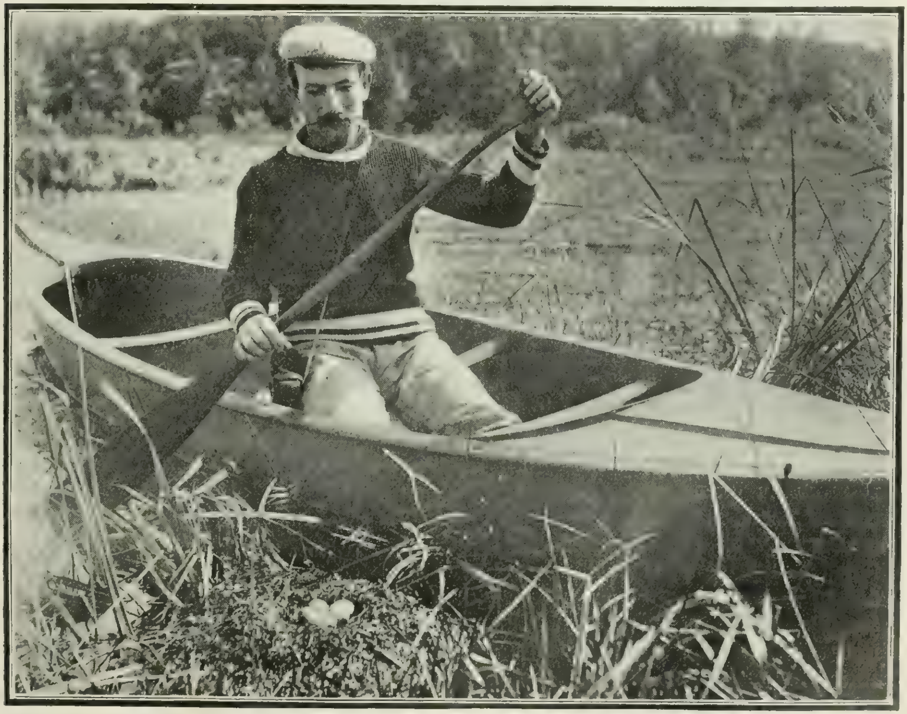
—*S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.*

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

THE NEST OF A PIE-BILLED GREBE

THE accompanying photo shows the nest and eggs of the pie-billed grebe, or dabchick—which commonly goes by the name of "helldiver." The grebe is fairly common throughout Canada and is especially in evidence in the spring and fall. One of the interesting things about the pie-bill is the way in which it disappears in the water, as if by magic, on the approach of danger. It does not dive but rather sinks in the water, the bill being the last to disappear, and not even a ripple is left to mark the spot. Anyone who has tried to shoot a helldiver will appreciate the quickness of its movements. The trigger is pulled, the puff of smoke appears, but before the shot has reached the place the intended victim has vanished beneath the surface.

The nesting habits of the grebe, too, are peculiar. The nest is simply a floating mass of decaying weeds anchored



THE NEST OF A PIE-BILLED GREBE OR "HELLDIVER"

PHOTOGRAPH BY O. J. STEVENSON

THE HOLY FAMILY CARVED IN WOOD

An eccentric sculptor, the late Thomas Mowbray of Toronto, carved this from one piece of wood, the trunk of a pine tree which stood on his property in Muskoka. The figures are life size.

among the reeds and rushes along the margin of some shallow pond or lagoon. During the day time Mother Grebe goes off to enjoy life grebe-fashion in some other part of the pond, trusting to the heat of the sun on the sodden mass of weeds to do the work of incubating. But before she leaves the nest the loose fringes of weeds are drawn carefully over the eggs, so that to the casual passer-by only a tangled mass of reeds and rushes appears on the surface of the water. Do not think to surprise Mother Grebe at her task of brooding. Long before you have appeared she has already heard the trembling of the reeds along the shore, the nest with its treasures has been hastily covered, and she has disappeared stealthily and silently over its side, leaving not a ripple upon the surface of the water to mark the course of her flight.

O. J. Stevenson.

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A POOR CRUISER

IN the battle of Aug. 14th, when the Vladivostok squadron was met and defeated by Kamimura, the Japanese admiral, a naval prophecy came true.

A sensation ran through the naval world ten years ago when it was known that Russia was building a cruiser of nearly 11,000 tons, which would have good speed, an armour belt no less than ten inches thick, and an enormous armament—four 8-inch guns, and sixteen 6-inch and six 4.7-inch quick-firers. She was the wonder of the day, and the British Admiralty hastily had the *Powerful* and the *Terrible*, great 14,000-ton cruisers, begun as "replies." When the *Rurik* was seen in British waters, less respect was felt for her. Her thick belt of armour was placed along her water-line, and her tremendous battery was placed in the upper decks, high above the only armour protection she had. The guns were very close together, had no armour in front of them, and no steel bulk-heads to separate them. British sailors looked her over and said that one shell bursting on her gun-deck would make it a shambles.

The prophecy was fulfilled. The first time the huge *Rurik* came under fire she was pounded into helplessness because of her exposed deck and armament. Her thick belt of armour did not make up for her lack of speed and her exposed parts. The modern protected cruiser is built on better plans.

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For Business Men.

BETTER POSTAGE STAMPS

A HALIFAX correspondent writes advocating national designs for our postage stamps. He says:

I am a good British subject, but believe in advancing and advertising my country even in a postage stamp. I do not advocate the idea of my country issuing new sets of postage stamps every chance it can get, like our neighbour to the south or the South American Republics. But I do believe in a national Canadian issue of stamps.

Look at our present issue of stamps! The cut of King Edward is good, but the effect and beauty of it is lost by the one colour. Compare our stamps with the new issues of Natal, Orange River Colony, and other British colonies, where two colours are used. For beauty and workmanship our stamps are in the shade.

Take our Victoria Jubilee issue. The sameness in design and colour spoiled that set. If it had had several different designs, such as taking the oath, the crowning, marriage, etc., of our late Queen, would not that Jubilee set be worth treasuring and being proud of?

Now, for my chief idea, a national Canadian issue of stamps.

Take the stamp most used—the 2c., have our beloved King's photo. on it, to show our loyalty and British connection. But the other stamps, from the ½ c. to the $1.00, could and should have Canadian scenes, or portraits of our illustrious dead. Every envelope or packet bearing a stamp helps to advertise our country. And those stamp views, small as they are, help to inform and interest outsiders of our country.

Canada has not yet had an historical set of stamps. We celebrate this year the 300th anniversary of the founding of Canada; and if Canada could produce a set equal to Newfoundland's Cabot's issue our postal authorities would have done something worth while.

But a national set should be in common use, the views changed, say every decade, so as to give all parts of the Dominion a chance to be advertised.

To be sure the postal authorities might find it hard to please everybody in their selection, but a set of some Canadian views would be better than none at all. And then again, there is even a cash side to this idea. Thousands of stamp-collectors, the world over, are awaiting new issues; and some governments find it profitable even to cater to them.

C. E. Smith.

KING PETER AND THE NEAR EAST

THE Coronation of King Peter of Servia has been postponed for a short time to enable the Foreign Ministers accredited to his Court to be present; and further, to render things easy for the guests, the consecration only will take place at the Monastery of Zitcha, the crowning being held in Belgrade itself . . . . The ceremony will serve to emphasise, what has been completely overlooked in this country, how greatly the position of Servia has altered for the better since the accession of Peter Karageorgevich. The unhappy King Alexander had no standing as a European sovereign. He was the son of a discredited gambler.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY WHO WILL VISIT CANADA THIS MONTH

and of the daughter of a Russian colonel. The Obrenoviches had no relations whatever with the ruling caste in Europe. On the other hand, Peter Karageorgevich married the eldest daughter of the Prince of Montenegro, though the fact is generally forgotten; and, consequently, counts as his brothers-in-law the King of Italy, the Grand Duke Peter Nicolaevich of Russia, the Crown Prince Danilo, and Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg. He is thus closely connected with the reigning families of Russia and Italy, and though he could be ignored while he lived in obscurity in Geneva, he is quite worth acknowledging now that he is King of Servia, and in a position to exercise a very real influence on the future of the Balkan Peninsula. King Peter's marriage was the result of Prince Nicholas' desire to gain a footing in Servia, but the move has turned out better for the son-in-law than for the Prince. King Alexander made a foolish marriage, and he paid the penalty. King Peter does not mean the Servians to forget that he is allied to the sovereigns of Europe. At the Coronation ceremony he will be supported by the Crown Prince of Montenegro, one of the Russian Grand Dukes, a Prince of the House of Savoy, and by Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, whose presence will signify that the present ruler of Servia is in a position to do far more for his subjects than his predecessor. Opinion in Europe is changing on the subject of King Peter. At first he was looked upon as a recluse and a nonentity, but it is now acknowledged that he is a statesman who will have to be reckoned with in the Near East.—*The Globe*, London.

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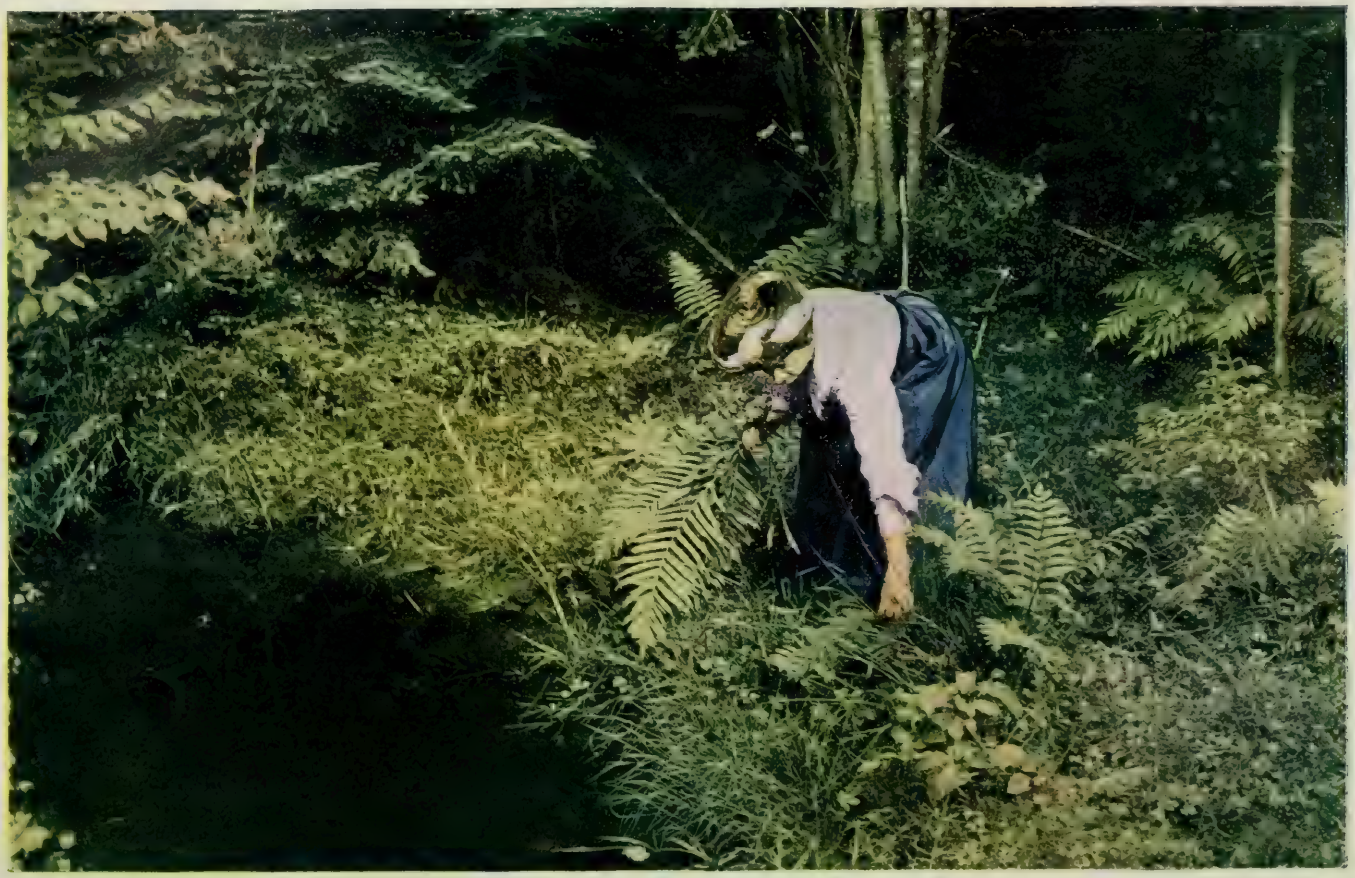
MR. CHAMBERLAIN

MR. CHAMBERLAIN was entertained at dinner on his birthday, Friday last [July 8th], by his sympathisers in the House of Commons. It was a great compliment and a remarkable demonstration. In his speech he explained how the conviction that all was not well with British trade had gradually grown upon him as the result of his investigations in defence of the free import system. To-day he is afraid that if we do not abandon a policy of drift we shall soon find ourselves unable to secure employment for an increasing population. The economic side of the question, important though it be, is really, in Mr. Chamberlain's opinion, less urgent than the Imperial. He declared himself to be a fiscal reformer mainly because he is an Imperialist. Mr. Chamberlain was, perhaps, hardly wise to suggest by such a phrase that if there were no Empire there would be less need for fiscal changes. He does not, we are assured, mean that. Fiscal reform is indispensable, not only to the future of the Empire, but to Great Britain as an industrial nation. Mr. Chamberlain paid a warm tribute to Mr. Balfour, whose Government, he said, he and his friends will keep in office as long as possible.—*Public Opinion*, London.



GATHERING FERNS, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY OF CANADA

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIII TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1904 No. 6

THROUGH IKUTA TO NANKO TEMPLE

By E. A. WICHER

IT was four o'clock in the afternoon on the last Monday of June, and the air of Kobe was heavy with the sultriness that follows the rainy season. We were sitting on the balcony of the manse, drinking tea and lazily watching the ships come and go in the harbour. Now Monday afternoon from tea time to dinner time, that is to say, according to good Eastern custom, from four to eight o'clock, was a holiday with us. Where would we go? Having no visitors whom we could consult we had to make our own choice. We looked longingly toward the hills and then looked away. Two thousand feet is a good deal to climb on a hot summer afternoon; and, besides, one of us could not climb any more. Whither then? To Mirume, to the boat club? But there was no steam launch running just then, and to take a rickshaw through the young rice fields with their smells was not to be thought of.

Then to Nanko temple? Just the thing. It was now almost at the end of the month, and the night fair would be in full swing. We would leave early and go through Ikuta and Motomachi, arriving at Nankosan about dusk. Then we would wait until it had turned dark and return along the upper road, whence we could look down upon the lighted city. So heigho for Nankosan!

"One rickshaw, amah," I shouted; "and to-night we will not have dinner until nine o'clock."

The amah transmitted the message to cooksan and cooksan went to the corner to order the rickshaw. You always do things in a roundabout way in Japan.

By five o'clock we were ready to sally forth. Apparently "ricky" had not been very busy that day, for he showed a strong disposition to start and run, and it required the repeated admonition "softly, softly," to check his pace. We proposed that my wife should ride and I would walk beside

JAPAN—A CANDY PEDDLER

JAPAN—A COOLIE AND HIS CART

her. To ride in two rickshaws, one behind the other, is not a very sociable way of going out for a holiday. Conversation is simply impossible.

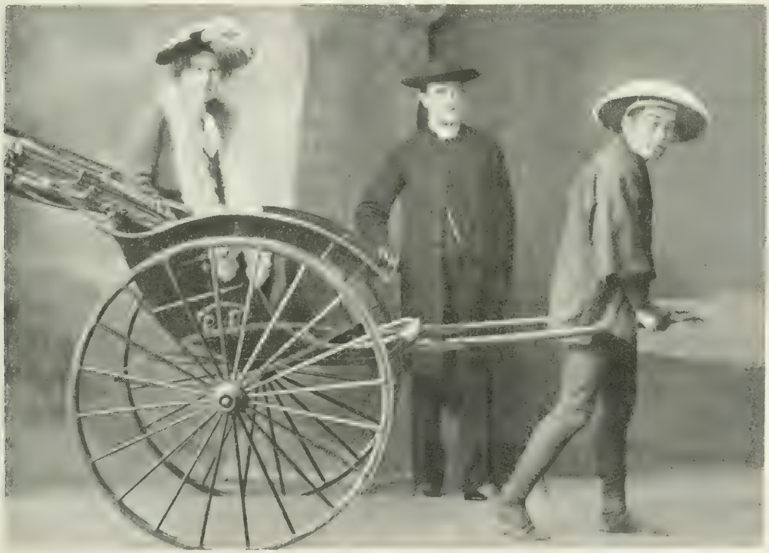
If one could have gotten inside ricky's brain at that time he would probably have found some such thoughts as these: "What fools these Western men are in simple things! It is true that white men are strong, but they let their women lord it over them most shamefully. Why should this white priest walk when his wife rides? White priests cannot be men of position or they would not do such things. Perhaps it is harder to get wives in America than it is in Japan. At any rate white men are too free and easy; they have no dignity. But they have plenty of money. They pay well. We will make them pay better. This white priest will pay me well for pulling this woman. I wonder how much I will get. Pshaw! What is a white man? He is under our laws anyway. But when a white man pays you, you must take care of him."

JAPAN—A BRIDGE OVER A RAILWAY
THE TWO FLAGS ARE CROSSED IN HONOUR OF THE SOLDIERS

We walked on down the line through Kitano-cho past the stone walls which sustained the terraces on which our neighbours' houses were built, turned the corner beneath two great flags that had been hung out in honour of the soldiers who were in the city, and began the descent of the steeper portion of the hill. Ricky had to hold back with all his weight to prevent the conveyance from running over him.

The street was now infested with a swarm of leperous beggars who planted themselves fairly in the middle of the road in front of the pedestrians so as almost to compel a contribution from all that passed that way. The presence of these awful people in the streets of the cities is one of the worst blots upon the civilisation of new Japan. Whatever explanations the authorities may have to make, they are to blame; the fault is theirs and theirs alone. It is awful to think that these pitiable creatures with their hideous sores, their filth and pollution, their mournful, insane cries, should be allowed to roam at large in the most populous centres of trade and commerce, bringing trouble and the danger of pestilence to the whole nation. Their close proximity is particularly trying for the foreigner, who is the special object of their attentions. And they are human like us, our brothers.

I have never yet been able to get a straight account of their condition from any Japanese, though I have asked many. One told me: "Oh, it is not necessary at all for these beggars to be in the streets. There are good homes and asylums provided for them, but when they are taken to them they will not stay. They do not like the restrictions of the charitable institutions, and they can make a great deal of money in the streets."



THE AUTHOR AND HIS WIFE

PHOTO BY TCHICTA, KOBE

But surely if these good homes are provided the authorities could see to it that they would go to them and remain in them. It is nonsense to say that they will not; they will, if they are made to. The government of Japan is not wanting in authority over the people. But I have a shrewd suspicion that homes, and particularly "good homes," for these unfortunates are not very numerous. The only one of which I have ever heard is the "Kumamoto Hospital for Lepers," established and conducted by some devoted, noble missionaries of the Church of England, and sustained almost entirely by foreign money. And this one is located in the southernmost part of Japan, in the island of Kyushu, hundreds of miles removed from the beggars of Kobe and hundreds more from the beggars of Yokohama. If the Japanese have any such institutions of their own, I have never heard of them.

I fancy that the view-point of the nation is far more faithfully represented in the utterance of another Japanese who told me plainly: "We believe that the relatives of the lepers should support them. We do not recognise any public responsibility in the matter." It is true that the idea of blood responsibility is very strong in Japan—much stronger than among the Anglo-Saxon peoples; but it is also true that there is still in this nation a callousness to human suffering, and a failure of human sympathy, which shows conclusively that there is a complete want of the conception of the brotherhood of fellow-nationals, to say nothing of the brotherhood of man.

"But supposing that the leper has

no surviving relatives, or that his relatives will not support him, what then?" I asked.

The Japanese gentleman only shrugged his shoulders and changed the subject of conversation. He did not find lepers interesting.

At the foot of the hill we arrived in the Ikuta way, which, making a wide bend, leads into Motomachi, Motomachi in turn leading into Tomondori, in which road stands Nanko Temple. The venerable camphor trees of Ikuta Temple are always good to look upon, and now after the rains of the past few days they shed upon the air a delicious fragrance.

As we went, we everywhere met women with babies tied to their backs. There is no race suicide in Japan. The babies are laughing, crying, scolding, or stolidly demure. From the vantage ground of their mothers' backs they take an intelligent interest in everything that goes on in the street. It is a pathetic characteristic of these little ones that they so soon understand life, its buying and selling; eating, sleeping and waking; marrying and giving in marriage; bearing of children and burying of the dead. As soon as one little one is big enough to stand the weight, another little one is tied to its back. I have seen small girls who had babies fastened behind, playing with skipping ropes, when every bound of the skipper caused the baby's head to rock tumultuously and fearfully. And yet the baby made no outcry, but seemed rather to enjoy the violence of the motion. Being struck one day, as I was walking through this very street, with the large number of women bending under their infantile loads, I took the census of one block, and found that out of thirty-six women whom I met, nineteen were carrying babies.

In the Ikuta road there are several *doggia*, or second-hand shops, where old bronzes, vases and lacquered armour are sold. One in particular is a source of perpetual temptation to not a few good ladies whom I know.

"Let us stop here just a minute," said my wife. "I want to see if there are any old blue dishes to-day."

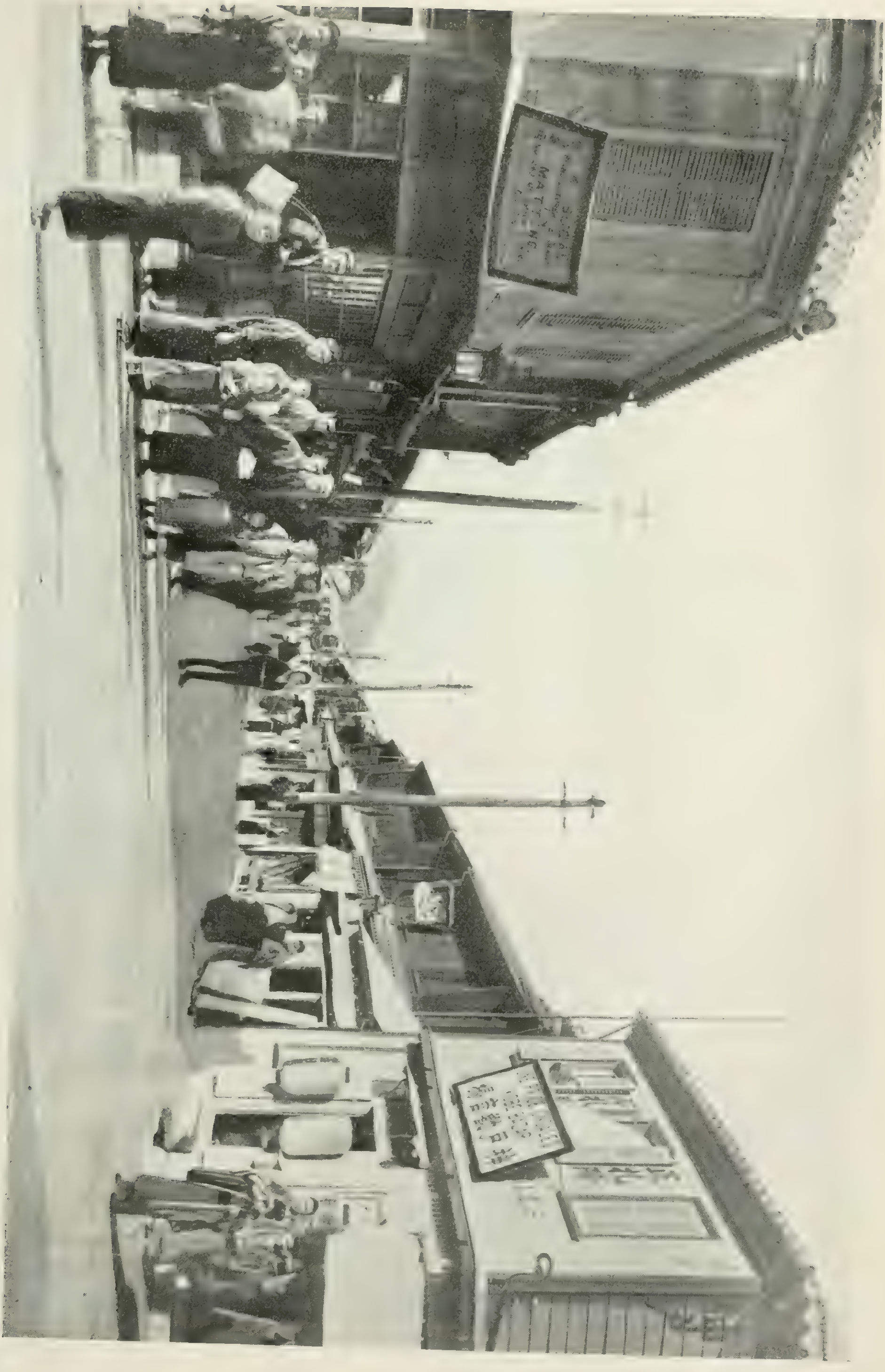
Old blues! He had just had a consignment of them from down in the interior where his brother had been collecting them from among the country folk, who had had them in their families for five generations.

"Such luck," said my wife.

I knew that the minute would be prolonged to thirty, at the least, so I seated myself in the open shop front and watched the passing crowd. It was well worth while to spend thirty minutes in this way, for I saw sights enough to provide a philosopher with food for contemplation for a week. There was passing by the whole procession of life and death, of things present and things to come.

There were all the usual sights which one sees in the ordinary crowds of people returning home from business in the former concession and down by the water front. The present fashion of Japanese dress in an open port is rather uncertain. Sometimes it is purely foreign, though frequently cut in extraordinary shapes by the native tailors. Sometimes it is uncompromisingly Japanese. But even when the dress is otherwise purely native, it is hard for the enlightened Oriental to resist the temptation to wear a stiff felt hat.

Now there came along a high priest with loose, shimmering black vestments, adorned with gold and purple bands. And now came a student with a German peaked cap, sober grey kimono, academic overskirt, bare feet, clogs, a cane, a cigarette, and a look of supreme contempt for the unlearned crowd. What was he thinking about? It might have been scientific, it was probably atheistic; it was almost certainly destructive of the influence of the old priest, whom he, with his free, confident stride, was overtaking and passing in the street. Then came riding in a rickshaw from the concession, a banto, fat, clean-shaven, and faultlessly dressed in foreign clothes. A banto is the Japanese go-between employed by a foreign firm to negoti-



JAPAN—MOTOMACHI STREET, KOBE

ate its business with his fellow-countrymen. It is rumoured that he gets a commission on the business from both sides of the bargain, and it is known that he grows rich quickly. Next there passed the French Consul in his carriage, an excellent man, a gentleman, a devout Roman Catholic, whatever his government may think about the matter, and a friend of all the poor. The beggars on the hill will not plead in vain when he goes by. Then came three soldiers dressed in kiaki uniform; then an old man wearing clogs on his feet and a straw hat on his head; then two coolies wearing scarcely any clothes at all ; then a policeman dressed in the white cotton uniform of summer and armed with a sword. The last named was of old *samurai* blood, and the common people gave him the right of way in the street. Then came a lordly young Englishman employed in a British mercantile house. He was evidently out of humour. Probably the truth of the matter was that his foreign tailor has asked him for the third time to pay his bill—this time with some insistence. And although he had a good salary, he had no money; for it was expensive, don't you know, to keep up his position.

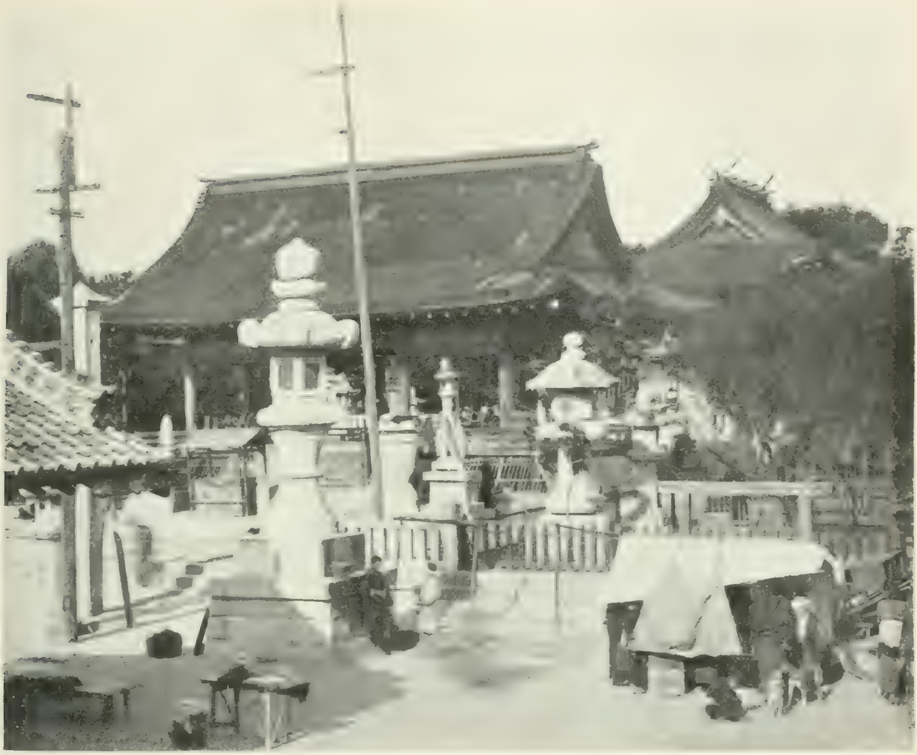
"Jolly mean," thought he; "he didn't need to make such a row about it, as though he were the only man who had to wait for his money." No wonder that he would not allow retail tradesmen to become members of his club. Then came three Koreans, slouching along in their characteristically aimless way, their loose, white clothing anything but white, and their mouths agape with wonder at the brave sights of this fair town. They were coolies on their way to Hawaii, to be employed in the sugar plantations.

Then was seen one of the most touching of all the characteristic street sights of this country. A heavy load of earth was being drawn in a cart by hand, as it is always drawn in the Orient, when it is not carried in baskets. A coolie was pulling at the tongue of the cart, while his wife pushed behind. What might the wages of that coolie be? Well, probably about thirty sen a day, or fifteen cents of our money. But how can a man marry and bring up a family on fifteen cents a day? Hundreds of thousands of men do. But in this case, as in many others, his wife's earnings augmented the family income. She, by pushing, would probably make another ten cents a day. There were, however, two small children also in the procession; one, I should say, of about five years of age, and the other of about three; both, happily for the Oriental, being boys. The five-year-old walked beside his mother, pushing on the other corner of the cart. But this arrangement left no place for the three-year-old, whose diminutive legs could scarcely move fast enough to keep him along with the others. He was running behind and sobbing as though his heart were broken. But he was not sobbing because he was behind—not at all—he was sobbing because he was not fulfilling his manifest destiny in the world. He knew clearly what life was for; it was for pushing at cart-loads of earth. And he was not pushing. Oh! oh! It was calamitous. And the great sobs burst from the depths of his soul. Then as they turned the corner the elder brother moved over towards the centre of the rear end of the cart, nearer to his mother, leaving a place where the younger could put his fingers. Immediately the clouds parted; the sun shone forth again, the baby boy was pushing at a load; he was now fulfilling his destiny and was happy as a king. The three of the male sex were almost naked; the woman was exposed at the breasts and above the knees. The white uniformed policeman passed them without casting a glance in their direction. There were millions more of the same sort in the empire.

But how about the blue plates?

"I have them, I have them?" she cried, "just the thing I wanted for my blue dining room."

Then she moved to see what I was



JAPAN—NANKO TEMPLE AT KOBE

seeing, and we both watched the disappearing coolies and cart. She understood immediately.

"Yes, it is terrible. And we have so much. If by giving up the blue plates and all the other things one could make it right—but the trouble lies deeper than that."

Just then a uniformed schoolmaster passed us. She nodded towards him, "That will do it."

And she was right. Japan has horses and steam engines and steel cranes to use in war in this generation; in the next she will have them for all the peaceful industries. But when the time comes for the substitution of horse and steam power for man power, the coolie will be the bitterest opponent of the change. In any case things are inestimably better in every way than they once were. It is easier to convey earth in carts on wheels than to carry it in baskets on human backs. And the coolie who is fed on rice is better fed than was the coolie who had nothing but rice straw and husks.

Then we turned into Motomachi, the great show street of Kobe, the street whose shops are full of all the kinds of costly wares which the tourist buys—silks, embroideries, carved chairs, painted screens, pictures, lacquer bowls and old stone gods. Here, too, the tourist buys antiques that are manufactured in Osaka. Indeed, the candid sign of one shop announces that the proprietor is a "manufacturer and exporter of curios."

We passed over the railway bridge and down into the old Japanese town beyond. There was Nanko Temple on our right. Leaving the rickshaw man at the gate, we came first into the spacious fore-court, where were the immense bazaars, the open stalls for the sale of all kinds of goods, and even the restaurants for the refection

NANKO TEMPLE—GATE OF THE SHRINE

of the visitors. It was now dusk and the lights were being lighted in all parts of the grounds. We took our way up to the open court on the left where the old goods were displayed on straw mats. Each little stall was of one mat about six feet by three, and was illuminated by a small kerosene lamp that stood in the middle. The stalls were in rows, leaving a space for the visitors to pass up and down between. The proprietor sat on his heels behind his wares. The prices asked were determined, not simply by the value of the articles, but also by the clothing and apparent wealth and social position of the customer. Consequently they varied exceedingly, it being possible sometimes to sell an article at three hundred per cent. of an advance upon the price of another time.

Bargaining is universal. I never saw a purchase made without bargaining. And frequently it is very amusing for the bystanders. We overheard a youth trying to buy a lead pencil.

"How much?" he asked.

"Five sen," said the dealer, holding up one hand with the fingers outspread.

The youth looked horrified at such a display of cupidity. Then his face relaxed again into an amiable smile.

"Yes, I see, you mean for the bunch." The bunch contained six.

"No, indeed, I mean for one," indignantly cried the dealer.

The youth resumed his look of horror, and then said, "I could not think of giving more than two sen."

Finally the bargain was concluded at three sen for one pencil. The dealer was an old man, the youth was about fourteen years old. They seemed to understand life equally well and to be fairly matched in the bargaining. They parted with mutual bowings.

We took our way between the lines of the candy and *ame* stalls, past the man who was selling slices of hot roast eel, and the other man who was selling ice, and the other man who was selling rice cake, and came to the stone steps leading up to the shrine. Here was buried Kusunobi Masashigi, who commanded the Japanese loyalists against the rebellious army of the Shogun Ashikage about six hundred years ago. The battle took place out beyond the Minstogawa some two miles distant. When the Shogun's forces seemed certain of victory, this hero led a troop of horse down the precipitous hills behind Luma, and by his generalship turned the fortunes of the day. Naturally under the new empire the shrine of Nankosan has enjoyed a great popularity. Hither come the young mothers with their baby boys to pray that they may grow up to be as brave as Kusunobi. And hither come also the departing soldiers to pray for courage in battle and victory for their country. Just now the whole place was filled with them, for they were quartered in the temple buildings while waiting for transportation to the seat of war.

Then we returned by the hill road to the manse, located high up among the other foreign houses in Kitano-cho. The hills loomed vast above us, the city twinkled below, the dark sea mirrored the ship lights in its still surface, the moon rose serenely over the whole scene. We had had another day. What did it all mean — this toil of humanity, this sweat of brow and pain of heart, this war in which insolent ambition mingled with loftiest patriotism? Was it only a survival of the fittest by tooth and claw? Or was there a Presence in it all?

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD
PHOTO BY ELLIOTT & FRY

LITERARY PORTRAITS

By HALDANE MACFALL, Author of "The Masterfolk."

VI.—MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD sees life through academic eyes—spaces it out; weighs it; calculates it; classifies it; frets that it evades her schemes, that it never quite adjusts itself to her theories. I know a most worthy woman who is engaged in rescue work amongst London's poor fallen women; she sees the whole world as fallen women. So Mrs. Humphry Ward sees the whole world as an institute. She, in consequence, rides the purpose of her novel to death, as a schoolmaster whips an original boy; and the result, as a solution of that purpose, is as splendidly futile.

The making of a novel to prove a theory is like a parson in a pulpit laying down the moral law—there is no opposition, no debate, no cross-examination. He who writes a novel to prove a philosophic theory can prove anything, for he holds all the strings. For instance, one might write a novel to shew a man going to the dogs because there is no future punishment; one might just as easily write a novel to shew a man going to the dogs because there is—the one novel would be as convincing as the other—or as unconvincing. So with Robert Elsmere; he gave up Christianity, but, as a matter of fact, like many agnostics, he became a much finer character and a far truer Christian after he left the Church than before it. It is all a juggle of words—academic and hair-splitting. For a healthy man or woman, the problems that Mrs. Humphry Ward thrashes along the whole path of her story have been settled and bedded down in youth; the consequence is that when one of them is brought out of the stable, and "larruped" along the hard high road, it canters before our mature gaze with but the roaring breathing of an over-ridden hired hack.

To understand and appreciate this talented woman, then, as a literary entity, you must kill the hack, bury it, and then go amongst the bewildered figures of the crowd that she has sent a-chasing it—and you will meet your reward. It is in her peasants and country folk, and in the healthy fresh air of country places, where theories are of small avail and life is lived simply, that Mrs. Humphry Ward reaches the nearest to genius. She catches the very colour and atmosphere of the land, as she grasps the grey life and the stubborn human endeavour, and aims, and careers of the rude country side.

The fact is that to write a novel in order to prove a philosophic theory is to mistake the whole meaning of art. Art is the transference of emotion, not of reason or logic. It is the province of philosophy to treat of thought or reason; it is the province of art to transfer emotion or sensation. If you shall feel emotionally indignant against or emotionally delighted in a thing, that thing may be translated into terms of art—as, for instance, Mrs. Humphry Ward's passionate rebellion against the iniquities of the game laws—but you cannot prove anything logically against them, you can only state your passionate detestation of them. The result is none the less great; indeed, emotion is, has been, and always will be a far greater factor in human affairs than any amount of reason. If you appeal to the reason, as in the philosophy of religion, you cannot create a work of art out of it, for the reason is not emotion. Matthew Arnold looked upon Art as the criticism of life—which is just exactly what Art is not. Art is the statement of the emotion of living.

An academic statement of life can never be a wholly true statement of life, for Reason alone cannot state life. The fullest life can only be lived through the emotions—that is to say, the fullest life can only be stated through the emotions, which is to say through Art. That is why a great work of art is nearer life and possesses nobler qualities than the highest philosophy. For one act that we commit in one day from reason, we commit a thousand from instinct, from emotion. Emotion is a far more mystic thing, a subtler, a deeper, more significant thing than reason. No man is ever a monk from instinct—only by the distortion of reason. No man is ever an ascetic by instinct, but by reason. No man's emotions allow him to become a pessimist—pessimism is the product of pure reason. An optimist is glad to be alive, glad to have his senses, glad to use them, glad of this world, does not smite his God in the face with the statement that His handiwork has made a miserable world; glories in the earth, and is proud of his communion with it—eager that every one of his fellows should share his gladness. It is the academic mind that would rule life with square and plummet; that would make of life a fantastic riot of Thou Shall Nots.

So with Mrs. Humphry Ward. When she is writing of populous cities, she approaches the humanity of the cities as though she would reduce it to statistics, as Mr. Booth would approach it, and rightly approaches it, but as no artist may approach it and live. So, too, when she writes of the aristocratic types, but this in a lesser degree of failure, she does not *quite* breathe life into them—they just miss the carriage and air and subtle atmosphere, like Mrs. John Strange Winter's military men. But let her fling aside the manufacture of baronets and duchesses, and the county class—indeed they all dance a little stiffly to her piping, she sees them as a professor might see them over his spectacles—and let her get out to the fields and country side, to peasant and farmer and the middle class, and at once we are amongst very life.

I read a little while ago a gross attack on Mrs. Humphry Ward, in which was the sneer that her success had promoted her from Gower street to Mayfair. Such an attack is as loathsome as it is uncritical. An artist does not always draw best the class to which he belongs, and sometimes the most elaborate society has been drawn by men of the people. Women writers seem particularly liable to these foul personal attacks. The sneer was probably founded on the fact that Mrs. Humphry Ward draws the middle and peasant class with deeper sympathy, which breeds artistic achievement.

It is for this reason that the heroine in "Helbeck of Bannisdale"—I even forget her name; and, indeed, all the county set lacked conviction, whilst the farmer class was very finely realised—the heroine of "Helbeck of Bannisdale" is just such a woman as, given the talents, would be drawn by academic men, say Mr. Howells or Mr. Traill; but they are really the offspring of college young women who act by the book—who seem almost to be born on a system—and the heroine of Helbeck's romance, when she commits suicide rather than become a Roman Catholic and the wife of that exceedingly dull, uninteresting gentleman, exactly offends every sense of true artistry, while she as exactly follows the logical sequence of cold reason—and cold reason never persuades real humanity. A girl who matriculates at a woman's college does often pass through a pedantic stage, but it is an abnormal, an unhealthy stage, and it is not the real woman within. And it is a stage that does not make for a clear view of life, but for the comparatively dull statement that is called science, which may go to the making of a bridge, but never to the building of a human soul. For a soul is built on experience, not on philosophy.

The academic mind sees life parochially. It is one of the catchpennies of criticism to-day to praise writers for long and elaborate descriptions of scenery—for local colour, it is called. There is, as a matter of fact, nothing so destructive to great art as this tedious photography in words, this straining after localisation of scenery. Photographers go out with cameras, and they photograph the exact puddle near which some hero or heroine of fiction has sat. Yet, with all this elaboration of scenery, what shall surpass the astounding atmosphere of Shakespeare's plays? Do not Romeo and Juliet breathe the very air of Italy, and Julius Cæsar the very air of old Imperial Rome? Is not "King Lear" played in the very rude air of Ancient Britain? And does not Macbeth exhale the smell of the wild Highland heaths? Yet Shakespeare in "The Tempest" was content with such a phrase as "A Ship at Sea" for his scenery, relying on the imagination of the reader to fill in the picture from his own parochial experience. And how his confidence is rewarded! How the ship heaves, and lurches, and frets! How the crash of its wreckage, the impatience of the sailors, the equality of all men in the face of death, and all the moods of the scene, compel the imagination and grip the emotions! And what a little space that scene occupies on paper! Mrs. Humphry Ward is at her best in landscape; yet how one wishes the elaborate statement less elaborately builded, and the emotions allowed to do their own master-work! For, given all her fine qualities of head and heart, her academic eyes see the world somewhat bookishly.

ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE, SHERBROOKE STREET, MONTREAL

PROGRESS OF HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE

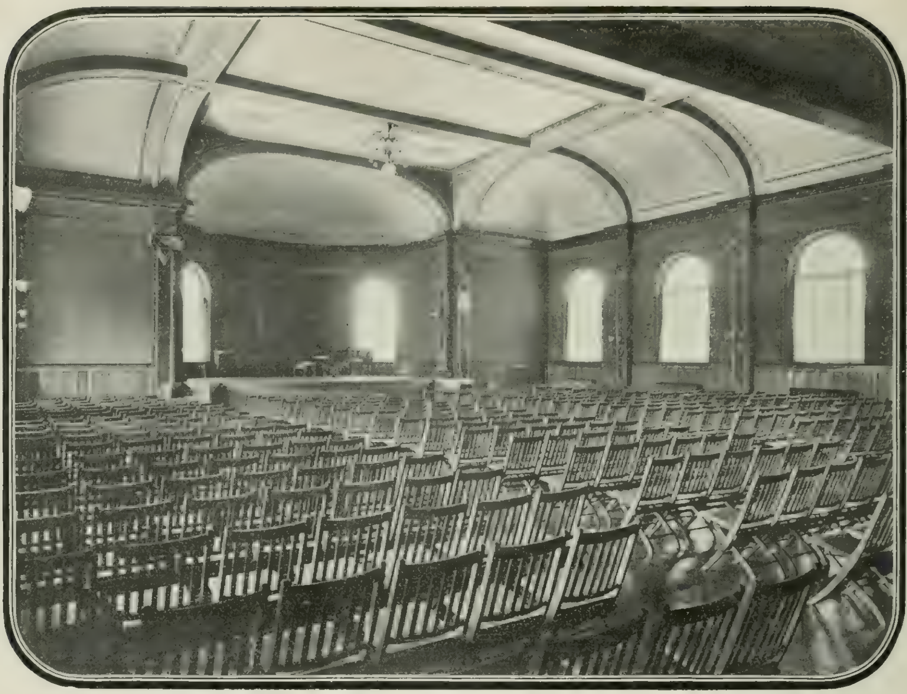
By HILDA D. OAKELEY

IN speculation, both Educational and Social, the question may be long debated, whether the education of women ought to be the same as that of men, or something special and different. Granting that it is now a *chose jugée* that women's needs, human needs, the demands of the race and the age require that women should have the best education, it may be still a matter for the consideration of many generations what that best exactly involves. But even here practice cannot wait upon abstract theory when the answer is long withheld, and whilst the theorists are in this, as in almost every branch of education still speculating about the ideal system, the question is being gradually decided. *Solvitur Ambulando.*

At every centre in which an excellent system of education for men has for some time existed there arise naturally, and inevitably, the wish and attempt to extend its advantages to women. It is felt that such education, at least in so far as it is not strictly professional, has been established as the best that could be devised for the training of youth with the means at disposal. It is argued that until proof be given to the contrary we may assume that this is what our young women need. Since it is admitted that they, no less than the other half of the race, are the intellectual heirs of all the ages, let them be prepared in the same way for entrance into their great inheritance. In almost every community in possession of an old university there appear at some time the pioneer women who entreat a share in its privileges. These young people have probably gone a little distance, in school or home studies, into the magic realm of science ; they have seen fragments of the treasures which through centuries great men have won for humanity from "the vague and formless infinite." They have begun to delight in the works of those thinkers and writers who have, as Emerson says of Shakespeare, "pushed the standard of the human mind several furlongs forward into chaos." Unable to reconcile themselves to stopping short abruptly at this point, and yet hardly fitted by school education to go much farther in purely independent work, such young women look naturally to the famous institution in their midst, the pride probably of their city and province, and wonder why its opportunities should not be open to them as well as to their brothers and schoolboy contemporaries.

Simultaneously with the appearance of these petitioners there probably arises a body of enlightened opinion amongst men of influence at the university which is ready to meet them half way. So it was in Cambridge when Professors Sidgwick, Fawcett, Jebb, Marshall and others drew up the first scheme of lectures for women in 1870, the first step towards the origin of Newnham College. So it was in Montreal, when in 1884 a deputation, consisting of four girls who had passed the examination of Associate in Arts, equivalent to matriculation, came to Sir William Dawson, then Principal of McGill, to ask whether means of further education could be established so that they might prepare for the University Degree. The Principal promised the lectures if eight candidates could be found, and in the same year Sir

ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE—READING ROOM



ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE—ASSEMBLY HALL

Donald Smith (now Lord Strathcona) made an endowment for Women's Education at McGill University, and the first class entered upon the course. The Women's Department of McGill has thus existed for twenty years, but it only developed into the Royal Victoria College, built and endowed by Lord Strathcona, in the autumn of 1899.

This development implied a growth in more than one respect, involving the influence of an ideal which goes beyond the simple aim of university education for women. Towards this ideal one main influence is the old tradition of the residential college of a university. It followed as a matter of course that the growth of women's education in Oxford and Cambridge was accompanied by the foundation of colleges for women, the students of which have their own residential tutors, and at the same time are admitted to the lectures in the various college halls, in which, according to the custom of Oxford and Cambridge, they are held. This admission is still a matter of privilege, not of constitutional right.

In the meantime the opportunity of entrance upon the inheritance of the centuries at Oxford and Cambridge must have an enchantment in it, which cannot be added, however much we may struggle for it in a young country. We have here, however, the advantages of a wider vision of experiments and a comparative freedom from tradition. In their aim of establishing in Canada a college for women that should have, in so far as these could be transplanted, the best elements of the English university women's colleges, the founders could look, also, to the experiments made by that nation which has borne witness, pre-eminently, to the modern faith in the value of education. The number of women receiving a university education, or a college education of university pattern, is greater in the United States, in proportion to the population, than in any other country. Of these, probably the majority are attending universities on the co-educational system, as is the case also in this country at the University of Toronto and others. Where halls of residence have been established, as in the United States at Chicago and in Canada in connection with Victoria University, these are not colleges of the distinctively English type. Radcliffe College, Cambridge, bears a relation to Harvard, in some respects analogous to that of Girton to Cambridge, or Somerville to Oxford. The lectures to the women students are, however, entirely separate at Radcliffe, and this is not the case at Oxford or Cambridge.

At Barnard College, Columbia, a peculiar system prevails. The women receive the Columbia degree, but the teaching is by a faculty special to Barnard. At Brown the women have parallel courses, given by the university professors. There remain the great colleges of the east in which the plan of residential life is fully carried out. There is no university to which the college is related, and the college gives its own degree. This system is now, I believe, peculiar to the United States, Holloway and Bedford Colleges in England, the nearest analogues, having acquired a different character in becoming schools of the London University.

The difficulty for the purely women's colleges is to have certainty that their standard never slips below that of a university of good standing. In this point more than one of the large American colleges seem to have had considerable success. The present trend of development, however, appears to indicate a sense, amongst the friends of women's education, that there are advantages in the comparison with men's work, and in the wide influences which reach the women's department of a great university, which it is difficult to replace under any other system. There is, at least, no evidence of a tendency towards the introduction into this country of the distinctive

ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE—A STUDENT'S PRIVATE SITTING ROOM

ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE—COMMON ROOM

women's college such as Bryn Maur, Wellesley or Vassar.

In the foundation of the Royal Victoria College the idea of a residential university college for women was an important factor. Before this building was erected, many young women had come from a distance to study at McGill University. Even apart from the college idea, the advantage of a residence for those whose homes are not in the city would not be questioned. Their object is university education, and in a place especially planned for students all is made subordinate to that master end. There residing, they meet constantly with others who have come from very different homes, but who, bearing a kindred interest, are looking forward to the same goal. There can be no better road than this to the best and most enduring form of friendship. There also, in accordance with the English principle, they may know personally some who are engaged in the educational work of the university as teachers and guides, engaged perhaps also in the research that furthers knowledge.

As Newman points out, in his "Idea of a University," one of the best means to a liberal education lies, not in the individual student's special pursuit of the one or two subjects to which he must devote himself wholly if he is to know anything well, so much as in the sharing of an atmosphere produced by the meeting together of minds interested in many different spheres of knowledge.

> "Thus is created a pure and clear atmosphere of thought, which the student also breathes, though in his own case he only pursues a few sciences out of the multitude. . . . A habit of mind is formed which lasts through life, of which the attributes are freedom, equitableness, calmness, moderation, and wisdom, or what in a former discourse I have ventured to call a philosophic habit."

Let it not be considered an aim too ambitious to endeavour to create in our New World colleges, by such means as we have at our disposal, the spirit which Newman exalted as the best possible result of the opportunities of the oldest universities. For some of the conditions, if not all, are within our reach, and we must aim high if we are to achieve at all. And it is the supreme value of this liberal "habit of mind," which requires, I think, at the present moment in this country, emphasis and attention.

The youth of Canada are in danger neither of lacking, nor of undervaluing the virtues at the other end of the educational scale, the practical understanding, the practical resourcefulness, keenness in discriminating detail, adaptability to novel and strange experiences and surroundings. In these they are on the average probably superior to their Old World contemporaries. But the other things are also needful, and that as well in practical activities, with reference to the work of business or civic and social committees, as for the leisured part of life. This may seem to be a digression. The point is dwelt upon here, because this character of moderation and wisdom, this intellectual liberality, has one of the best opportunities of growth in a university that facilitates intercourse between professors, teachers and students occupied in various, perhaps widely divergent, mental pursuits. Such facilities may be afforded in several ways, of which the residential college is one of the most obvious.

There are various methods in which the danger of too great solitude in the university stage of life may be met, and lonely students drawn out of the shell of their single interest to share in a more diversified intellectual movement, from which they may return to their own subjects with rekindled zeal. Here we are pointing out particularly one of the ways which seems excellent, namely the life of a college or community of students in which no alien social interest or non-collegiate colony is allowed to gain entrance or predominance. This is impossible in a community in which a sufficient proportion of members of the educational staff is present, to keep alive the dominating idea and purpose, should these ever be in danger of sinking in the course of constant change in the student body. The Royal Victoria College is not to be compared in the number of its residents with any of the great American women's colleges. The resident members have, on the other hand, represented a wide area, students having come from British Columbia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, Boston, Chicago, Iowa, Jamaica, the majority, however, from Quebec, Ontario, and the Maritime Provinces. After five sessions, it is possible to say that a good tradition has already been established, and this because of the co-operation of the students with those concerned in the guidance of the institution. The character and spirit of a college are largely the work of the students.

The spirit that it has been desired to establish within the community has been that of a genial home life, which should be quite compatible with a certain feeling of independence and responsibility, fitting those who have voluntarily chosen a four years' course of university study after the ordinary stage of school life is over. It has to be remembered, also, in such a community that whilst college life gives rise to social demands to which none should be entirely oblivious, the student who has dedicated four years to special study may wish for a degree of isolation in the interests of the intellectual life which all should respect.

In addition to its aspect as a residential college the building serves a very important function as centre for all those activities of the women-students which they engage in as students of the Royal Victoria College whether resident or non-resident. This was intended in the foundation of the institution, and was indeed a leading motive. Previously the "Donalda" students, as they were called (from the name of Sir Donald Smith) had been located in a portion of the Arts Building, known as the "East Wing." There the lectures of the ordinary courses were repeated to them, the honour students attending the same classes as the men. There also they had their rooms for committee meetings, meetings of the Delta Sigma or Literary and Debating Society, the Young Women's Christian Association and others. This space was very inadequate and somewhat unattractive. They had for long been looking forward to a building of their own, and the opening of the Victoria College gave in this respect all that they desiderated. Perhaps it might be said, more than all, more certainly than they had thought of, for, inspired by a lofty conception of the right fitness of environment to the studious life, Lord Strathcona had built for them a House Beautiful.

Looking upon the wide corridors, æsthetic colours and dignified halls, one must often recall the aim of Plato, that "our youth, dwelling as it were in a healthful region, may draw in good from every quarter whence any emanation from noble works may strike on their eye or ear, like a gale wafting health from salubrious lands, and win them imperceptibly into resemblance, love and harmony with the beauty of reason." There are two especially large public rooms, the assembly hall and the dining hall. Both these, far more spacious than would be required for daily needs, have been frequently used for university gatherings, for which they are especially appropriate. There is a value in the mere existence of these noble rooms, for dignified architectural work has an influence difficult to analyse, though definitely felt, on the minds of the young. And of very obvious value to the students of the college has been the use of their assembly hall for such purposes as the annual university lecture (on two occasions) and lectures by eminent strangers, as for instance in the course of the last session, M. Andre Michel and Mr. Edmund Yeats. This hall was also the scene of the convocation at which the Prince and Princess of Wales received honorary degrees from McGill University in September, 1901, Lord Strathcona presiding. There also was held the memorial service on behalf of the great Queen, whose name the college bears.

"Things seen are mightier than things heard," and such ceremonies are not without effect in impressing upon the students and the public that the college is a constituent part of the university. Not a little is added to the charm of the place by the pictures on the walls of the corridors and the public rooms, reproductions of many of the greatest paintings. These become so familiar to the residents that the originals of Raphael, Turner, Constable, Corot, Reynolds, etc., will seem to them like old friends transfigured when they come upon them in European galleries. To the non-residents they are a perpetual source of new interest, and it is especially pleasant to see the first-year students, in moments between lectures, lose themselves in the vision of a Raphael Madonna or a Turner sunset, in which the photograph suggests with extraordinary success the artist's

> "Light that never was on sea or
> land."

The ordinary lecture rooms at the college are used mainly by the students of the first two years, those of the latter years having most of their lectures at the McGill buildings. The students of all years, however, meet for many purposes in the building, and there feel peculiarly at home.

CANADIAN PROGRESS

A SURVEY OF THE PROGRESS WHICH CANADA IS MAKING IN THE VARIOUS BRANCHES OF NATIONAL LIFE, BASED MAINLY UPON THE RECENT CENSUS RETURNS AND THE LATEST GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS

WEALTH

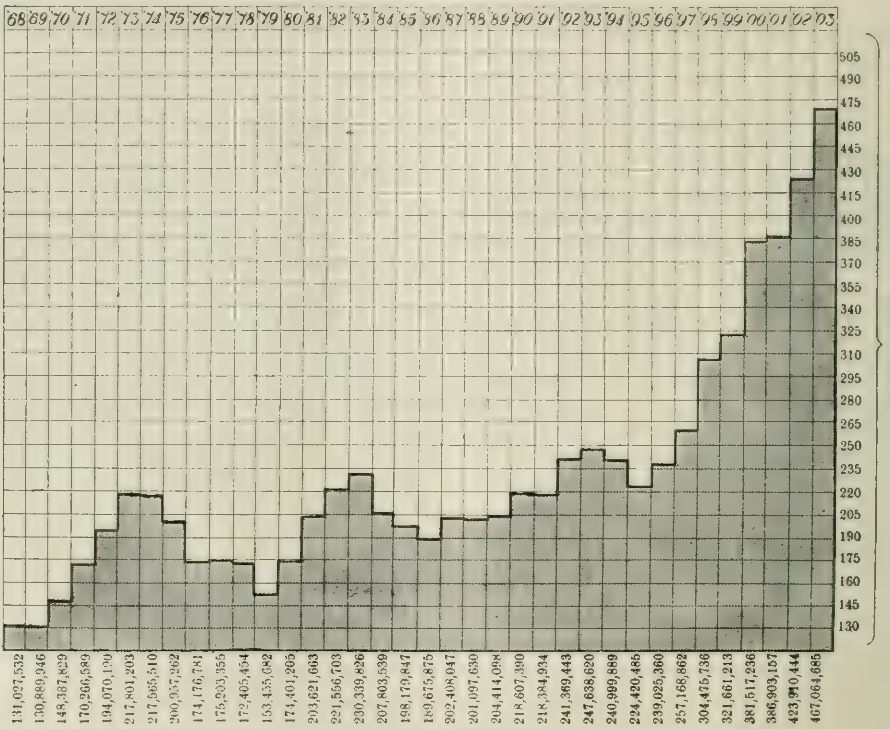
THE people of Canada have become enormously wealthy since Confederation. The area of Canadian soil has grown from 662,147 square miles to 3,745,574 square miles. The deposits in the chartered banks have increased from thirty-three millions in 1868 to three hundred and seventy-eight millions in 1903. The deposits in the savings banks have increased from four to eighty-two millions. The railway mileage has grown from two thousand to nineteen thousand. The tonnage of the vessels arriving and departing from her ports (exclusive of the coasting trade) has grown from thirteen millions to thirty-three millions. The total foreign trade has increased from 131 millions to 467 millions. The number of cities with 10,000 of a population has grown from nine to thirty-one. The revenue of the Dominion has grown from thirteen million to sixty-six million, and that of the provinces in like proportion. The land under cultivation has doubled. The assets of the chartered banks have increased from 77 million to 641 million dollars. The industry of the country has become more varied and more complex until to-day there are about 12,000 industrial establishments employing a large portion of the people and turning out an annual product valued at five hundred million dollars.

No matter what view-point be taken, the progress of the country is shown to have been steady and satisfactory. There have been dark days when the sun of prosperity seemed to be unwilling to shine, but these were due mainly to world conditions over which Canada could have no control. Whether the people halted and hesitated, whether the world was generous or niggardly, the plodding, patient character of the Canadian race was ever manifest. Here a little, there a little, they added to their territory, their population, their wealth, their cultivated soil, their mines, their industrial establishments and their foreign trade, until to-day Canada occupies a recognised position among the younger nations of the world—proud, self-reliant, contented but ambitious.

POPULATION

THE people who inhabit Canada to-day are of the blood of those who inhabited it when the Dominion was formed in 1867. There has been but little infusion of foreign blood. Except during the past three years, speaking generally, there was an export of citizens rather than an import. During this thirty-seven years, a million Canadians went to the United States, of whom not more than one-quarter have returned. While exporting a million citizens, Canada imported little more than three-quarters of a million ; therefore the people to-day are of almost all Canadian born. The census of 1901 showed that of a population of 5,371,315, there were 4,671,815 who claimed Canada as a birthplace. The foreign-born population has increased slightly during 1902, 1903 and 1904.

This is an evidence of stability. While the growth of population has not been rapid, it has been steady. What is more important for future progress, is the fact that the population has not deteriorated. There is little probability that Canada will soon have to deal with those evils which flow from the presence of an "ignorant, foreign" element. In this regard, her position is superior to that of the United States.



Each square represents $15,000,000.

TOTAL FOREIGN TRADE OF CANADA, 1868-1903

❧

RAILWAY PROGRESS

ALTHOUGH the Grand Trunk Pacific will not commence to lay rails in 1904, the era of railway building continues. In Manitoba and the Territories more than one thousand miles will be laid down this season, the Canadian Northern having 6,000 men and 2,000 teams on construction work. This railway is rushing its two main lines from Winnipeg to Prince Albert and Winnipeg to Edmonton. The Canadian Pacific is also working hard in the Territories, the Arcola-Regina and the Kirkella Extension being the names of the largest of their new lines. In other parts of Canada there is also considerable extension work being done.

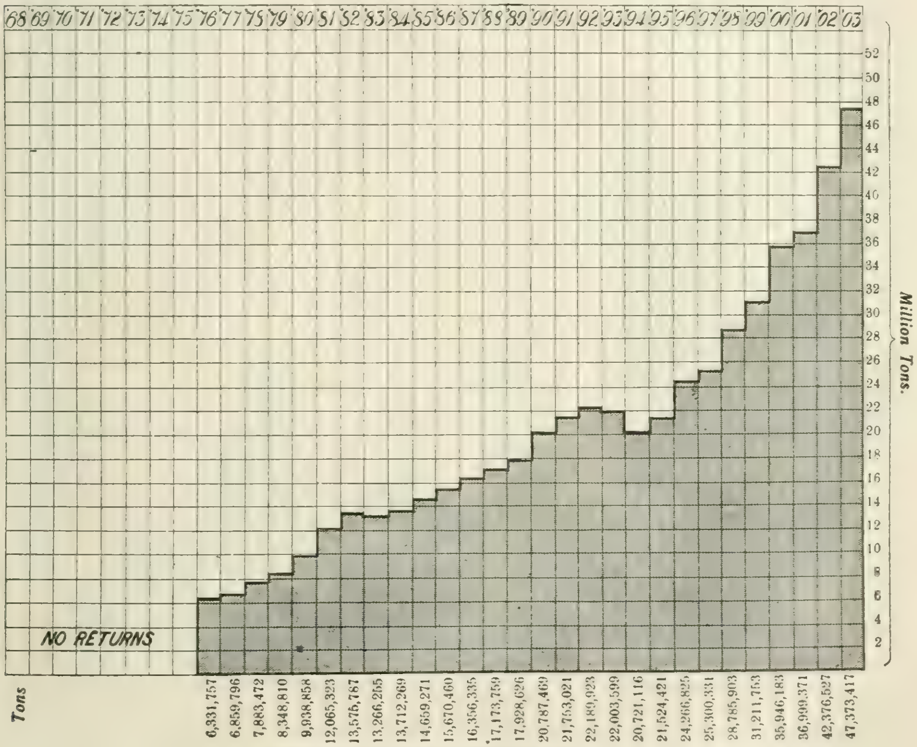
The mileage of our railways has grown steadily from 2,278 miles in 1868 to 18,987 miles in 1903, the rate of increase being fairly uniform. The only remarkable year was 1882 when 1,300 miles were added. This year, 1904, will nearly equal the record as the unusual conditions of 1882 are almost duplicated. Then the C.P.R. was rushing its lines through the

West; now the Canadian Northern is doing the same thing.

More interesting than the mileage is the growth of traffic. The accompanying chart shows the remarkable and rapid increase in the freight carried. From twenty million tons in 1892 there has been a steady annual increase to forty-seven million tons in 1903, an increase of 124 per cent. The earnings which must necessarily follow the same course have in this period increased from fifty-two millions to ninety-six millions, an increase of 85 per cent.

The chief railways and their earnings are as follows:

Canadian Pacific System.	$43,299,487
Grand Trunk System....	25,109,563
Intercolonial and P.E.I..	6,542,038
Canada Southern........	5,705,596
Canadian Northern......	2,449,579
Canada Atlantic........	1,908,026
Others.............. ..	11,050,238
Total................	$96,064,527



Each square represents 2,000,000 Tons.

TONS CARRIED BY CANADIAN RAILWAYS, 1876-1903

ELECTRIC RAILWAYS

THE growth of electric railways in Canada is noteworthy. There are now 46 railways of this character with 454 miles of single track and 192 of double track. Their gross earnings in 1903 were $7,777,000, and they carried 167,000,000 passengers. Of the 838 miles of track 447, or a little over one-half of the total, is in Ontario.

EDUCATION

ACCORDING to the census returns of 1901, 85.6 per cent. (excluding children under five) of the population can read, as compared with 79.1 per cent. in 1891. Thus the ten years shows a considerable increase in the efficiency of the population, despite the increased immigration from European districts which might have been expected to decrease the average.

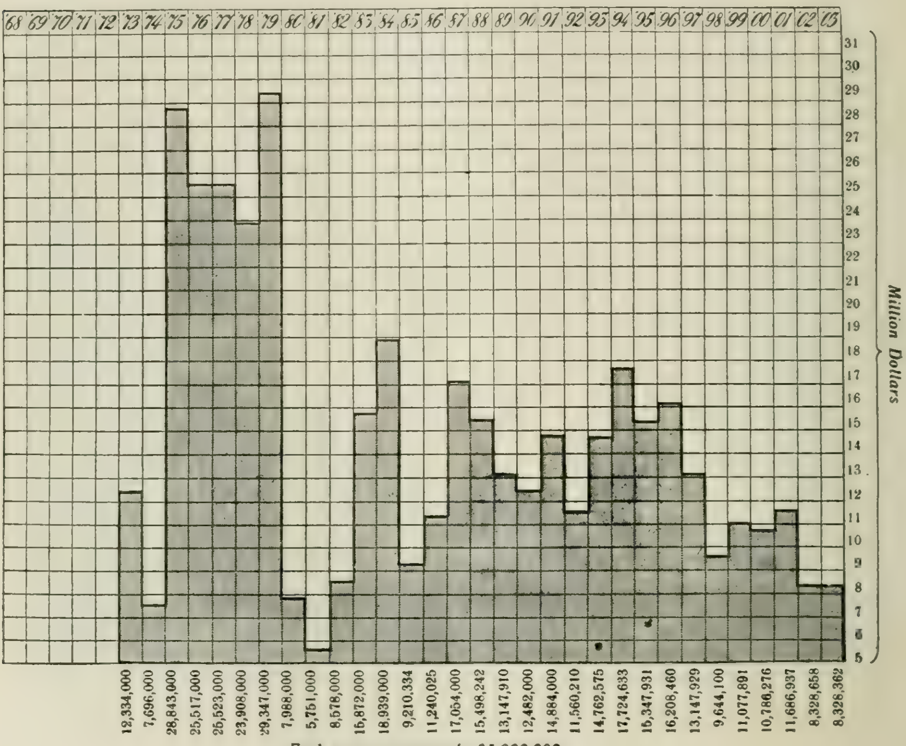
The percentage of people in each

Province that cannot read may be compared by the following figures:

	Percentage of Population excluding Children.
Northwest Territories	33.68
British Columbia	22.71
Quebec	15.16
Manitoba	12.50
New Brunswick	14.21
Nova Scotia	12.62
Prince Edward Island.	9.58
Ontario	7.85

The Province of Manitoba is the most liberal, the expenditure per head of the population being $5.22, as compared with Ontario's $2.20 and Quebec's $1.40.

Canada has sixteen universities and thirty-one degree-conferring colleges, besides other classical colleges, ladies' colleges, agricultural schools, and other denominational and private institutions.



Each square represents $1,000,000

BUSINESS FAILURES IN CANADA, 1875-1903
(INCLUDING NEWFOUNDLAND, 1875-1891)

The annual expenditure on education in Canada amounts to eleven million dollars, divided as follows:

Ontario	$4,825,160
Quebec	2,355,087
Nova Scotia	936,458
New Brunswick	629,991
Manitoba	1,509,276
British Columbia	604,358
Prince Edward Island	166,617
The Territories	213,764
Total	$11,240,711

There is hardly a country in the world which pays so much attention to education as Canada.

⁂

BUSINESS FAILURES

THE great decrease in business failures is one of the most marked features of Canadian progress. The accompanying chart shows that in spite of the great increase in the number of businesses and the great increase in commercial liabilities consequent upon the development of the country, there is a remarkable stability and lack of failure. True, the year 1881 still holds the record, but 1902 and 1903 will compare favourably with it considering the larger amount of capital involved. From 1875 to 1879, Canada experienced a period of "hard times" in common with the rest of the world. The average of the liabilities of those years was $26,900,000. The average of liabilities for the last four years 1899-1903 was only $10,000,000. This is a decrease of which the country may be proud and which indicates a most healthy condition of trade.

The number of failures during recent years shows a steady decrease which is worthy of note. The figures according to Bradstreet's are as follows :

1898	1427	Failures.
1899	1285	"
1900	1333	"
1901	1370	"
1902	1092	"
1903	956	"

FISHERIES

THE progress in producing fish cannot be expected to bear comparison with other branches of production, yet the value of our fisheries should not be overlooked. The value of the fish products produced and marketed in 1902 were $22,000,000. To this must be added the value of the fish caught and consumed by those who catch them, which is estimated to be $15,000,000 more. According to governmental statistics the number of men who make a business of fishing part or the whole of the year has increased from 59,493 in 1885 to 88,218 in 1901. In the same period the value of the vessels, boats, nets, weirs, traps and other property has increased in value from six to eleven million dollars. The Dominion Government has provided sixteen fish-breeding establishments and also pays a bounty to the fishermen of the Atlantic coast. In fact this is a pet industry with the authorities.

FOREST PRODUCTS

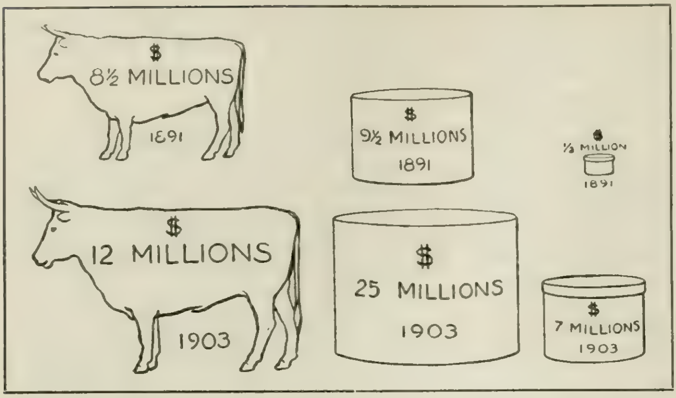
TIMBER, like fish, cannot be increased at the will of man ; but Canada is blessed with a great natural supply of both. If trees do not reproduce as fast as fish, the value steadily increases as a compensation. Few countries in the world have a forest wealth equal to this country. The forest products marketed each year from this source have grown from $35,000,000 in 1891 to $51,000,000 in 1901, while the exports of wood and wood products have increased from twenty-five million dollars in 1891 to forty million in 1903.

One branch of forest products which exhibits considerable growth, and which is likely to show even greater progress in the future, is pulp and paper. The value of the pulp exported in 1891 was about $300,000 ; in twelve years it has increased tenfold and is now over three millions. The amount of paper exported is small as yet, but it will assuredly increase as the spruce forests of Europe and the United States are being rapidly depleted.

MINERALS

THE mining industry is assuming large proportions. During the past twelve years the value of the gold produced in Canada has grown from one million to nineteen million, while in 1900 it touched twenty-seven million. The copper industry produced a million dollars twelve years ago and now produces nearly four millions. Nickel is another industry which has shown great progress, and the annual output is now estimated at two millions of dollars. The total value of the mineral products of 1901 was $48,000,000, of which eleven millions was credited to the coal mines.

Canada is likely to become a great



PROGRESSIVE EXPORTS OF CANADIAN CATTLE, CHEESE AND BUTTER

producer of iron and steel, and already there are eight smelting industries in operation with an investment of about $35,000,000. Even steel rails are now being produced in this country.

GRAIN

IN the production of grain the bulk of the people of Canada find employment. The development in recent years needs little comment, but a few figures will indicate the remarkable nature of this class of progress :

	Yield in Bushels.	
	1891.	1901.
Wheat	42,000,000	55,000,000
Barley......	17,000,000	22,000,000
Oats	83,000,000	150,000,000
Corn........	10,000,000	25,000,000
Potatoes and other Roots..	103,000,000	131,000,000

During this period the production of apples has grown from eight to eighteen millions and other fruits in proportion.

CHEESE

THE cheese industry is important. The quantity of factory-made cheese has grown from 108,000,000 pounds in 1891 to 220,000,000 pounds in 1901 according to the census returns. The value of the cheese exported in 1868 was a little over a million dollars; in 1903 this had grown to the enormous sum of $25,000,000. During the same time the value of the butter exported increased from two to seven million dollars, while the total value of the exports of provisions grew from nine to fifty millions of dollars.

Most of the cheese exported goes to Great Britain where there is an almost unlimited demand. As Canadian cheese improves in quality, the export trade should increase.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP PROGRESS

THE bogey, waste under municipal management of natural municipal monopolies, has ceased to frighten the people of Canada. Municipal ownership is a modern doctrine and came in with sewer systems, waterworks and gas-lighting, and has been given greater importance by the introduction of electric lighting and electric street cars.

Before 1870 only one city in Ontario knew anything of municipal ownership in the restricted sense in which that term is now used. The city of Hamilton has owned its waterworks system since 1861. The capital invested by that city in the undertaking is $2,000,000 and the annual net profit is about $71,000.

In 1872 Windsor established its own Waterworks ; Ottawa followed in 1874; St. Catharines and Sarnia in 1876, and London in 1878. From 1871-1877 the waterworks of Toronto were managed by a commission, and since that date by the municipality. At the present time almost every city and town in Ontario owns its own system, the city of Stratford being the latest addition to the list. In a recent red book issued by the Ontario

Government, a list of 82 towns is given in which this is true.

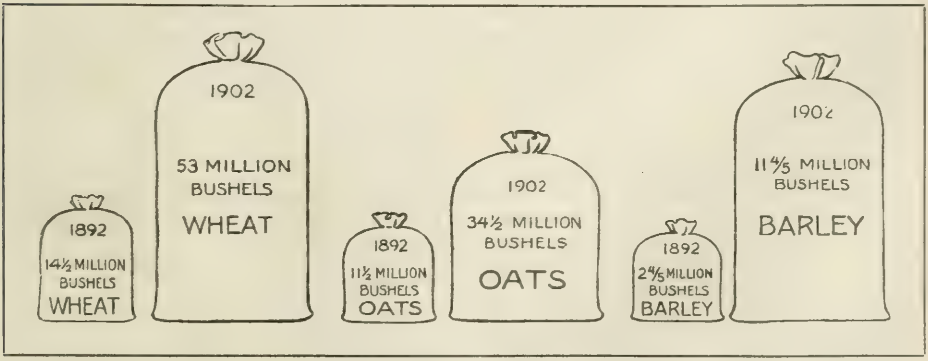
The rates charged for water are interesting :

Belleville—		
	$6 a single tap.	
Brantford—		
	4 rooms	$1.87
	5 "	3.13
	7 "	3.75
	8 " or over	5.00
	Discount 20 per cent.	
Chatham—		
	$5 flat rate.	
Hamilton—		
	$500 assessment	$4.40
	Each additional $50	.60
Kingston—		
	$500 assessment	$4.25
	$500 to $700	5.50
	$700 to $1,000	6.50
	$2,500 to $3,000	12.00
	Etc., Etc.	
	Discount 20 per cent.	
London—		
	Houses of 3 rooms	$5.00
	Each additional room	.75
	Discount 20 per cent.	
Ottawa—		
	$600 to $1,000 assessment	$10.00
	Additional $500	2.00
St. Catharines—		
	8 rooms and upwards	$6.00
St. Thomas—		
	7 rooms	$5.00
	Each additional	.50
Toronto—		
	4-roomed house and two inmates	$1.50
	25c. for each additional room and 25c. for each additional inmate.	

In regard to gasworks, St. Catharines led the way by taking stock in its gas company in 1853. Since 1860 it has received dividends of $100,000 on an investment of $26,000. Brockville followed in 1901 and Kingston in 1904. Other municipalities using gas have not ventured upon ownership.

The number of towns using gas is much smaller than the number using electricity, and as electric-lighting plants were of later introduction the principle of municipal ownership has been more widely introduced. Goderich, Orillia and Mitchell led the way before 1890; Acton and Markham followed in 1890; Windsor, Amherstburg and Hastings in 1891; Niagara in 1892; Bracebridge, Kincardine and Alexandria in 1895; Newmarket in 1896; Chatham and Port Arthur in 1897; Beeton in 1898; Dundalk, Barrie, Bothwell, Niagara Falls and Weston in 1899; Hespeler and East Toronto in 1900; and ten other towns in 1901. In all there are 44 municipal lighting plants in Ontario, not including Kingston which has just acquired the plant there.

Bracebridge, Hespeler, Orillia and Port Arthur add electric supply to their electric lighting. Orillia sells this at $16.00 per horse power and Bracebridge at $12.50.



PROGRESS IN THE PRODUCTION OF CEREALS IN CANADA

In 1901 the Union of Canadian Municipalities was formed, and one of the resolutions passed read as follows:

> "That we earnestly recommend to all municipalities a careful oversight over all concessions of franchises with a view to the future extension of the principle of municipal ownership and control of public utilities; and we particularly urge that all municipalities retain the control of all franchises for electric railways, which open up a new field for the means of local communication and transportation."

This union has since grown in strength and influence and, in 1903, reported having 106 members, representing 26 cities, 59 towns and 21 other municipalities.

Port Arthur is the only town in Ontario which operates its own street-car system. In all Canadian cities, however, charters are granted for a term of years, most of which will expire about 1920. At present considerable revenue is derived by the cities from these franchises. Toronto has the most favourable charter, and receives a very large annual income from its percentage of the gross receipts.

MANUFACTURING

It would take a great deal of space to show how manufacturing has progressed during the past ten years. In the industries employing five hands or more, the number of men employed has grown from 269,000 to 313,314, the capital invested has increased from $300,000,000 to $447,000,000 and the value of the product from $360,000,000 to $481,000,000. These are the revised census returns. The increase in the capital invested is the most remarkable feature and the detail is shown in the following table:

	Capital	
	1891.	1901.
Books and Stationery	$10,000,000	$17,000,000
Carriages, etc.	8,000,000	15,000,000
Chemicals, etc.	3,400,000	5,700,000
Drinks and Stimulants	23,000,000	39,000,000
Fibrous Material	3,200,000	3,900,000
Food, Animal (Butter, Cheese, Fish, Meat)	6,000,000	14,000,000
Food, Vegetable	22,300,000	24,700,000
Furniture, Houses, etc.	19,000,000	22,000,000
Gold and Silver	2,500,000	2,200,000
Leather, Boots and Shoes	14,000,000	21,500,000
Lighting	19,800,000	27,600,000
Machines, Tools and Implements	44,000,000	77,000,000
Matters, Animal	1,400,000	3,000,000
Matters, Vegetable	64,000,000	84,000,000
Mathematical Instruments	27,000	115,000
Musical Instruments	2,000,000	4,000,000
Ships and Boats	2,100,000	3,500,000
Stone, Clay and Glass	7,000,000	7,000,000
Textile Fabrics	39,000,000	55,000,000
Miscellaneous	600,000	9,700,000
Total	296,000,000	447,000,000

NOVA SCOTIA'S PROGRESS

NOVA SCOTIA, with a population of 460,000, has an area of thirteen million acres, of which five million are occupied. Of these 35,000 acres are in orchards, 730,146 acres in crop, and 1,135,246 acres in pasture. Yet it is as a mining province that Nova Scotia gets what prominence she possesses and most of her revenue. The known productive coal fields extend over an area of about 700 square miles, of which the Sydney and Cumberland areas are the greatest. Of the seventeen collieries, eight are in Cape Breton, six in Cumberland and three at Pictou. The Nova Scotia coal is bituminous and is nearly all situated close to tidewater.

In mineral production Nova Scotia is making fair progress, the quantity of coal produced has grown from 2,267,000 tons in 1891 to 4,158,000 tons in 1901, and to 5,712,000 in 1903. In fact seventy-five per cent. of the coal mined in Canada is the product of Nova Scotia. The province is also said to contain fine iron ore deposits, but the production has decreased from 83,792 tons in 1895 to 16,172 tons in 1902, though Quebec, Ontario and British Columbia have increased their figures very greatly during the same period. Gold is found, and last year the product was valued at half a million dollars.

In the value of the fisheries product Nova Scotia still maintains her lead over all the other provinces as may be seen by the following table:

VALUE BY PROVINCES 1902

Nova Scotia	$ 7,351,753
British Columbia	5,284,824
New Brunswick	3,912,514
Quebec	2,059,175
Ontario	1,265,706
Manitoba and Territories.	1,198,437
Prince Edward Island	887,024
Total	21,959,432

Cod and lobsters are the chief items in the Nova Scotia fisheries.

Of the bounty paid by the Dominion Government Nova Scotia fishermen receive $100,000 out of $160,000. The number of men engaged in the fisheries in all the Maritime Provinces is declining, but is increasing in Quebec.

During the ten years, from 1891 to 1901, the "occupied" area of Nova Scotia has increased by a million acres, distributed among field crops, pasture and orchard. The annual production of wheat, oats and other grains has increased noticeably; the annual apple crop has been increased by a million bushels, and other fruits in proportion. The number of horned cattle has decreased slightly, and the production of cheese and butter has not kept pace with that of the other provinces. Prince Edward Island, though smaller, produces nine times as much cheese and nearly twice as much butter. Manitoba and New Brunswick have each twice as many butter and cheese factories as Nova Scotia.

That Nova Scotia progress is mainly in mining is further proven by the movement of population. Cape Breton increased 43.6 per cent. in population between 1891 and 1901, Guysboro 6.5, Halifax 4.6, Cumberland 4.7, and three other counties small percentages. Decreases were recorded in the ten other electoral districts. Some person might say this was due to the government having no minister of agriculture, or to the fact that the leading cabinet ministers are lawyers. All the other provinces have ministers or commissioners of agriculture.

In manufacturing there are a few large factories in Nova Scotia, notably the Dominion Iron & Steel Works at Sydney; The Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co. at New Glasgow; The Robb Engineering Co., The Rhodes, Curry Co. (lumber and railway cars), and Hewson Woollen Mills at Amherst, and a few others.

Nova Scotia derives some importance from the circumstance that Halifax is a British naval base, and from the trade between Halifax and the West Indies. The latter is developing fast and should be exceedingly helpful to the province.

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BRITISH COLUMBIA'S PROGRESS

BRITISH Columbia's progress is, like that of the Territories, a thing of the future. Yet a good beginning has been made.

This western province is about 700 miles long and 400 miles wide. It comprises about 410,000 square miles of territory, five times as much as Manitoba and nearly two and half times as much as Ontario. It is largely mountainous, but the chief agricultural area lies in the plateau west of the Selkirk and Rocky Mountains and between the southern boundary and the 52nd degree of latitude. The climate is much less severe than that of the Territories, being modified by the Japan Current or Gulf Stream of the Pacific. Especially in the canyons and valleys open to the coast, is the temperature mild and equable. The population was 178,657 in 1901, as compared with 98,173 in 1891.

The agricultural progress is confined mainly to cattle-raising and dairying. The wheat grown is mostly too soft for milling and is used for chicken and hog feed; oats do well and, with hay and roots, form the chief crops. The occupiers of farms of five acres and over decreased from 7,451 in 1891 to 6,739 in 1901, but the land in field crops increased from 50,000 to 171,000 acres. The oat crop increased from 943,000 bushels to 1,442,000, while wheat decreased. Horned cattle decreased from 127,000 to 126,000.

While the agricultural industry has been stationary, fruit-raising has done well. The apple harvest increased from 76,000 bushels to 240,000; pears from 12,000 to 25,000; plums from 19,000 to 58,000; cherries from 4,000 to 15,000; grapes from 15,000 to 30,000. Fruit-growing promises to be one of the great industries of the province.

Dairying has been given attention during the past nine years and there were seven factories in operation in 1901. The development along this line promises well.

It is in mining that British Columbia exhibits greatest progress, though even here it has faced many difficulties. In 1891, the total metalliferous products were valued at three and a half millions; in 1901, this had grown to twenty millions. This was divided as follows:

Gold	$5,318,000
Silver	2,885,000
Copper	4,447,000
Lead	2,003,000
Coal	4,381,000
Coke	635,000
Other	418,000
	$20,087,000

The British Columbia waters are rich in food fishes. The salmon pack of 1901 was the largest in the history of the province, amounting to 1,247,215 cases. The value of the fisheries may be thus summarised for 1901:

Salmon, canned	$6,000,000
" salted	339,000
" smoked	30,000
" fresh	213,000
Halibut	285,000
Fur Seals	366,000
Herring	43,000
Oolachans	66,000
Miscellaneous	600,000
Total	$7,942,000

British Columbia is well supplied with forest wealth. In 1902 there were about 40 large mills and 60 portable mills at work, and the cut amounted to about 300,000,000 feet, of which nearly 60,000,000 feet went to foreign countries. The destinations included Japan, China, Australia, and Great Britain. Large quantities of shingles were shipped to the Territories, Manitoba and Ontario.

MANITOBA'S PROGRESS

DURING the ten-year census period the population of Manitoba increased from 155,000 to 250,000, and is now four times as large as it was in 1881. There is perhaps no similar piece of territory in the world where so much progress has been made in the last twenty years. The amount of occupied land increased by nearly four million of acres between 1891 and 1901. Wheat is the principal crop, and some figures concerning it will be interesting.

1892	14,453,835	bushels.
1893	15,615,923	"
1895	31,775,038	"
1897	18,261,950	"
1899	27,922.230	"
1901	50,502,085	"
1903	40,116,878	"

In 1895 the yield per acre was 27.86 bushels; in 1901 it was 25.10; last year it fell to 16.42. The average is about 20 bushels.

In the last ten years the crop of oats has increased from nine to thirty-three million; barley from two and a half to nine million; potatoes from one and a half to five million; and other crops in proportion.

The value of Manitoba's farm lands may be realised by comparing it with that of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In these two provinces combined the total is $57,000,000 according to the last census, while that of Manitoba was $93,000,000. The number of horses in the Prairie Province is more than double the number in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick together; the number of milch cows is about equal, and the number of other horned cattle is greater. The amount of cheese produced in Manitoba is four times that produced in Nova Scotia, while the amount of butter is equal to that of Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia combined. Manitoba has 69 butter and cheese factories, whereas New Brunswick has 68, Nova Scotia 33 and Prince Edward Island 47.

Manitoba is gridironed with railways, having 2,225 miles in 1893. Considering its population and area, it is as well served by railways as any other part of Canada. Nevertheless the railway building there is proceeding at a rapid rate because of the enormous traffic furnished by its productive grain fields.

In educational facilities Manitoba does not lag. In 1903 the expenditure on public schools was $5.22 per head as compared with an average of $2.03 for the Dominion. For its population of 270,000 people (1903) it had 2,116 teachers, or three hundred more than in New Brunswick with a population of 330,000. The total expenditure on education was a million and a half dollars in 1893.

The towns and cities of Manitoba are also doing well. Brandon, which had a population of 3,778 in 1891, had 5,380 in 1901. Winnipeg increased from 25,639 to 42,340 in the same period, and since then to 60,000. The number of smaller towns has greatly increased. The number of daily papers increased from 3 to 8 between 1893 and 1901, and the weeklies from 38 to 75. It is interesting to note that Manitoba has more publications compared with population than any other part of Canada. Another curious fact which is worth noting is that the number of electric arc lights in Manitoba increased from 143 in 1902 to 373 in 1903, showing the rapid progress being made in that province in providing the people with modern facilities.

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THE PROGRESS OF THE TERRITORIES

THE Northwest Territories are making remarkable progress. Between 1891 and 1901 the population increased from 99,000 to 211,000 and has since been still further increased. Railways are being built through them in every direction and the various districts are rapidly filling up. In 1891 three million acres were occupied, in 1901 this had grown to six and a half million acres. The amount of wheat produced during the past seven years has increased from five and a half million to sixteen million bushels and the quantity of oats from three million to fourteen million bushels. The average production of wheat per acre in that period was over 16 bushels to the acre. The chief towns are Prince Albert, Regina, Calgary and Edmonton.

The opening up of the Yukon has added to the gold production of Canada. From 1893, the production has increased from $176,000 to $12,500,000 in 1903. In 1900, it went as high as $22,000,000.

Mackenzie, Keewatin and Ungava, the three northern territories, are practically unexploited. Furs and fish are the chief products. These are becoming more valuable year by year and will soon come into greater prominence.

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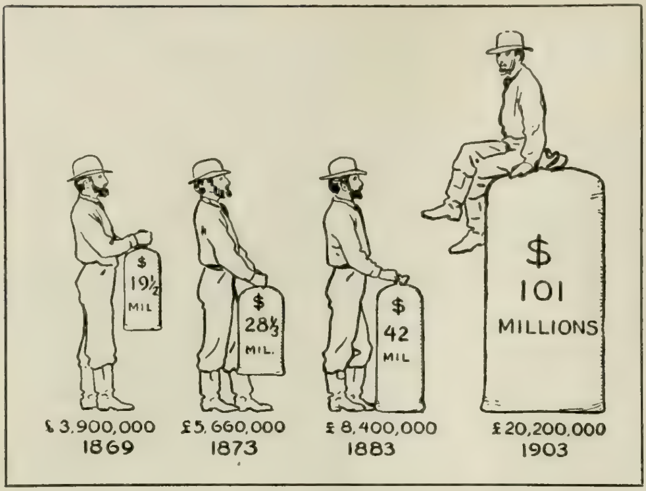
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND'S PROGRESS

By F. J. NASH

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, the smallest of the provinces, is not the least progressive. Though its area is only 2,184 square miles, and its population only a little over one hundred thousand, it is widely known as a garden and as a tourist resort. It has 210 miles of railway in operation and 50 miles more almost completed.

The Island has been called the "million acre farm," and certainly few countries are better adapted for profitable husbandry. The soil is light, warm and easily tilled, consequently agriculture overshadows every other resource, eighty per cent. of the population being interested in this industry. The soil is noted for its fertility, and



PROGRESS IN EXPORTS OF CANADIAN FARM PRODUCE

the Island is the most thoroughly cultivated territory on this side the Atlantic, 85.44 per cent. of its area being occupied as farms or lots. The remaining 15 per cent. is mainly covered with peat bogs or swamps, which either afford fuel or organic matter which is very valuable as affording a cheap means of improving exhausted farm lands. Other natural fertilisers, which are available in many parts of the Island, are mussel mud, oyster-shell mud, seaweed and fish offal, all of which are eagerly sought after by the farmers, who, of late years, are adopting more extensive methods of farming, and are supplementing these natural fertilisers and their barn-yard manures by generous applications of commercial fertilisers. The total value of farm property, according to the census of 1901, is $30,434,089, of which land represents $15,148,064, buildings $7,840,444, implements and machinery $2,618,597, and live stock $4,826,984. The total gross value of farm products for 1901 was placed at $7,413,294. This gives a gross return of $564 for each average farm of 90 acres, and a return of 24.36 per cent. on the investment. These figures may be compared with those of Ontario and Manitoba, where the gross return is greater but the percentage on capital less. The amount produced per acre shows a steady increase.

In recent years more attention has been paid to butter and cheese and the product of both factories and farms is considerable in amount. The cheese in 1899 was valued at $376,000, but the production during the last two years was not quite so great. In 1901 there were 47 factories, 27 of which made both cheese and butter and 5 made butter only. The total value of the product—and this has not since been equalled—was $566,824. It is interesting to note that there were 21,000 more horned cattle in the Island in 1901 than there were in 1891, while 100,000 acres were transferred from the "field crop" column to the "pasture" column.

Although horticulture is scarcely beyond the initial stage enough has been shown to prove that the Island is well adapted for the production of all the hardier large fruits and all the small fruits common to temperate regions; for apples, plums and cherries it can scarcely be excelled. The winter-keeping varieties, as Spy, King and Ben Davis, do especially well. Strawberries, raspberries and cranberries are now receiving considerable attention and are beginning to form an article of export. There are estimated to be 202,910 apple trees on the Island. The yield of apples in 1891 was 52,018, and in 1901, 159,421 bushels, an increase of over 300 per cent. The Fruit Growers' Association, incorporated in 1898, has done much to advance the fruit growing industry and its good work is generously supplemented by assistance from the local and Dominion Governments.

The fisheries of Prince Edward Island are exceedingly valuable, and consist principally of oysters, lobsters, mackerel, herring, cod, hake and smelts. The oyster and lobster industries, carefully nurtured by the Federal Government, are flourishing; the cod and herring fisheries are capable of great development, but the mackerel fishing, once extremely profitable, has since the introduction of purse seines and gill nets declined and now is almost commercially valueless. The total value of the Island fisheries for 1901 was $1,050,623; and for 1902, $887,024. The number of vessels employed in the fisheries in 1902 was 25, of boats, 2,395. There were in operation 122 lobster plants; traps, 241,896; smoke and fish houses, 169; freezers and ice houses, 5; piers and wharves, 35; steamers and smacks, 12. The fishing proper gave employment to 4,324 and the lobster industry to 2,252. These 5,576 men produce $887,024, or $135 each; of course many of them farm also. The value of the lobster plant was $236,957; of the vessels, nets, etc., $113,016; and of the houses, piers and steamers, $45,675, a total of $395,648. Of the $160,000 bounty annually distributed among the fishermen of Canada, $8,716.55 was distributed among the Island fishermen in 1902.

Prince Edward Island is celebrated for the excellence and abundance of its oysters. The many estuaries, rivers and streams are admirably adapted for the cultivation of the delicious bivalve; but the best beds are in Richmond, Cascumpeque and Hillsboro Bays—the first named, Richmond or Malpeque Bay, the home of the most famous oysters, is the largest and richest oyster field in Canada, being ahout 16,000 acres in extent—a veritable El Dorado. Oysters from this bay took the first prize at the Paris Exposition, and in Montreal, the chief market for the Island product, the name "Malpeque" is synonymous for everything that is succulent, being very meaty and sometimes eight or nine inches in length. The round, cup-shaped oysters, round and plump, are more delicious still and command the highest price. The value of the oyster industry in 1902 amounted to $81,336.

The distributing of salmon fry in the rivers frequented by these fish, the establishment of a lobster hatchery near Charlottetown, the erection of fish driers of most modern design, the planting of new oyster beds and other improvements being put in operation by the Department of Marine and Fisheries, are destined to add very considerably to an industry that already stands second only to agriculture.

There is an excellent system of education in Prince Edward Island; it is free and undenominational, and is under the control of a Board composed of the members of the Executive Council, the principal of Prince of Wales College and the Chief Superintendent of Education. The Free School System was introduced in 1852, and the present Public Schools Act was passed in 1877; but many improvements have been made ever since that date. The total number of teachers in 1903 was 572; of school districts, 473; of schools, 480. The number of pupils was 19,956, and the average daily attendance was 12,112. The total expenditure for education by Provincial Government was $123,943.92. Besides this a considerable amount was paid out by the districts for building and repairing schoolhouses, running expenses, and supplementing teachers' salaries. There is a Provincial Teachers' Association; an association of the teachers of Kings County, of Prince County, and of Charlottetown, which do much to stimulate teachers and introduce new and improved methods of instruction. School, garden and nature studies have been introduced during the last year in some schools by the munificence of Sir William McDonald, of Montreal, who is a native of Prince Edward Island. He is also establishing a Consolidated School on the Island and, stimulated by his example and encouraged by the recommendation of Professor J. W. Robertson, of Ottawa, the school districts in the vicinity of Tryon have already established a Consolidated School on their own responsibility.

This lovely Island of the sea possesses immense attractions for tourists and there is no better summer resort in all America. It is an outlying paradise, and a wonder to all those who visit it for the first time. Instead of the doubtful allurements of a conventional seaside resort, there will be found the finest bathing in the world and excellent game and fishing in season. The Island may be designated a great garden, and is admitted by those fortunate enough to visit it to be unexcelled as a summer-land. A beauty that is unique has brought many to its shores and to-day the land, which Cartier declared "the fairest that may possibly be seen," still delights. To the natural charm has long since been added that brought by cultivation. Set in the midst of the silver sea, its wealth of sub-tropical verdure and smiling fields, its air redolent of the fragrance of grasses and flowers, and all the dreaminess of a lotus land invite the tourist; and a hospitable people is ready to welcome him. Comfortable hotels and many farmhouses are open to tourists at very moderate rates where the tired toilers of hot and dusty cities can find health and enjoyment. Charlottetown, the capital, possesses among many smaller hotels, four principal ones, the Victoria, Queen, Raven and Plaza. The Charlottetown Development and Tourist Association, the Summerside Tourist Association and the several Boards of Trade of the Island are doing much to acquaint the outside world of this quiet, peaceful resort, the delightful sea bathing, the charming pastoral scenery and invigorating breezes that await its weary and exhausted toilers in this "Garden of America."

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THE FARMER AND THE FISHERMAN

By AUSTIN L. McCREDIE

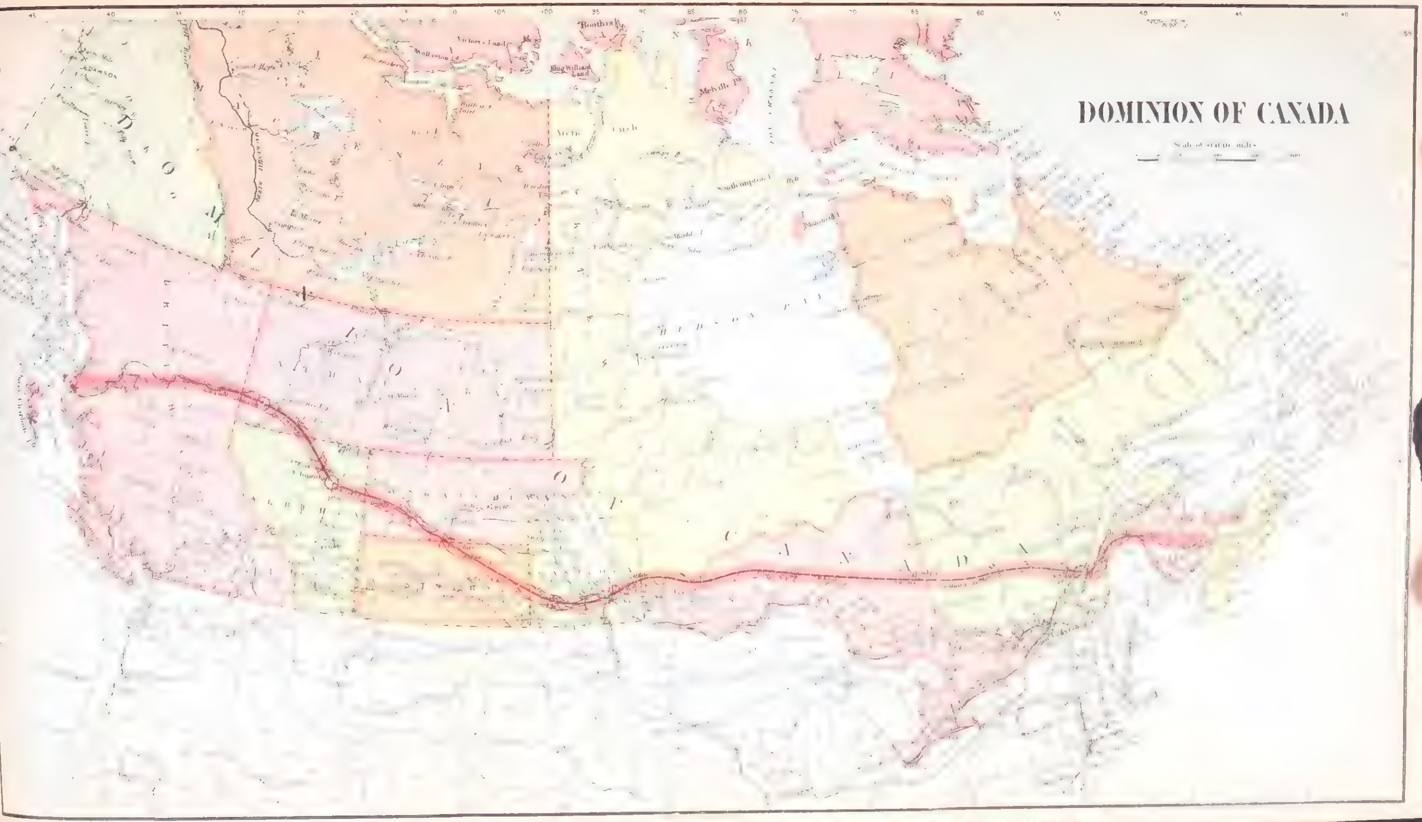
THE gross earnings of the Ontario farmer average $1,005.00 per year, as compared with the average income of the maritime fisherman, which is only $458.25. This statement, while somewhat surprising, even to those whose knowledge of the two industries would give higher place to the farmer, is substantially true, according to the Government statistical reports.

The question involved is an important one. The farmer finds in Canada an available land area of over two billion acres, the major portion of which is cultivable. A sea-coast line of over 16,000 miles of the most favourable conformation, invites the attention of the fisherman. With such a surfeit of opportunity in these two respects alone, the workers among Canada's paltry six million people have only to decide upon the occupation which promises most. They have the right to know which is the most favourable.

Canada is a wide country. The people of the Inland, in Homeric phrase, know not the gear nor the gain of the Men of the Sea. Assured that agriculture is the leading industry of Canada, they have assumed that the fishermen of the Eastern sea-coast are nevertheless doing very well; and it is only very recently that they have thought much as to the place our fisheries occupy in the national economy.

As a preliminary to a comparison, it is understood that both farming and fishing are peculiarly workingmen's businesses; that neither is capable of an indefinite amount of control by capital, while both are fields for the men of small capital and plenty of brawn; but that science, intelligence and added capital give encouraging reward in each.

The working man asks: Which will pay me best? This question concerns only the fisheries of the Maritime Provinces, and the agriculture of Ontario, as in these cases only are conditions crystallised and truly Canadian. Statistics for these parts of Canada,



THE GENERAL COURSE OF THE PROPOSED TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY IS SHOWN BY THE BROAD RED LINE

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TERMINAL ELEVATORS AT FORT WILLIAM

Fort William and Port Arthur, at the head of Lake Navigation, are likely to be the greatest grain-transhipping points in America. Through these two points, nearly all the western Canadian wheat will pass in its voyage, lake and rail, to the Atlantic ports.

therefore, will be chosen for our purpose, bearing in mind that for the farmer with small capital the Northwest offers equal if not greater advantages than does Ontario, while the fisheries of the Pacific coast, owing to Asiatic and Indian labour, and concentration of the capital engaged, offer little if any. The census of 1901, the Report of the Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and that of the Ontario Bureau of Industries for the same year, are the returns used.

There were in Ontario, in the census year, 185,415 farms of over fifty acres, of which number over eighty-five per cent. are owned by the occupiers. Most farms are of one hundred acres and over, though there are comparatively few very large ones. The average size is 115 acres. The total value of farms, buildings, implements and live stock was over $1,001,000,000. The total product of the farms of the province was valued at over $286,000,000. This would mean an average gross income per farmer of $1,514, out of which are paid all debit items of current expenses, as labour, food for stock, and interest on capital invested. It will be seen, therefore, that Ontario farmers are prosperous in a uniform degree, and to a very satisfactory extent.

There are no statistics available as to the number of men, other than the farmers occupying the land, who are employed on the farms of Ontario. This body, which includes farmers' sons and hired men, has been estimated at 100,000 men. Adding this number to the total of farmers, we have a total of 285,415 men engaged in farming. Even taking this total number of men as a basis, the average income of an Ontario agriculturist is (gross) $1,005. Wages paid to hired farm labour have increased greatly of late years, and the average wages paid now are about as follows: Per year, with board, $180; without, $290; per month, with board, $27; per day, $1.50. These figures, which do not refer to nor include the sensational prices paid for labour in harvest during the past two years, indicate clearly that the unattached farm labourer shares fully in the prosperity of the farmers. In spite of the increase in wages it is doubtful if the average Ontario farmer pays out the difference between $1,514 and $1,005 for labour.

In 1901 there were 899 vessels and 30,657 boats engaged in the maritime fisheries, and these, with nets and tackle of all kinds, and other plant ashore, totalled a value of invested capital of $6,933,400. There were 52,220 fishermen engaged during the year, of whom, it is estimated, 27,430 followed fishing as their sole occupation, the remaining 24,790 being farmers who engage in fishing irregularly. This estimate is based on the fact that 27,431 fishermen received Government bounties, and further, that the vessel fishermen and lobster fishers and canners, who do not farm, alone numbered 22,392.

As farmer-fishermen would require boats and other tackle, the whole number of men engaged in fishing during the year are taken to arrive at the average invested capital, which is, as thus calculated, $132.77 per man. Estimating the number requiring capital at, say, 30,000, the average per man would be $231.11. The total value of fish and fish products for the four provinces in the same year was $15,407,894.00. It may be estimated that each farmer-fisherman would take on an average one-quarter the catch taken by each of those engaged solely as fishermen, as the former would fish at the most favourable seasons, and, probably, three months of the year on an average. On this basis, the average share, per man, of the total product would be $458.25. Out of this are paid current expenses, as repairs, losses, dock dues, licenses, interest on capital, etc.

To summarise:

The estimated average capital per man, invested in agriculture in Ontario (including labour), is $3,512.30. The average in the fishing industry of the Maritime Provinces, taken on the same basis, is $132.77, or $231.11 on a different basis. The average gross income of the farmer is $1,005.00. That of the fisherman is $458.25. A determination of their respective net incomes is obviously impossible. It is certain, however, that the advantage is very largely with the farmer. His business is regular, his markets steady, his losses few and small. On the other hand, the fisherman's occupation is notoriously precarious. Storms, delay in reaching market, sudden market depreciation, predacious fishes and other causes interfere with the prosecution of his calling or rob him of its fruits. To make the comparison more final, it may be added that the farmers of Ontario have averaged an annual increase of investment of $230.00 within recent years, whereas, in spite of the receipt of bounties to the amount of over three million dollars within twenty years, the maritime fishermen have actually decreased their capital investment of late years. The Ontario farmers have enjoyed an average increase in income, since 1896, of over $200.00 per annum, while in this respect, also, the fishermen have fallen behind.

It may be considered conclusive, therefore, that the farmer or the farm labourer in Ontario earns and saves for investment considerably more than the fisherman of Quebec, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island or Nova Scotia.

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AGRICULTURAL vs. MANUFACTURING PROFITS

By ARCHIBALD BLUE, Census Commissioner

An exact comparison of the profits of the farmer and of the manufacturer is rather difficult. Land, buildings, implements and live stock comprise the capital of agriculture. But its raw materials almost defy accurate definition. Among other things, they consist of the seeds planted for field crops, the manure and other fertilisers employed to enrich the soil, and the fodder of animals fed in excess of maintenance to produce flesh, milk, eggs and wool, and to perform labour—the food of production. There are no data in the tables for computing the value of these articles, and the nearest approach to the net product of the industry is the gross product less the cost of hired labour and rent. According to the returns of 1901 the capital invested in agriculture was $1,787,102,630, and the total value of the products was $363,126,384.* The labour charge is $24,228,515, the rent charge is $7,355,323, and the surplus of the year got in this way is $331,542,546, or 18.55 per cent. of the capital. The farmer's own labour, like his raw materials, is neither counted nor valued.

The next greatest industry in the Dominion is manufactures, the tables of which show an investment of $96,644,827 for real estate, $112,733,811 for machinery, implements and motive power, and $237,537,849 for working capital, being a total of $446,916,487. The raw materials of manufactures are articles known with some exactness, and their value in the census year is given as $266,527,858. The rent of offices and works is $14,072,185, the cost of wages and salaries (less salaries of owners and firm members) $102,984,668, and of power and heat, fuel and light and contract work $8,891,142. Exclusive of municipal and provincial taxes, the total expenditure for materials, wages, rent, etc., is $392,475,853. The total value of products is $481,053,375, and the ascertained surplus is $88,577,522, which is 19.82 per cent. of the capital.

Neither for manufactures nor agriculture is such actual net production given as an accountant's books would show. Essential data are wanting for a statement of profit and loss. In the case of agriculture the item of raw

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* This amount is exclusive of maple sugar with a value of $1,780,000, and of forest products with a value of $51,000,000.

THE THRESHING MACHINE WORKING ITS WAY ACROSS THE CANADIAN PRAIRIE ON ITS MISSION OF DIVIDING THE WHEAT FROM THE STRAW IN ORDER THAT THE FORMER MAY BE SENT ABROAD TO HELP FEED THE WORLD'S HUNGRY MILLIONS.

materials is a blank, as also is the value of the farmer's own labour and management; but even if the last item be treated as offset by the salaries of owners and firm members, it is yet clear that the ratio of the net products of agriculture reckoned on the capital employed is less than the like ratio for manufactures. By how much less it is not possible to say, but there must be a substantial difference due alone to the cost of seed-grain and the food of production.

A writer recognised as an authority (John Mill) has said that the part which nature has in any work of man is indefinite and incommensurable, and that it is impossible to decide in any one thing that nature does more than in another. He argues that, when two conditions are equally necessary for producing an effect, it is unmeaning to say that so much of it is produced by one and so much by the other; it is like attempting to decide which half of a pair of scissors has most to do in the act of cutting.

To this it may be replied that in many lines of manufactures nature has no office of production, apart from the supply of raw materials; she is a power to be overcome, whereas in the leading operations of agriculture she is a co-worker with man, and her labours go on unresting. Man ploughs the land and sows the seed, or gives fodder to his domestic animals. It is nature that causes the seed to germinate and grow and ripen into a harvest, and that changes the fodder into muscle and flesh and wool.

The workman at the bench, the forge or the loom quits his labour for the day, and the process of manufacture is suspended until the man comes back to his shop or factory next morning. The farmer leaves his fields or his stables in the evening, and returns to them in the morning to discover by signs on every side that nature has been toiling for him all night.

TESTIMONY OF THE POST OFFICE

By NORMAN PATTERSON

IT is generally conceded that the transactions of the people with the post office furnish most reliable evidence as to a nation's progress. Therefore it is interesting and instructive to analyse the figures of the Dominion Post Office Department for the last fifteen years.

The gross revenue of the Department for the year 1891 was $3,374,887, the expenditure exceeding this revenue by $645,852. Five years later the revenue had reached $4,005,890. Shortly afterwards there took place a reduction in the rate of postage from three to two cents on domestic letters and letters to the United States, and from five to two cents on letters from Canada to the rest of the Empire. This great reduction in rates necessarily led to a very serious though temporary loss of revenue. Notwithstanding this cheapening of the rates to the people, we find that for the year ending on the 30th June, 1904, the postal revenue of Canada amounted to the very large sum of $6,306,419, being an increase of over fifty per cent. since the year 1896.

This great increase in revenue goes to show a corresponding increase in the business activity of the country leading to a more liberal use of the mails. For example we find that whilst for the year 1896 the total number of letters passing through the post office was 116,000,000, yet for the fiscal year ending the 30th June last the number was 259,000,000. This marvellous increase of over one hundred per cent. within a period of eight years testifies in a most unmistakable way to the tremendous commercial progress Canada has been making within the last eight years, and fully justifies the wisdom of the Government in having cheapened to the public the cost of using the post office. It is difficult, of course, to apportion this increase accurately between the two causes, namely, increased commercial prosperity and reduction of rates. Nevertheless, no reductions in rates would have resulted in so great an increase in the number of letters unless at the same time the country was making great commercial strides.

Turning to another interesting set of postal figures, namely, the amount of money carried by the post office for the people by means of money orders and postal notes during the same fifteen years, satisfactory deductions may be drawn. During the fiscal year 1891 the public remitted through the mails by means of money orders the sum of $12,478,178. During the year 1899 the sums so transmitted amounted to $14,467,997. At this period the whole money order system of the Department was popularised by a simplification of the rules and a cheapening of the rates. These circumstances doubtless have had a material bearing in encouraging the public to avail themselves of the post office in the transmission of monies by means of money orders and postal notes. Nevertheless, as was remarked above in the case of the increase in the number of letters transmitted through the post, so it may be observed in the case of money being so transmitted—no matter what the inducement, any substantial increase in the volume of this class of business can hardly be expected unless the country be at the same time making corresponding commercial progress. It is therefore most gratifying that the amount of money so transmitted by the people through the post office for the year ending the 30th June last, ranging in small sums from twenty cents to one hundred dollars each, doubtless in payment largely for goods purchased, amounted to no less a sum than $32,534,876, an increase of nearly one hundred and fifty per cent. in the short space of five years.

The figures of the department also in another most important respect bear testimony to the prosperity of this country. Our United States neighbours, who certainly have enjoyed in an exceptional degree periods of great prosperity, have at no time been able to place their post office upon a self-sustaining basis and every year Congress has been obliged to vote millions of dollars to pay the deficiency arising from carrying on their postal system. Canada from Confederation until almost the present time has had an unbroken experience of the same kind. Happily that experience has now come to an end, for it appears that the revenue of the Canadian Post Office Department for the fiscal year ending the 30th June, 1904, not only paid the total expenditure of every kind throughout all Canada (not merely old Canada, but including the costly services in the Yukon and Atlin and Peace River Districts and in every other part of the Dominion), but yielded a clear surplus of $304,771. Bearing in mind that this reversal of the former condition of affairs, converting an annual shortage averaging the best part of $750,000 a year into a surplus of over $300,000 a year, has been brought about in the face of a reduction in the letter rates, the result is unmistakable proof of the prosperity of Canada at the present time.

It is therefore not to be wondered at that a marked change has come about in connection with the movement of the peoples between Canada and the United States. Formerly we had to deplore the loss of large numbers of our people by emigration to the United States. To-day we can congratulate ourselves not only upon the cessation of this emigration, but upon the further facts that many of these Canadians are now returning to Canada, that United States citizens in large numbers are migrating to Canada, and that United States capital and enterprise are being devoted to the development of Canadian industries.

POST OFFICE STATISTICS

	1868	1903
Number of Post Offices	3,638	10,150
Letters Posted	18,100,000	259,000,000
Number of Letters per Head	5.37	42.65
Post Cards	4,646,000*	26,646,000
Revenue	$1,024,710	$5,683,162
Expenditure	$1,053,570	$5,390,508
Registered Letters	704,700	5,470,000
Number of Money Order Offices	550	2,125
Number Money Orders Issued	96,627	1,668,705
Orders Payable in Great Britain	$491,363†	$1,497,414
Orders Payable in United States	$212,135†	$3,682,312

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* 1876 being first year of their use. † 1876.

THE FOUNDING OF BELLA COOLA

A NORWEGIAN SETTLEMENT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA, TYPICAL OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF WESTERN CANADA

By IVER FOUGNER

IN a north-westerly direction from the cities of Victoria and Vancouver lies the remarkable labyrinth of fjords, straits and islands which constitutes the Pacific Coast of Canada. Even the least observant of travellers enjoying a summer voyage along these pleasant waters must have been struck with the deliciousness of the climate, the vastness of the territory, and the scarcity of white people. Fishing, lumbering and minng are the chief industries, nd when properly develop-l will undoubtedly be able support a large popula-on. In recent years some attered agricultural colons have also been establishd along the northern coast, mostly by Scandinavians. The Danes have formed a settlement at Cape Scott, the Swedes at Quatsino Sound (both on Vancouver Island), and the Norwegians at Bella Coola on the mainland. The establishment of the last named will be the subject of this sketch.

The emigration from Norway to America has been heavy during the last decade; in 1903 it reached beyond 30,000. The Norse emigrant, as a rule, finds his way to the central states of the Northwest, and seems particularly to have been drawn to the prairies of Minnesota. Here he is found in all the walks of life; as a public servant he has filled positions from that of chairman of the town board to that of governor of the state. Though perhaps not so skilful or painstaking an agriculturist as his German neighbour or so apt and daring a financier as the native American, in self-reliance, industry and ability to adapt himself to the conditions of a new country, he has hardly a superior. It is thus as a pioneer farmer that he has been most successful; of this thousands of well-built homesteads bear witness. Sometimes we find that the owners of these in their younger days ploughed no

REV. C. SAUGSTAD

FOUNDER BELLA COOLA COLONY

BELLA COOLA—MAIN ST., INDIAN VILLAGE

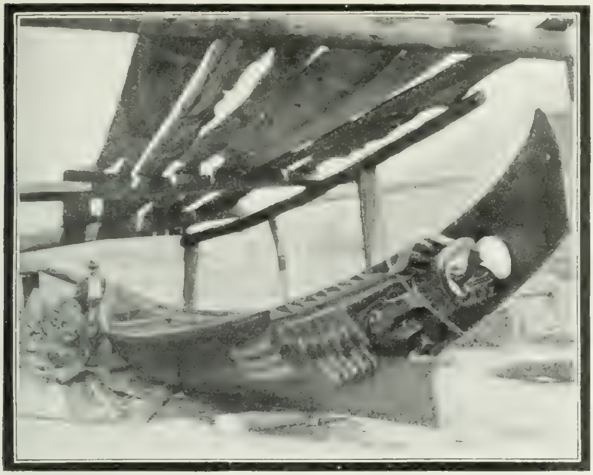
other fields than the northern seas, or knew no other harvests but the herring and the cod.

No section of Minnesota is so thoroughly Norse as parts of the Red River Valley. It was here in the town of Vineland, Polk County, that the movement originated which led to the formation of the most northerly agricultural colony of the Pacific coast. In the spring of 1894, when the financial depression of the country, and the severity of the winter weather had produced a certain discontent among the farmers of the West, two delegates, Rev. C. Saugstad and Mr. A. Stortroen, were selected to go to the west coast for the purpose of finding a place fit for a new settlement. Upon their return in July, Rev. Saugstad gave an account of his journey in the church at Neby. The large building was filled, and the audience listened attentively to the traveller's tale of his tour through Washington and British Columbia.

In the last named place he had visited the Bella Coola Valley, which the Government through Col. James Baker, Minister of Immigration, had promised to reserve for the proposed settlement; and if a colony of at least thirty families was established, a waggon road would be built at public expense, and each settler granted 160 acres of land free as a homestead. It was evident that the favourable description was well received. The next meeting of those interested was held at a schoolhouse west of Crookston. Here a colony was organised, a constitution adopted, and officers elected as follows: President, C. Saugstad; Vice-President, Peter Boukind; Secretary, H. B. Christenson; Treasurer, E. Fosbak; Members of Council: Peter Thoreson and I. Fougner. The officers were to be elected for one year.

The elected president was a strong, well-built man, of practical and varied experience, then near sixty years of age. Besides being an eloquent and forceful preacher, he was the author of hymns, for which he had also composed the music. After his death a

BELLA COOLA—INDIAN MONUMENT BEARING CHILD'S COFFIN



BELLA COOLA—A SALT-WATER CANOE BUILT BY THE INDIANS

manuscript of a novel was found among his papers. He owned a farm, and in his younger days had worked in the pineries of Wisconsin.

The news of the undertaking spread far and wide through the press, and when the day of departure arrived the membership had reached 83. Among these were representatives from five states, viz.: Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, North and South Dakota.

In the morning of October 17th the expedition was ready to leave Crookston for Winnipeg. The station was crowded with relatives who came to bid farewell, and by others who came to scoff, or were led by mere curiosity. Many a remark was then made prophesying ill of the venture. Nothing of interest occurred on the way till the Rocky Mountains were crossed. At Sicamous Junction Lord and Lady Aberdeen with two of their children entered the train. His Excellency the Governor-General tendered a hearty welcome to the colonists, to which Rev. Saugstad responded. About noon on the 20th the expedition passed through busy Vancouver, and embarked for the picturesque capital of the province, which was reached the same evening. A week's stay was necessary here in order to arrange matters with the Government, and to provide the needed tents, tools and provisions.

Having received an addition of five new members from Seattle, and accompanied by a Government surveyor, Mr. P. J. Leech, then an old man of 70, the colonists embarked on the *Princess Louise* for their new homes. While in Queen Charlotte Sound a meeting was called for the purpose of agreeing upon some just and practical way of taking up the land in Bella Coola. Rev. C. Saugstad occupied the chair; the meeting opened by singing a hymn well known to Norwegians: "I Jesu navn skal al vor gjerning ske." After considerable discussion it was decided that the colonists organise into parties of four; each party to receive a section of land, and this to be drawn by lot; the individual

BELLA COOLA—A SETTLER'S NEW HOME

BELLA COOLA—CELEBRATING MAY 24TH, 1904

members of the parties to sub-divide their sections later as they saw fit. Lots were then drawn, and thus each man had some idea of where his land was located. In this way a great deal of rivalry and confusion was undoubtedly avoided, and in the main this arrangement proved satisfactory. In the morning of the 30th of October the course was changed to east, as the Namu harbour was passed, in order to go up the long, narrow inlet leading to Bella Coola; the anchor was dropped about 2 p.m.

The first impression was not encouraging; out of the sea rose the almost perpendicular mountains dark with evergreens, their tops hidden by fog; to eastward we could see the valley, which seemed like a mere fissure in the immense mountain masses. To add to the strangeness and oddness of the picture, the ship was soon surrounded by Indian canoes, whose dusky occupants, men, women and children from the near lying reserve, kept up a continual chatter in the guttural language peculiar to this tribe. With the Indians, however, came a sign of civilisation: a ten-year-old girl, Bertha Thorsen, whose father, a retired sea captain, had then lived on the reservation for a year. Clad in a light dress, with the fair complexion which is the birthright of the children of the Northland, she seemed an apparition from another and better world, sent to bid the strangers welcome.

As there was no wharf or landing-place, the Indians had to be employed to take the passengers and goods ashore in their canoes. The proposed camping-place on the reservation was half a mile up the river on the north side. The tide being low and the current strong, it was late in the evening and dark before everything was safe on land, and well toward midnight before the tents were pitched, so the people could seek the much needed rest.

We were now on historic ground; it was from the mouth of the Bella Coola river that Sir Alexander Mackenzie a century before had beheld the first glimpse of the Pacific Ocean after having performed that memorable exploit, the first journey across the North American Continent.

He proceeded for some distance down the inlet before he turned to

BELLA COOLA A SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND THE NUSATSUMI MOUNTAINS

retrace his steps east across the mountains. Before his return he mixed together some vermillion and grease and painted on the flat surface of a rock this brief memorial :

"Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, the twenty-second of July one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three."

But to come back to modern times : The next day the camp presented a busy scene ; the tents had to be stretched, wood provided and numerous other matters arranged for a longer stay. The natives soon appeared in great numbers demanding to be paid for yesterday's landing. As their charges seemed unreasonable and to ascertain who had been employed was impossible, they at last grew very clamorous. When, however, Mr. John Clayton, the resident merchant, appeared, the affair was amicably settled.

The Indian reservation comprises both sides of the river and reaches three miles up the stream ; it contained at this time about 200 souls, a wretched remnant of a once powerful tribe. The white population of the valley consisted of the merchant already mentioned and the Methodist missionary with their families besides a few settlers who were recent arrivals.

The river was large when we came, and as the weather grew milder with a steady downpour of rain, it increased daily. It now presented a truly imposing spectacle, as the swift current, dark grey with sediment, rolled toward the sea carrying with it immense trees with roots and branches as they had been washed from the banks. Down the mountain sides followed slide upon slide of snow and stones, producing a sound like distant thunder. The Indians, who had seldom seen the river so high, saw in this the work of the guardian spirits of the place, who thus sought to repel the threatening invasion of their ancient domain. Indeed it seemed that the whole valley was coming down, and we thus should be saved the trouble of going up.

During our stay here several exploration parties proceeded up the valley on foot ; the reports they brought back were varied and generally unfavourable. To some it seemed madness to settle in so isolated a place where there were no natural meadows and the timber

A SALMON CANNERY ON THE BRITISH COLUMBIA COAST

so heavy; others found the soil too sandy and subject to overflow. Some now determined to return to their prairie homes by the first steamer; the great majority, however, remained firm.

After two weeks the river had subsided so far that the Indians could be prevailed upon to go up in their canoes. One load after another was now seen slowly moving up the river, and soon the reserve only contained those who intended to return. Ascending the Bella Coola river is a very arduous undertaking; the current is so swift that the canoes have to be propelled by means of long, slender poles; paddles are used only in crossing the current. In his canoe the native is seen at his best; it is an interesting sight to watch the Indians ascend or descend a rapid with a loaded canoe.

Once upon their lands, the settlers at once commenced to fell trees and build houses; a work that is going on to this day. Though the clearings are yet comparatively small, they are increasing year by year. Up to the present the road-work has required many men and the majority have found it necessary to spend part of the summer at the salmon canneries, where work is obtained at wages ranging from $50 to $100 per month with board.

The first public meeting of the colony was held January 5th, 1895, at Erick Nordschow's house. A request was then sent to the surveyor to commence the building of a trail. Provision was also made for the holding of regular public meetings the first Saturday of every month during the winter, for the purpose of discussing matters

BELLA COOLA—MAKING HAY ON A NEW FARM

BELLA COOLA—THE FOUNDER'S FARM

pertaining to the welfare of the settlement. In March a report of the progress of the colony was sent to the provincial government, stating that the permanency of the settlement was assured, as thirty houses had been built and considerable land cleared. Upon receipt of this, orders were given to commence the building of the waggon-road, a work which has been very expensive and which is not yet completed.

Among the colonists were many single men, while the married members with the exception of three had left their families behind. On May 6th, an addition of sixty members was received, mainly women and children, and another party of forty-five arrived next November. Since then immigration has been small.

There were now many children in the valley and through the promptness of the government, that in this province defrays all expenses connected with public education in rural districts, a school was opened in November with one of the colonists as teacher. For the first six weeks a large tent, provided by the settlers, was used; the floor was mother earth, the teacher's desk a huge spruce block which on Sundays served Rev. Saugstad as pulpit; the children sat on boards sawed by hand; the tables were produced in the same way. Now there are two schools with well-built houses of hewed cedar timber, supplied with modern desks and other requisites. The public school is a prominent feature in Scandinavian settlements. While the home and the church generally teach the children to read and write the languages of Scandinavia, English as a rule is acquired more readily.

March, 1897, was destined to give a sad blow to the settlement. Rev. Saugstad then returned from a business trip to Victoria, seriously ill. He reached his humble home, the log hut he loved so well, and died the next day. Of the original colonists he was the first to pass away; and among the tall firs stands a wooden cross to mark his last resting place. The following extracts are taken from his diary of the first winter in British Columbia.

Dec. 15, 1895—Snowing a little; laboured with the timber for the house; was wet with snow and perspiration all day. God be thanked for health and all.

Jan. 11, Friday—Slept the first night in my own house. Rested soundly and well. God be thanked for a house of my own.

After Saugstad's death Christian Carlson was elected President; to fill his place as pastor Rev. Edward Hage of the Lutheran Free Church was called.

The bottom of the valley is mostly low and level with some plateaus; its width is from one to two miles. The main settlement is on the south side of the river and extends about eighteen miles from salt water. All the land is more or less timbered, principally with fir, cedar and spruce; a great variety of deciduous trees and shrubs is also found. The woods afford good pasture for cattle during summer time. The climatic conditions may be said to be very pleasant and favourable for agriculture and fruit raising. Last year our warmest day was June 9th with 97°, and the coldest night March 2nd, 1° above zero. The rainfall in summer is sufficient for the various crops; last winter the snow was two feet deep and disappeared the last days of March. Thunderstorms may be said to be almost unknown; fog is also very rare close to the ground. Small fruits grow abundantly, as do apples, plums and cherries.

Large wild animals are not found in great numbers; the most numerous are the bear, the mountain-goat and the porcupine. Our hunters have as a rule some interesting encounters with the grizzly bear in the spring and fall.

Salmon ascends the river nearly the year round; six different varieties are known, four of which are very palatable.

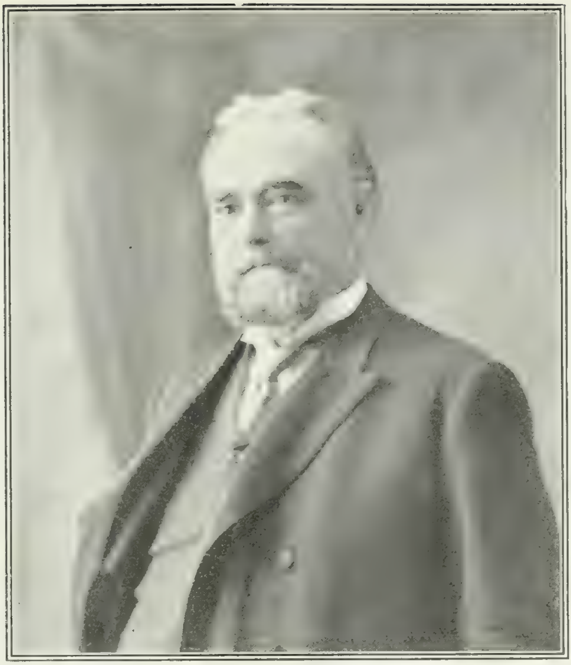
After half a day's climb up the mountain a splendid bird's eye view of the valley is obtained. The treetops seem a vast level expanse of lighter or darker green; through this winds the river like a silver cord. Here and there the blue smoke rises from a settler's home, but the clearings, except those right below us, are barely visible at this distance. Around this peaceful scene stand the grand giants of the Coast Range, silent guards of a hopeful colony.

THE VEIL OF THE SOUL

BY INGLIS MORSE

HOW oft the body seems
A veil that hides the dreams
Of Life's true loveliness—
And thoughts that soothe and bless
Each soul that wanders through
Love's happy fields anew!
The shades of fallen day
Rule here, where passion's sway
Holds slave the lofty aim,
Enkindling the Flame
That leaves but dust
And dead hopes—weakening trust.

Yet, if Affinity
Holds ever true and free,
Then shall body and soul
Into one perfect whole
Bind up the waking thought
And dream that came unsought.
Lo, from their union strange
And sweet, denying change—
Song upon song shall rise
To the peaceful skies,
And sound as some far-off chime
Blown on the lips of Time!



HON. WILLIAM PUGSLEY
PHOTO BY GREEN, ST. JOHN

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

No. 55—THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM PUGSLEY

THE Hon. William Pugsley, although he has been more or less in public life for nearly twenty years, is not primarily a politician. His political life has been quite subservient to his career as a great lawyer, which is the capacity in which he stands highest before the public. He has taken up politics as a sort of side issue, but it has never been allowed to interfere with his legal interests, but on the contrary has been made to assist them. This is quite different from the ordinary experience of public men who usually find that the law and politics do not harmonise well.

Dr. Pugsley, for he is a D.C.L. of the University of New Brunswick, was born in Sussex, N.B., fifty-five years ago. He comes from good Loyalist stock, his great-grandfather having been a resident of New York, who came to Nova Scotia at the close of the Revolutionary War. William Pugsley was brought up on a farm, which is the school in which many of our successful men have been taught. He graduated B.A. at the University of New Brunswick in 1868 with much distinction, standing second for the Gilchrist Scholarship in the competition of that year. He was called to the Bar of New Brunswick in June, 1872, and from that time to the present has been actively engaged in the practice of the law, doing a very large and lucrative business.

Dr. Pugsley is regarded as one of the greatest lawyers in Canada, and he stands higher in this respect than any other member of the New Brunswick Bar. He was reporter of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick for ten years, and he has been engaged in the most important cases, on one side or the other, which have arisen during the past twenty years in his native province.

His political career did not begin until 1885, when he was returned to the New Brunswick House of Assembly at a bye-election, on the death of the sitting member, Dr. Vail. He was re-elected at the general elections of 1886 and 1890. He was Speaker of the House from March, 1887, to May, 1889, when he resigned to become a member of the Executive Council and Solicitor-General. He resigned this position in 1892, and retired from politics. He did not offer at the general elections in 1892 and 1895, but at the general election of 1896 he stood as an independent candidate for the city of St. John, for the House of Commons. Up to that time Dr. Pugsley had been regarded as a Conservative, and he actually received the Conservative nomination for the House of Commons for the county of Kings. But owing to the action of the Conservative Government with respect to the port of St. John, in ignoring its claims to be placed on an equal footing with Halifax, he changed his attitude towards the Government, declined the nomination for Kings, and appeared as an opponent in St. John. He was defeated, but his candidature was the means of electing a Liberal. From that time Dr. Pugsley was not regarded as being a member of the Conservative party, and he is now ranked as a Liberal.

In 1899 Dr. Pugsley was again elected to represent the county of Kings in the Legislative Assembly of New Brunswick, and on the re-organisation of the Government, due to the retirement of Hon. Mr. Emmerson in 1900, Dr. Pugsley became Attorney-General, which office he has held ever since. He is regarded as one of the strongest men in the Government, being a man of great resourcefulness and equal to any emergency. He is an excellent speaker, and has at all times the full command of a very vigorous and clear intellect. No one ever saw him angry or even showing signs of vexation, and this is an immense advantage to any one in public life. The New Brunswick Legislature, since he became one of its leaders, has grown to be a school of politeness, which it would benefit many members of other deliberative bodies to visit, to see how smoothly and efficiently the public business can be conducted without undue heat or "ill-advised asperity."

James Hannay.

THE GREATER LIFE

BY IDA HANSON

"I am the resurrection and the life,"
Thus saith the Lord; and these, His magic words,
With deepest thoughts and hidden meanings rife,
Have soothed and cheered the most forlorn of souls.

"And whosoe'er to me shall come, though dead,
Yet shall he live, and live eternally,
For no man lives to die"; the life he leads,
Leads on to greater life—a greater birth.

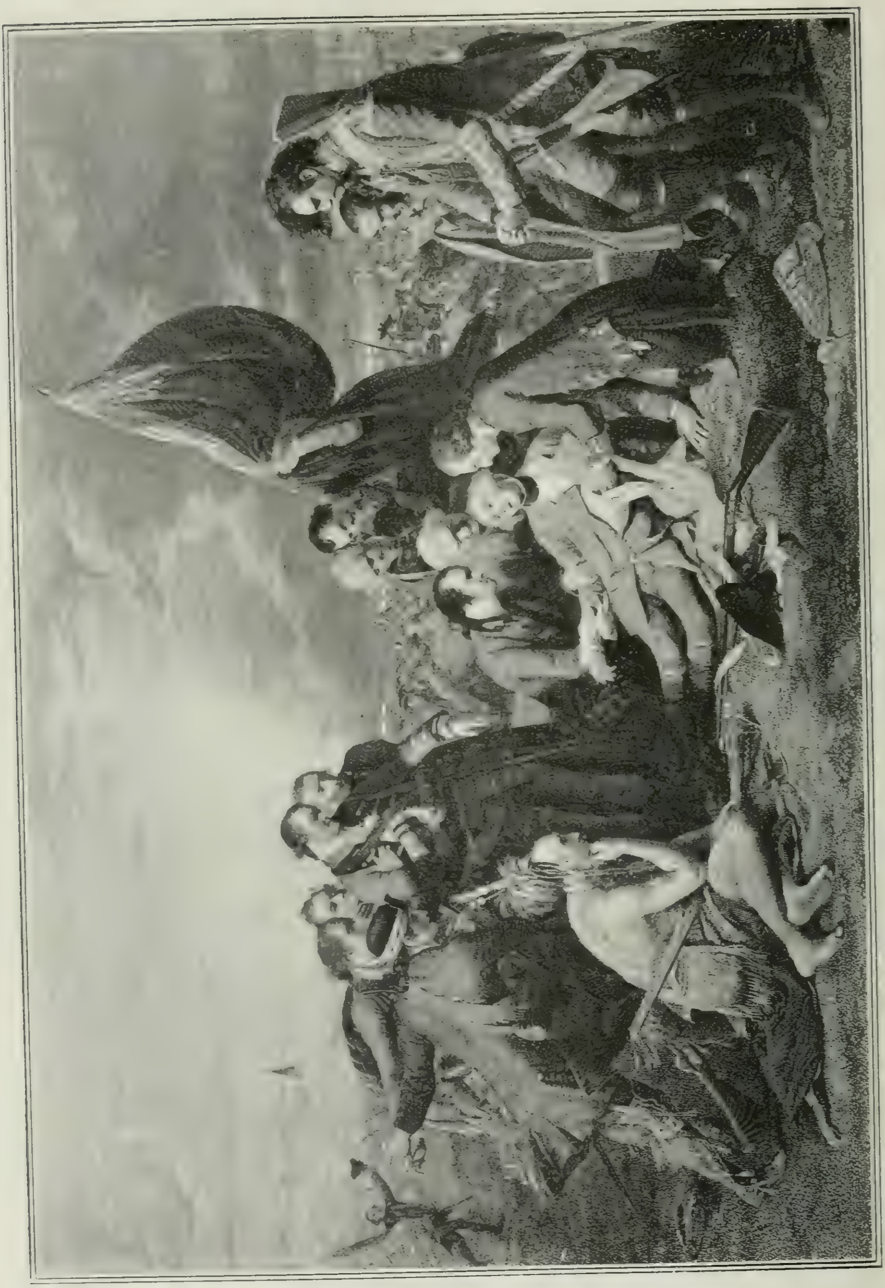
THE FIGHT FOR NORTH AMERICA

BY A.G.BRADLEY

A HISTORY IN TWELVE INSTALMENTS

CHAPTER X.—THE EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC UNDER WOLFE—DIFFICULTIES OF THE SIEGE—BATTLE ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM—DEATH OF WOLFE, 1758-1759.

MATTERS had gone well, too, for Pitt in Europe, where he had shrewdly fed the senseless strife of nations with money rather than with men. France, with over 100,000 troops in the field, was playing the somewhat inglorious part of an ally to her hereditary foe Austria, and with the further aid of Russia, was engaged in a fruitless attempt to crush the heroic Frederick. She had now been driven back across the Rhine, after a short occupation of Hanover, by Prince Ferdinand acting with Pitt's direct support. Both her troops and her generals in this reckless war fell far short in skill and spirit of their handful of compatriots struggling for a weightier issue across the sea. The King of Prussia held out against his legion of foes, and was performing prodigies of valour, amid fearful scenes of carnage. At Zorndorp, where with 35,000 men he encountered and repulsed 50,000 Russians, no quarter was asked or given, and 31,000 men fell; while at Hochkirchen Frederick himself lost 9,000 in a single day against the Austrians. In odd hours snatched from the fury of the strife, this extraordinary man still wrote verses and lampoons; but Madame de Pompadour and her miserable Louis were now smarting under something worse at the hands of the Prussian than his caustic pen. England rang with his triumphs, and, by a perversion peculiarly British, the scoffing freethinker became the "Protestant hero" in both church and taproom. Pitt was omnipotent in Parliament; only a single insignificant member ever ventured to oppose him. "Our unanimity is prodigious," wrote Walpole. "You would as soon hear a 'No' from an old maid as from the House of Commons." Newcastle was supremely happy among jobbers and cringing place-hunters under the full understanding that neither he nor his kind trespassed within the sphere of foreign politics. The estimates had exceeded all former limits, and reached for those days the enormous sum of 12½ millions. The struggle with France was vigorously waged, too, upon the ocean, warships, privateers,



THE DEATH OF WOLFE

This famous picture, by Benjamin West, has recently been displayed at the Toronto Exhibition by special permission of His Majesty, the King.

and merchantmen grappling to the death with one another in many a distant sea, while the main fleets of the enemy were, for the most part, blockaded in their ports by vigilant British armaments. Everywhere was exhilaration and a superb feeling of confidence, engendered by incipient successes, and by the consciousness that the nation was united in purpose, and that the leaders of its enterprises were not chosen because they were "rich in votes or were related to a Duke."

James Wolfe had certainly neither of these qualifications, and he it was who Pitt designed to act the leading part in the coming year, "a greater part," he modestly wrote after receiving his appointment, "than I wished or desired. The backwardness of some of the older officers has in some measure forced the Government to come down so low. I shall do my best and leave the rest to fortune, as perforce we must when there are not the most commanding abilities. A London life and little exercise disagrees with me entirely, but the sea still more. If I have health and constitution enough for the campaign, I shall think myself a lucky man; what happens afterwards is of no great consequence."

Wolfe had returned from Nova Scotia the previous October in the same ship, strangely enough, with the hapless Abercromby. As the chief hero of an exploit which had sent all England into transports of joy, it is significant that he went quietly from Portsmouth to his regiment at Salisbury, and encountered some difficulty in getting leave of absence on urgent family matters. Even yet a brilliant soldier without backstair influence got scant consideration in his private concerns, while a military cypher with friends at Court could do almost what he pleased. Wolfe, however, eventually got away, and hurried to Bath to "patch up his wretched constitution" for any service he might be called upon. It was here in December that he received and accepted Pitt's offer of the command of an expedition against Quebec. He had just become engaged to a Miss Lowther, sister of the first Lord Lonsdale. Wolfe's earlier love affair had affected him so deeply and for so long a period, it is doubtful if there was much romance about this one. But he had in any case scant time for improving the occasion, his hands being now full with the great enterprise on which he was bound in the early spring.

Pitt's plan for the coming season in America was to strike two great blows at Canada and a lesser one, which, if successful, would involve the conquest of that country. Wolfe, aided by a fleet, was to attack Quebec; Amherst with another force was to push through by the Lake Champlain route and unite with him if possible. A further expedition was to be sent against Niagara under Prideaux; but for the present we are concerned only with the first and by far the most memorable of the three.

Wolfe at this time was colonel of the 67th regiment. He was to have local rank only of major-general while in America, since more substantial elevation would, in the eyes of Newcastle and his friends, have been almost an outrage on the British constitution as by them interpreted. Pitt and his young officers, however, were well content to waive such trifles for the present, and concede so much of consolation to the long list of rejected incapables, in return for such honour and glory as might perchance be theirs. Wolfe's brigadiers in the forthcoming enterprise were to be Monckton, Townshend and Murray. The first, whom we have already met in Nova Scotia, and the last were men after Wolfe's own heart. Townshend, although not a bad soldier, was inclined, on the strength of his connection, to give himself airs, was of a queer disposition, and was jealous of his young chief. Wolfe nominated his friend Carleton, of whose efficiency he was well assured, as quartermaster-general; but the King passed his pen through the name, as Carleton was credited with certain uncomplimentary remarks concerning Hanoverians. Wolfe, however, remonstrated with much spirit, insisting that if a general was to have grave responsibility, it was only logical and fair that he should choose his own subordinates. Pitt good-naturedly went back to the King, who, after some grumbling, at last yielded the point.

The land force was to consist of 12,000 men, a few of whom were to sail from England, but the bulk were to be drawn from the American and West Indian garrisons. The latter, however, were counter-ordered; the former proved to be below the estimated strength, and the actual number that gathered in Louisbourg, the point of rendezvous, was only about 8,500. The command of the fleet was given to Admiral Saunders, and this appointment demanded great discretion, as the sailor in this instance had not only to be efficient on his own element, but to be a man of tact, and one who at the same time would put patriotism above professional jealousy, and could be trusted to work heartily with the land forces.

It was late in February when Saunders' fleet convoying Wolfe, his stores and a few troops sailed from Spithead. The winds being adverse and the seas running high, May had opened before the wild coast of Nova Scotia was dimly seen through the whirling wreaths of fog. It was a late season, and Louisbourg harbour was still choked with ice, so the fleet had to make southward for Halifax at the cost of much of that time which three years' experience had at length taught the British was so precious in all North American enterprises. At Halifax Wolfe found the troops from the American garrisons awaiting him. Among them was the 43rd regiment, with the gallant Major Knox, our invaluable diarist, filled with joy at the prospect of active service after twenty months' confinement in a backwoods fort, and ready with his sword as happily for us he was with his pen. In a fortnight Louisbourg was open, and both fleet and transports were grinding amidst the still drifting ice in its harbour. Here again the army was landed, and its numbers completed from the Louisbourg garrison.

There was naturally much to be done with an army brought together from so many various quarters. The force, too, proved, as I have said, far short of the estimate, being considerably under 9,000 men; but, on the other hand, these were all good troops and mostly veterans. Though the benefits of Bath waters had been more than neutralised by nearly three months of buffeting on the element he so loathed, Wolfe spared himself no effort. He was not only a fighting but to the highest degree an organising general. Every sickly and unlikely man, small as was his force, was weeded out. Every commissariat detail down to the last gaiter button was carefully scrutinised. Seldom had England sent out a body of men so perfect in discipline, spirit, and material of war, and assuredly none so well commanded since the days of Marlborough. It was well it was so, seeing that they were destined to attack one of the strongest posts in the world, defended by an army nearly twice as numerous as themselves, and fighting, moreover, in defence of its home and country, and, as it fully believed, of its religion.

Wolfe's force was made up of the following regiments and corps. Under Monckton in the first brigade were the 15th, 43rd, 58th and 78th regiments, usually known then as Amherst's, Kennedy's, Anstruther's and Fraser's (Highlanders) respectively. The second brigade, under Townshend, comprised the 28th and the 47th or Bragg's and Lascelles', with the second battalion of the 60th or Royal Americans. With Murray in the third brigade were the 35th and 48th or Otway's and Webb's and the third battalion of the 60th. Besides these were three companies of Grenadiers from the 22nd, 40th and 45th regiments, and a corps of light infantry, all from the Louisbourg garrison. Of colonial troops there were only five companies of rangers.

The young general was thoroughly

alive to the numerical weakness of his force, but that he rejoiced in its efficiency is evident from his letters, and he was hard to please. "If valour can make amends for want of numbers," he wrote to Pitt, "we shall succeed."

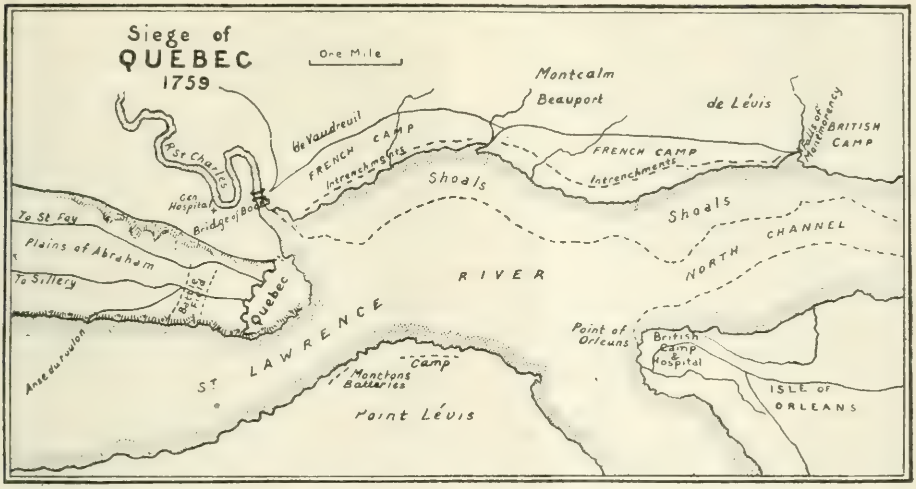
Admiral Durell, with ten ships, had been sent forward early in May to stop French supply or warships from ascending the St. Lawrence when navigation opened. It was the first of June when Wolfe and Saunders with the main army followed him, owing to fog and ice and contrary winds, in somewhat straggling fashion. The bands played the time-honoured air of "The girl I left behind me," and the men cheered lustily as the ships cleared the bar, while at the mess tables, says Knox, there was only one toast among the officers—"British colours on every French fort, post and garrison in America." With Saunders went twenty-two ships of the line—five frigates and seventeen sloops of war—besides the transports. By the 7th of June all were sailing well together along the gloomy shores of Newfoundland, whose desolate russet uplands were thickly powdered with a belated snowstorm. A week later they had left behind that hundred miles of shaggy forest which to this day envelops the desert island of Anticosti, and were forging more cautiously along the lower reaches of the St. Lawrence. All went smoothly till the 20th, when the wind dropping, they were caught in the cross-currents caused by the outpouring waters of the Saguenay, which, draining a vast mountain wilderness to the northward, would be accounted a mighty river if it were not for the still mightier one that absorbs it. Here the ships ran some risk of fouling, but escaped any serious damage, and in three days were at the Ile aux Coudres, where the real dangers of the navigation began. It must be remembered that such a venture was unprecedented, and regarded hitherto as an impossibility for large ships without local pilots. The very presence of the first made the second possible, for some of the vessels approaching the shore ran up French flags, whereupon numbers of the country people, in response to an invitation, came on board, little guessing the visitors could be their enemies.

Pilots were by this ruse secured, and their services impressed under pain of death. Durell, too, was waiting here, ignorant of the fact that several French provision ships had slipped past him in the fog. Three of his midshipmen, larking on the shore, had been captured and carried to Quebec, but had found much consolation and caused no little anxiety in the city by doubling the strength of the British force, when interrogated by Montcalm. Knox, who understood French, tells us that the poor unwilling pilot who took his ship up the tortuous channel made use of the most frightful imprecations, swearing that most of the fleet and the whole army would find their graves in Canada. An old British tar, on the other hand, master of a transport and possessed of an immense scorn for foreigners, would not allow a French pilot to interfere, and insisted, in the teeth of all remonstrance, on navigating his own ship. "D—n me," he roared, "I'll convince you that an Englishman shall go where a Frenchman daren't show his nose," and he took it through in safety. "The enemy," wrote Vaudreuil soon after this to his Government, "have passed sixty ships of war where we dare not risk a vessel of a hundred tons by night or day." The British navy has not been sufficiently remembered in the story of Quebec.

Let us now turn for a moment to Montcalm and see what he has been doing all this time to prepare for the attack. It was an accepted axiom in Canada that no armament strong enough to seriously threaten Quebec could navigate the St. Lawrence. In the face of expected invasion it was the Lake George and Champlain route that mostly filled the public mind. Bougainville, however, had returned from France early in May with the startling news that a large expedition destined for Quebec was already on the sea. A former opinion of this able officer's declared that three or four thousand men could hold the city against all comers. There was now four times that strength waiting for Wolfe, while his own, so far as numbers went, we know already. Eighteen transport ships, carrying supplies and some slight reinforcements, had slipped past the English cruisers in the fogs, and brought some comfort to Montcalm. The question now was how best to defend Quebec, as well as make good the two land approaches at Ticonderoga and Lake Ontario respectively.

For the defence of the city, when every able-bodied militiaman had been called out, nearly 16,000 troops of all arms would be available. About the disposition of these and the plan of defence there was much discussion. Montcalm himself was for a long time undecided. The alternative plans do not concern us here; the one finally adopted is alone to the point. Every one knows that the ancient capital of Canada is one of the most proudly placed among the cities of the earth. But it may be well to remind those who have not seen it, that it occupies the point of a lofty ridge, forming the apex of the angle made by the confluence of the St. Charles River and the St. Lawrence. Westward from the city this ridge falls so nearly sheer into the St. Lawrence for several miles, that, watched by a mere handful of men, it was impregnable. Moreover, the river suddenly narrows to a breadth of three-quarters of a mile opposite the town, whose batteries were regarded as being fatal to any attempt of an enemy to run past them. On the other side of the town the St. Charles River, coming in from the northwest immediately below its walls, formed a secure protection. Montcalm, however, decided to leave only a small garrison in the city itself and go outside it for his main defence. Now, from the eastern bank of the mouth of the St. Charles, just below the city, there extends in an almost straight line along the northern shore of the St. Lawrence a continuous ridge, the brink, in fact, of a plateau, at no point far removed from the water's edge. Six miles away this abruptly terminates in the gorge of the Montmorency River, which, rushing tumultuously towards the St. Lawrence, makes that final plunge on to its shore level which is one of the most beautiful objects in a landscape teeming with natural and human interest. Along the crown of this six-mile ridge, known in history as "the Beauport lines," Montcalm decided to make his stand. So, throughout the long days of May and June the French devoted themselves to rendering impregnable from the front a position singularly strong in itself, while the Montmorency and its rugged valley protected the only flank which was exposed to attack.

At Beauport, the village which occupied the centre of the ridge, Montcalm took up his headquarters with considerable confidence in the result of his preparations. In the city away upon his right he had left De Ramezay in command, who has given us a journal of the siege, but the city, though not safe from bombardment, was impregnable as things were now to assault. In his own embattled lines Montcalm had nearly fourteen thousand men as strongly intrenched as nature and art could make them. Below him spread the river, here over two miles in width from shore to shore, with the western point of the island of Orleans overlapping his left flank. Above the woods of this long, fertile island, then the garden of Canada, the French, upon the 27th of June, first caught sight of the pennons flying from the topmasts of the English battleships, and before evening they witnessed the strange sight of red-coated infantry swarming over its well-tilled fields. It was, indeed, some days since the bonfires announcing the actual approach of the British had flared upon the mountain tops along the northern shore of the St. Lawrence, and the excitement in and around Quebec had grown to fever-heat. Wolfe himself, with Mackellar, his chief engineer, who



SKETCH MAP SHOWING THE CHIEF POINTS OF INTEREST IN THE ATTACK UPON QUEBEC IN 1759, WHICH ENDED WITH THE BATTLE OF THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

had been both with Forbes and Braddock, was among the first to land upon the island, and, taking his stand upon the western point, scanned the noble outlook with eager gaze, and tried to realise the task that Pitt had set him.

Westward, across four miles of yet smooth and sunlit water, the great and virgin stronghold of French power clung to its rocky throne. From the river's edge to the summit of Cape Diamond rose a city that proclaimed its character at a glance, and abjured all fellowship at once with the great trading marts of brick and wood that greeted the visitor to the English colonies. Trade, indeed, there was of a sort; but, mounting one above the other, tier above tier, spire and belfry, church and monastery, barrack and battery, proclaimed rather the stronghold of the soldier and the priest. As the gaze of Wolfe and his officers travelled backward to their right along the northern shore, they could see the long intrenched lines of Beauport extending past them to where the mighty cataract of Montmorency flashed against its background of green woods. The young general, however, had not much time that evening to consider the situation, which may well have appalled a less stout heart than his, for the troops had scarcely landed when a sudden summer storm burst upon the scene, churned the river into angry waves, broke some of the smaller ships from their moorings, casting them upon the rocks, and staving in many of the boats and rafts. The people of Quebec, who for weeks had been urging upon the Divinity in their peculiar way that they, His chosen people, were in danger, would not have been Canadian Catholics of their generation had they not been jubilant at this undoubted sign of Divine intervention. But Montcalm was the last man to presume on such favour by any lack of energy. The very next night, the British having in the meantime pitched their camp upon the isle of Orleans, they were thrown into no small alarm by the descent of a fleet of fire-ships. The only men awake were the guards and sentries at the point, and as the matches were not applied to the drifting hulks till they were close at hand, the sudden effect in the darkness of the night upon the soldiers' nerves was more than they could stand, having beheld nothing like it in their lives, and they rushed in much confusion on the sleeping camp, causing still more there. For it was not alone the flames and the explosives that were a cause of perturbation, but a hail of grapeshot and bullets from the igniting guns poured hurtling through the trees. The chief object of the fireships, however, was the fleet which lay in the channel between the Isle of Orleans and the shore, and towards it they came steadily drifting. Knox describes the pandemonium as awful, and the sight as inconceivably superb of these large burning ships, crammed with every imaginable explosive and soaked from their mastheads to their waterline in pitch and tar. It was no new thing, however, to the gallant sailors, who treated the matter as a joke, grappling fearlessly with the hissing, spitting demons, and towing them ashore. "Damme, Jack," they shouted, "didst ever take h—ll in tow before?"

This exploit seems to have been a venture of Vaudreuil's, and its failure, an extremely expensive one, cost that lively egotist and his friends a severe pang. The next day Wolfe published his first manifesto to the Canadian people. "We are sent by the English king," it ran, "to conquer this province, but not to make war upon women and children, the ministers of religion, or industrious peasants. We lament the sufferings which our invasion may inflict upon you; but if you remain neutral, we proffer you safety in person and property and freedom in religion. We are masters of the river; no succour can reach you from France. General Amherst, with a large army, assails your southern frontier. Your cause is hopeless, your valour useless. Your nation have been guilty of great cruelties to our unprotected settlers, but we seek not revenge. We offer you the sweets of peace amid the horrors of war. England, in her strength, will befriend you; France, in her weakness, leaves you to your fate."

Wolfe could hardly have felt the confidence he here expressed. The longer he looked upon the French position, the less he must have liked it, and the larger must Amherst and his eventual co-operation have loomed in his mind as a necessary factor to success. But would Amherst get through to Montreal and down the St. Lawrence in time to be of use before the short season had fled? Those who were familiar with the difficulties would certainly have discouraged the hope which Wolfe for a time allowed himself to cherish; and Wolfe, though he admired his friend and chief, did not regard celerity of movement as his strongest point.

About the first move, however, in the game Wolfe had to play, there could be no possible doubt, and that was the occupation of Point Lévis. This was the high ground immediately facing Quebec, where the river, narrowing to a width of 1,200 yards, brought the city within cannon-shot from the southern bank. It was the only place, in fact, from which it could be reached. It is said Montcalm had been anxious to occupy it, and intrench it with 4,000 men, but was overruled on the supposition that the upper town, about which official Quebec felt most concern, would be outside its range of fire. If this was so, they were soon to be undeceived.

The occupation of Point Lévis by Monckton's brigade, which Wolfe now ordered on that service, need not detain us. They crossed from the camp of Orleans to the village of Beaumont, which was seized with slight resistance. Thence moving on along the high road to Point Lévis, they found the church and village occupied by what Knox, who was there, estimates at a thousand riflemen and Indians. The Grenadiers charging the position in front, and the Highlanders and light infantry taking it in the rear, it was stormed with a loss of thirty men, and Monckton then occupied a position which, so far as artillery fire was concerned, had Quebec at its mercy. The brigadier, who had fully expected to find French guns there, at once began to intrench himself on this conspicuous spot, while floating batteries now pushed out from Quebec and began throwing shot and shell up at his working parties, till Saunders sent a frigate forward to put an end to what threatened to be a serious annoyance.

The French had changed their minds about the danger of Monckton's guns, though not a shot had yet been fired, and agitated loudly for a sortie across the river. Montcalm thought poorly of the plan; but a miscellaneous force of 1,500 Canadians, possessed of more ardour than cohesion, insisted on attempting a night assault. They landed some way up the river, but did not so much as reach the British position. The difficulties of a combined midnight movement were altogether too great for such irregulars, and they ended by firing upon one another in the dark and stampeding for their boats, with a loss of seventy killed and wounded.

Two brigades were now in midstream on the Isle of Orleans, and one on Point Lévis. Landing artillery and stores, intrenching both positions, and mounting siege guns at the last-named one, consumed the first few days of July. Wolfe's skill in erecting and firing batteries had been abundantly demonstrated at Louisbourg; and though his headquarters were on the Island, he went frequently to superintend the preparations for the bombardment of Quebec. On July 12th a rocket leapt into the sky from Wolfe's camp. It was the signal for the forty guns and mortars that had been mounted on Point Lévis to open on the city that Vaudreuil and his friends had fondly thought was out of range. The first few shots may have encouraged the delusion, as they fell short; but the gunners quickly got their distance, and then began that storm of shot and shell which rained upon the doomed city, with scarce a respite, for upwards of eight weeks. Wolfe's New England Rangers, under Stark and other well-known daredevils, trained by Rogers in the Lake George region, scoured the surrounding country, fighting Indians or stray parties of Canadians like themselves, capturing arms and stores, seizing prisoners for information, and posting up Wolfe's proclamations on the neighbouring church doors. These last assured every peasant who remained at home of good treatment; while any injuries to women or children by his own men Wolfe swore he would punish by death. He was in an enemy's country; he had double his own number of armed men before him, and a hostile population on his rear and flanks, and could do no more.

The day before the batteries of Point Lévis opened on the city Wolfe made another move. The eastern extremity of the Beauport lines pressed close upon the Montmorency gorge. If he could establish batteries upon the other bank, it would be easy not only to annoy the enemy but to investigate the course of the stream above the cataract, and see if perchance there might not be some way round to the back of the Beauport lines. He ordered Monckton, therefore, to make a feint up the river above the town, as if intending some mischief in that direction, while he himself brought several frigates up to the front of the Montmorency end of the Beauport lines, which kept Lévis and his militia brigade there stationed sufficiently occupied, if not seriously damaged. Under cover of these distractions he moved 3,000 men across to the mouth of the Montmorency. Landing on the eastern side, his men clambered up the wooded heights in the face of some desultory resistance. They were now upon the same ridge as Montcalm's army, whose extreme left was but a musket-shot from them. But between the combatants was the mighty gorge down which the Montmorency plunged 250 feet on to the flats below. Here Wolfe at once began to erect an intrenched camp and batteries. Parties were sent up the wooded valley of the impetuous little river to clear it of enemies, to cut timber for fascines, and to hunt for a ford. They found no ford, but encountered 400 Indians, whom they finally repulsed, though not without loss. Wolfe was somewhat higher than the French left, and could now bombard it with considerable effect. But this was of little use, as the position was apparently impregnable to attack, and there seemed no way round it; for the only ford they did eventually find was three miles up, and that faced a steep cliff and was strongly fortified. The French lines, too, were only vulnerable in their rear, when compared to the inaccessible front with which Nature had provided them. Upon their left they were protected by a mass of woods, while along them ran a continuous line of stone farmhouses and other buildings and enclosures, which, Knox tells us, were all prepared for holding garrisons. Even if Wolfe could have brought 5,000 men round the upper waters of the Montmorency and through the big woods, for the delivery of a rear attack, what a loss and what a fearful risk would have attended such an enterprise! Canadian militia—and, be it remembered, there were over 3,000 veteran regulars here as well—were not very formidable in the open, but behind cover they were as good as Grenadiers, and, loose in the woods, a great deal better. Lévis, who had command of the position, which was now engaged in an artillery duel and some outpost skirmishing with the British, was anxious to attack. Montcalm, whose only fear was Amherst, would not hear of it. "If we move them," he said, "they will be more mischievous elsewhere. Let them stay there and amuse themselves."

The rain of shot and shell continued to pour upon Quebec. Houses, churches and monasteries crashed and crumbled beneath the pitiless discharge. The great cathedral, where the memories and the trophies of a century's defiance of the accursed heretic had so thickly gathered, was gradually reduced to a skeleton of charred walls. The church of Notre Dame de la Victoire, erected in gratitude for the delivery of the city from the last and only previous attack upon it sixty years before, was one of the first buildings to suffer from the far more serious punishment of this one. Wolfe, though already suffering from more than his chronic ill-health, was ubiquitous and indefatigable; now behind Monckton's guns at Point Lévis, now with Townshend's batteries at Montmorency, now up the river, ranging with his glass those miles of forbidding cliffs which he may already have begun to think he should one day have to climb. Some of Saunders' ships were in the Basin, between Orleans and Quebec, and frequently engaged with Montcalm's floating batteries; while in the meantime the roar of artillery from a dozen different quarters filled the simmering July days, and lit the short summer nights with fiery shapes, and drew in fitful floods the roving thunder clouds that at this season of the year in North America are apt to lurk behind the serenest sky.

Fighting at close quarters there was, too, in plenty, though of an outpost and backwoods kind. Bois Herbert, with his painted Canadians and Abernakis Indians, and Stark and young Rogers with their colonial rangers—Greek against Greek—scalped each other with an hereditary ferocity that English and French regulars knew nothing of. In bringing a fleet up to Quebec, British sailors had already performed one feat pronounced impossible by Canadian tradition. They now still further upset their enemies' calculations by running the gauntlet of the batteries of Quebec and placing the *Sutherland*, with several smaller ships, at some distance up the river. This cost Montcalm 600 men, whom he had to send under Dumas to watch the squadron. But all this brought the end no nearer. Time was exceeding precious, and July was almost out. Necessary messages were continually passing under flags of truce, and superfluous notes of defiance sometimes accompanied them. "You may destroy the town," said De Ramezay to Wolfe, "but you will never get inside it." "I will take Quebec," replied the fiery stripling, "if I stay here till November."

Wolfe had now decided that some forward action was necessary, and he proceeded to select what seemed to him the only spot that offered the barest justification for the risk.

This was close to the Montmorency end of the Beauport lines, and July 31st was the date fixed for the enterprise, into which he purposed to bring four thousand men. Now in the short space between the foot of the falls and the St. Lawrence, the Montmorency was fordable at low tide, and Townshend, with 2,000 men from the British camp was to ford it here and advance along the shore. Wolfe, with an equal number from Monckton's brigade at Point Lévis and the Isle of Orleans, was, at the same time, to approach in flat-bottomed boats over the shallows and land upon the narrow flats beneath the high embattled ridge which overlooked them. A frigate was brought up to make play on the French lines, and all the batteries of the Montmorency camp were to help sustain the attack, while a "cat," a kind of sailing raft, armed with several guns, was to be imbedded on the muddy shore.

At about ten in the morning the movement began from Point Lévis to the Isle of Orleans, and de Lévis and Montcalm, from their high perch on the French redoubts had a clear view of everything that passed. They were puzzled what to make of it, and thinking a rear attack by the upper reaches of the Montmorency might be intended, sent 500 men to watch the ford. As the day went on, it became evident to Lévis that his own intrenchments were at one point or another the object of attack, but concentration for the French at any point on the Beauport lines was an easy matter. Wolfe had to await the ebbing tide for Townshend's corps to ford the mouth of the Montmorency, during which his own men were concentrated on the Point of Orleans. In the afternoon the *Centurion* frigate, the armed "cat," and the batteries across the falls opened on the French ridges. As the day waned Wolfe and his small force pushed out and rowed towards the flats, while Townshend awaited at the ford the signal to advance. The general, always in the front, soon came within the range of the French batteries, which opened with a brisk fire. He was three times struck by splinters, and his cane was knocked from his hand by a round shot. Worse still, the water at this point proved too shallow, and some of the boats ran upon ledges of rock or mud. A deeper passage, however, was quickly found, and the leading files, Grenadiers and Royal Americans, were, in due course, landed on the wet sand. A musket-shot in front, where dry ground and tide limit touched, was an outlying redoubt, which was at once rushed and cleared without difficulty. Now, however, comes the moment when Wolfe's plan of action would have developed. This has never yet been quite clear, in spite of his own despatches, but what immediately happened was of all things the least expected.

Beyond the captured redoubt were about 200 yards of flat ground, behind which abruptly rose the high ridge, where the French army lay intrenched. Wolfe may have intended a mere reconnaissance in force over the Flat, though he told Pitt he hoped to tempt the French down on to it. Townshend was nearing him, having just crossed the ford, while Monckton was in the very act of landing with a thousand men. Somewhat less than that number stood round Wolfe at the captured redoubt. But even with this respectable force, it seems incredible that he would have faced that steep hill, which by this time was lined by a great part of the French army. What was passing in that nimble mind just then, or what Wolfe would have done—and he was not a man, with all his ardour, to throw his men's lives away—no one will ever know. The Grenadiers and Royal Americans, under a thousand men in all, saved him the trouble of deciding. Seized with a sudden and unaccountable insanity, these veteran soldiers, without orders and without formation, without waiting for their companions, and in utter disregard of the invectives of their officers, who had nothing for it but to go with them, rushed with a wild shout upon the fatal slope. Slippery with recent rains, its summits bristling with cannon and packed with 3,000 riflemen, half of whom were regulars, with other 10,000 men at ready call; never, surely, was there so pitiable a piece of madness. But it was long, too long, ere the hail of lead that swept down that steep and slippery slope up which these insubordinate heroes vainly and wildly struggled, could stop them. Black clouds had been gathering overhead. A thunder storm was mutely raging beneath the roar of over a hundred cannon and the din of countless rifles, and now at the most dramatic moment down fell the rain in sheets so fast and thick as to hide the combatants from each other, and effectually quench both their ardour and their fire. To support such an escapade would have been madness, and the survivors soon enough came straggling back through the storm, which quickly cleared and showed a streaming hillside covered with British dead and wounded. The 78th Highlanders were instantly sent forward to bring off the latter, already in imminent danger from Indian scalping-knives. Either from damp powder or a worthier cause the effort was allowed to pass with impunity, and the British retired despondently, some by land and some by water, bearing the wounded with them to their several camps. The mad and brief exploit, for which no officer high or low was responsible, cost Wolfe 443 men, including 33 officers.

Through the whole weary month of August little occurred that the exigencies of our space would justify recording. Montcalm, after the late affair, considered himself safe, and he even allowed two thousand Canadians to leave for the harvest. Wolfe had a thousand men of his small force sick or wounded in hospital. Amherst, it was reported, had taken Ticonderoga, but there was little likelihood of his getting through to their assistance. Prideaux, in the far West, as it then was, had captured Niagara. It was a great success, but it in no way helped Wolfe. Worry, anxiety, and hard work, too, had long been telling on Wolfe's feeble frame. "Don't talk to me of constitution," he had said, referring to a brother officer's case; "spirit will carry a man through anything." But human endurance has its limits, and on the 20th of August it was known through the army that the general, who had made himself the object of its entire devotion, could not rise from his bed. For nearly a week Wolfe lay prostrated with fever, and tortured with a despair that under the circumstances was inevitable to his physical prostration. The four walls of his sick-chamber in the farmhouse at Montmorency may well have typified to his fevered fancy the inaccessible barriers which upon every side in the larger arena without doors checked his advance to victory. He regarded himself, we know, as a ruined man, and had dread visions of his return to England, another unsuccessful general to be pelted by a public opinion which in truth, as regards military matters, he held in infinite scorn. On the 25th, however, "to the inconceivable joy," says honest Knox, "of the whole army," its beloved commander was reported out of danger, and he at once set his busy mind to work and called his brigadiers in council to see if anything could be done to utilise the short season that remained. When, on the 1st of September, Wolfe rose from his sick-bed, he had made up his mind to attempt the enterprise which cost him his frail life and gave immortality to himself and a great colony to England.

It must not be supposed, however, that August had passed away in humdrum fashion. The guns had roared with tireless throats, and the lower town was a heap of ruins. Far away down both banks of the St. Lawrence, the dogs of war had raged through seigneuries and hamlets. Between the upper and the nether millstone of Wolfe's proclamations and Montcalm's vengeance, the wretched peasantry were in a sore plight. Raided through and through by the fierce guerillas of North American warfare, swept bare of grain and cattle for Wolfe's army, the fugitives from smoking farms and hamlets were glad to seek refuge in the English lines, where the soldiers generously shared with them their meagre rations. More than one expedition had been sent up the river. Admiral Holmes, with over twenty ships, was already above the town, and had driven the French vessels, which had originally taken refuge there, to discharge their crews and run up shallow tributaries. Murray, with twelve hundred men, had been carried up as fȧr as Deschambault, and had there done some successful but unprofitable fighting. The shore was strongly fortified at every accessible point. Montcalm depended wholly on that side for his supplies, for the lower country was entirely closed to him by the British. He lost Lévis, too, at this time, and 1,500 men, who, owing to Prideaux's victory and Amherst's steady advance, were required at Montreal. Another 1,500 men he had despatched under Bougainville to Cap Rouge, where the seven miles of cliff which made the north shore west of Quebec impregnable, ceased; and here that able officer intrenched himself at the mouth of a small stream.

Wolfe's intention now was to place every man that he could spare on board the ships in the upper river, and his entire force was reduced by death, wounds and sickness to under 7,000 men. On September 3rd, with slight annoyance from an ill-directed cannon fire, he removed the whole force at Montmorency across the water to the camps of Orleans or Point Lévis. On the following day all the troops at both these stations which were not necessary for their protection were paraded; for what purpose no one knew, least of all the French, who from their lofty lines could mark every movement in the wide panorama below, and were sorely puzzled and perturbed. Some great endeavour was in the wind, beyond a doubt; but both Wolfe and his faithful ally, the admiral, did their utmost to disguise its import. And for this very reason it would be futile, even if necessary, to follow the fluctuating manœuvres that for the next few days kept the enemy in constant agitation: the sudden rage of batteries here, the threatening demonstrations of troop-laden boats there, the constant and bewildering movement of armed ships at every point. It was well designed and industriously maintained, for the sole purpose of harassing the French and covering Wolfe's real intention. On the night of September 4th the general was well enough to dine with Monckton's officers at Point Lévis, but the next day he was again prostrate with illness, to the great anxiety of his army. He implored the doctor to "patch him up sufficiently for the work in hand; after that nothing mattered." Chronic gravel and rheumatism, with a sharp low fever, aggravated by a mental strain of the severest kind, all preying on a sickly frame, were what the indomitable spirit therein imprisoned had to wrestle with. On the 6th, however, Wolfe struggled up, and during that day and the next superintended the march of his picked column, numbering some 4,000 men, up the south bank of the river. Fording, near waist-deep, the Etchemain river, they were received beyond its mouth by the boats of the fleet, and as each detachment arrived conveyed on board. The 48th, however, 700 strong, were left, under Colonel Burton, near Point Lévis to await orders.

The fleet, with Wolfe and some 3,600 men on board, now moved up to Cap Rouge, behind which, at the first dip in the high barrier of cliffs, was Bougainville with 1,500 men (soon afterwards increased), exclusive of 300 serviceable light cavalry. The cove here was intrenched, and the French commander was so harried with feigned attacks that he and his people had no rest. At the same time, so well was the universal activity maintained that Montcalm, eight miles below, was led to expect a general attack at the mouth of the Charles river, under the city. Throughout the 8th and 9th the weather was dark and rainy and the wind from the east, an unfavourable combination for a movement requiring the utmost precision. On the 10th the troops from the crowded ships were landed to dry their clothes and accoutrements. Wolfe and his brigadiers now finally surveyed that line of cliffs which Montcalm had declared a hundred men could hold against the whole British army. It was defended here and there by small posts. Below one of these, a mile and a half above the city, the traces of a zigzag path up the bush-covered precipice could be made out, though Wolfe could not see that even this was barricaded. Here, at the now famous Anse du Foulon, he decided to make his attempt.

The ships, however, kept drifting up and down between Cap Rouge and the city, with a view to maintaining the suspense of the French. Each morning Wolfe's general orders to the soldiers were to hold themselves in readiness for immediate action, with as full directions for their conduct as was compatible with the suppression of the spot at which they were to fight. On the night of the 11th the troops were reimbarked, and instructions sent to Burton to post the 48th on the south shore opposite the Anse du Foulon. On the following day, Wolfe published his last orders, and they contained a notable sentence: "A vigorous blow struck by the army at this juncture may determine the fate of Canada." Almost at the same moment his gallant opponent from his headquarters at Beauport was writing to Bourlamaque at Montreal that he gave the enemy a month or less to stay, but that he himself had no rest night or day, and had not had his boots or clothes off for a fortnight. Another Frenchman was informing his friends that what they knew of that "impetuous, bold, and intrepid warrior, Monsieur Wolfe," gave them reason to suppose he would not leave them without another attack.

A suspicious calm brooded over the British squadron off Cap Rouge as Bougainville watched it from the shore throughout the whole of the 12th. The men were under orders to drop into their boats at nine, and were doubtless busy looking to their arms and accoutrements. Wolfe had sent for his old schoolfellow, "Jacky" Jervis, afterwards the famous admiral, who was commanding a sloop in the river. It was a matter of private business, and as the two sat together in the cabin of the *Sutherland* the general took a miniature of Miss Lowther,* his *fiancée*, from around his neck, and remarking that he did not expect to survive the battle he hoped to fight upon the following day, requested Jervis in such case to deliver the portrait to the lady, who, it may be added, became, six years later, the last Duchess of Bolton, and lived to be seventy-five.

By a preconcerted arrangement the day was spent after a very different fashion in the basin of Quebec. Constant artillery fire and the continual movement of troops against various parts of the Beauport lines engaged the whole attention of Montcalm, who had, in fact, little notion what a number of men had gone up the river with Wolfe. When night fell upon the ruined city and the flickering camp fires of the long French lines, the tumult grew louder and the anxiety greater. The batteries of Point Lévis and the guns of Saunders' ships redoubled their efforts. Amid the roar of the fierce artillery, served with an activity not surpassed during the whole siege, Montcalm, booted and spurred, with his black charger saddled at the door, awaited some night attack. The horse would be wanted yet, but for a longer ride than his master anticipated, and, as it so turned out, for his last one. Up the river at Cap Rouge all was silence, a strange contrast to the din below. The night was fine, but dark, and was some three hours old when a single light gleamed of a sudden from the *Sutherland's* mainmast. It was the signal for 1,600 men to drop quietly into their boats. A long interval of silence and suspense then followed, till at two o'clock the tide began to ebb, when a second lantern glimmered from Wolfe's ship. The boats now pushed off and drifted quietly down in long procession under the deep shadow of the high northern shore.

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*It is a curious coincidence that the heroines of both Wolfe's love affairs should have come, and that through no connection with each other, but quite fortuitously, from the same group of families as it were, in a remote corner of England, which Wolfe in a social sense never even visited. Isell Hall, whence came Miss Lawson, is still a residence of the family; a beautiful specimen of the border Peel tower enlarged during the Tudor period into a mansion; romantically situated on the banks of the Derwent between Cockermouth and Bassenthwaite. Meaburn Hall, Kate Lowther's early home, though now a somewhat inaccessible farmhouse, between Shap and Appleby, on the Lowther estates, remains a most interesting and picturesque specimen, both inside and out, of the Tudor manor house of the border country.

The ships followed at some distance with the remainder of the force under Townshend, the 48th, it will be remembered, awaiting them below. The distance to be traversed was six miles, and there were two posts on the cliffs to be passed. French provision boats had been in the habit of stealing down in the night, and to this fact, coupled with the darkness, it seems Wolfe trusted much. He was himself in one of the leading boats, and the story of his reciting "Gray's Elegy," in solemn tones while he drifted down, as he hoped, to victory and, as he believed, to death, rests on good authority.* The tide was running fast so that the rowers could ply their oars with a minimum of disturbance. From both posts upon the cliff their presence was noticed, and the challenge of a sentry rang out clear upon the silent night. On each occasion a Highland officer, who spoke French perfectly, replied that they were a provision convoy, to the satisfaction of the challengers. But the risk was undeniable, and illustrates the hazardous nature of the enterprise. Wolfe's friend, Captain Howe, brother of the popular young nobleman who fell at Ticonderoga, with a small body of picked soldiers, was to lead the ascent, and as the boats touched the narrow beach of the Anse du Foulon he and his volunteers leaped rapidly on shore. Some of the boats accidentally overran the spot, but it made little difference, as the narrow path was, in any case, found to be blocked, and the eager soldiers were forced to throw themselves upon the rough face of the cliff, which was here over 200 feet high, but fortunately sprinkled thick with stunted bushes. Swiftly and silently Howe and his men scrambled up its steep face. No less eagerly the men behind, as boat after boat discharged its load of redcoats under Wolfe's eye on the narrow shore, followed in their precarious steps. Day was just beginning to glimmer as the leading files leaped out on to the summit and rushed upon the handful of astonished Frenchmen before them, who fired a futile volley and fled. They captured, however, the officer of the guard. It was De Vergor, who, it will be remembered, made such a poor defence at Beausejour, in Nova Scotia, whither Bigot had sent him to improve his fortunes. He was really in bad luck this time, though he has been made a scapegoat of by French writers. An attack at such a point may well have seemed improbable. "The difficulty of the ascent," wrote Admiral Saunders to the Ministry, "was scarcely credible." The single narrow path, too, the only presumable approach, had been blocked, but Wolfe's men were dragging themselves up all along the cliff, and even if De Vergor's small guard had been more wide awake, it is doubtful if they could have stopped such determined men. But the shots and cries had alarmed other posts at some distance off, yet near enough to fire in the direction of the landing boats. It was too late, however; the path had now been cleared of obstacles, and the British were swarming on to the plateau. The first sixteen hundred men had been rapidly disembarked, and the boats were already dashing back for Townshend's brigade, who were approaching in the ships, and for the 48th, awaiting them on the opposite shore.

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* That of Professor Robinson, of Edinburgh University, who was present as a midshipman.

The scattered French posts along the summit were easily dispersed, while the main army at Beauport, some miles away, on the far side of the city, were as yet unconscious of danger. Bougainville and his force back at Cap Rouge were as far off and as yet no wiser. Quebec had just caught the alarm, but its weak and heterogeneous garrison had no power for combined mobility. By six o'clock Wolfe had his whole force of 4,300 men drawn up on the plateau, with their backs to the river and their faces to the north. Leaving the Royal Americans, 540 strong, to guard the landing-place, and with a force thus reduced to under 4,000, he now marched towards the city, bringing his left round at the same time in such fashion as to face the western walls scarcely a mile distant. As Wolfe drew up his line of battle on that historic ridge of tableland known as the Plains of Abraham, his right rested on the cliff above the river, while his left approached the then brushy slope which led down towards the St. Charles Valley. He had outmanœuvred Montcalm; it now remained only to crush him. Of this Wolfe had not much doubt, though such confidence may seem sufficiently audacious for the leader of 4,000 men, with twice that number in front of him and half as many in his rear, both forces commanded by brave and skilful generals. But Wolfe counted on quality, not on numbers, which Montcalm himself realised were of doubtful efficacy at this crucial moment.

The French general, in the meantime, had been expecting an attack all night at Beauport, and his troops had been lying on their arms. It was about six o'clock when the astounding news was brought him that the British were on the plateau behind the city. The Scotch Jacobite, the Chevalier Johnstone, who has left us an account of the affair, was with him at the time, and they leaped on their horses —he to give the alarm towards Montmorency, the general to hasten westwards by Vaudreuil's quarters to the city. "This is a serious business," said Montcalm to Johnstone as he dug his spurs into his horse's flanks. Vaudreuil, who in his braggart, amateur fashion had been "crushing the English" with pen and ink and verbal eloquence this last six weeks, now collapsed, and Montcalm, who knew what a fight in the open with Wolfe meant, hastened himself to hurry forward every man that could be spared. Fifteen hundred militia were left to guard the Beauport lines, while the bulk of the army poured in a steady stream along the road to Quebec, over the bridge of the St. Charles, some up the slopes beyond, others through the tortuous streets of the city, on to the Plains of Abraham. Montcalm, by some at the time, and by many since, has been blamed for precipitating the conflict, but surely not with justice! He had every reason to count on Bougainville and his 2,300 men, who were no further from Wolfe's rear than he himself was from the English front. The British held the entire water. Wolfe once entrenched on the plateau, the rest of his army, guns and stores could be brought up at will, and the city defences on that side were almost worthless. Lastly, provisions with the French were wofully scarce; the lower country had been swept absolutely bare. Montcalm depended on Montreal for every mouthful of food, and Wolfe was now between him and his source of supply.

By nine o'clock Montcalm had all his men in front of the western walls of the city and was face to face with Wolfe, only half a mile separating them. His old veterans of William Henry, Oswego and Ticonderoga were with him, the reduced regiments of Béarn, Royal Rousillon, Languedoc, La Sarre and La Guienne, some 1,300 strong, with 700 colony regulars and a cloud of militia and Indians. Numbers of these latter had been pushed forward as skirmishers into the thickets, woods and cornfields which fringed the battlefield, and had caused great annoyance and some loss to the British, who were lying down in their ranks, reserving their strength and their ammunition for a supreme effort. Three pieces of cannon, too, had been brought to play on them—no small trial to their steadiness; for, confident of victory, it was not to Wolfe's interest to join issue till Montcalm had enough of his men upon the ridge to give finality to such a blow. At the same time the expected approach of Bougainville in the rear had to be watched for and anticipated. It was indeed a critical and anxious moment! The 48th regiment were stationed as a reserve of Wolfe's line, though to act as a check rather to danger from Bougainville than as a support to the front attacks in which they took no part. Part, too, of Townshend's brigade, who occupied the left of the line nearest to the wooded slopes in which the plain terminated, were drawn up *en potence*, or at right angles to the main column, in case of attacks from flank or rear. The Bougainville incident is, in fact, a feature of this critical struggle that has been too generally ignored, but in such a fashion that inferences might be drawn, and have been drawn, detrimental to that able officer's sagacity. Theoretically he should have burst on the rear of Wolfe's small army, as it attacked Montcalm, with more than 2,300 tolerable troops. He was but six miles off, and it was now almost as many hours since the British scaled the cliff. Pickets and a small battery or two between himself and Wolfe had been early in the morning actually engaged. The simple answer is that Bougainville remained ignorant of what was happening. Nothing but an actual messenger coming through with the news would have enlightened him, and in the confusion none came till eight o'clock. The sound of desultory firing borne faintly against the wind from the neighbourhood of the city had little significance for him. It was a chronic condition of affairs, and Bougainville's business was to watch the upper river, where an attack was really expected. It was a rare piece of good fortune for Wolfe that the confusion among the French was so great as to cause this strange omission. But then it was Wolfe's daring that had thus robbed a brave enemy of their presence of mind and created so pardonable a confusion.

The constituents of that ever memorable line of battle which Wolfe drew up on the Plains of Abraham must of a surety not be grudged space in this chapter. On the right towards the cliffs of the St. Lawrence were the 28th, the 35th, the 43rd, and the Louisbourg Grenadiers under Monckton. In the centre, under Murray, were the 47th, 58th, and the 78th Highlanders. With Townshend on the left were the 15th (*en potence*) and the 2nd battalion of the 60th or Royal Americans—in all somewhat over 3,000 men. In reserve, as already stated, was Burton with the 48th, while Howe with some light infantry occupied the woods still farther back, and the 3rd battalion of the 60th guarded the landing-place. None of these last corps joined in the actual attack.

When Montcalm, towards ten o'clock, under a cloudy but fast-clearing sky, gave the order to advance, he had, at the lowest estimate from French sources, about 3,500 men, exclusive of Indians and flanking skirmishers, who may be rated at a further 1,500. The armies were but half a mile apart, and the French regulars and militia, being carefully but perhaps injudiciously blended along their whole line, went forward with loud shouts to the attack.

The British, formed in a triple line, now sprang to their feet and moved steadily forward to receive the onset of the French. Wolfe had been hit on the wrist, but hastily binding up the shattered limb with his handkerchief, he now placed himself at the head of the Louisbourg Grenadiers, whose temerity against the heights of Beauport, in July, he had so soundly rated. He had issued strict orders that his troops were to load with two bullets, and to reserve their fire till the enemy were at close quarters. He was nobly obeyed, though the French columns came on firing wildly and rapidly at long range, the militia throwing themselves down, after their backwoods custom, to reload, to the disadvantage of the regular regiments among whom they were mixed. The British fire, in spite of considerable punishment, was admirably restrained, and when delivered it was terrible. Knox tells us the French received it at forty paces, that the volleys sounded like single cannon shots, so great was the precision, and French officers subsequently declared they had never known anything like it. Whole gaps were rent in the French ranks, and in the confusion which followed, the British reloaded with deliberation, poured in yet another deadly volley, and with a wild cheer rushed upon the foe. They were the pick of a picked army, and the shattered French, inured to arms in various ways though was every man of them, had not a chance. Montcalm's 2,000 regulars were ill supported by the still larger number of their comrades, who, unsurpassed behind breastworks or in forest warfare, were of little use before such an onslaught. The rush of steel, of bayonet on the right and centre, of broadsword on the left, swept everything before it and soon broke the French into a flying mob, checked here and there by brave bands of white-coated regulars, who offered a brief but futile resistance. Wolfe, in the meantime, was eagerly pressing forward at the head of his Grenadiers, while behind him were the 28th and the 35th, of Lake George renown. One may not pause here to speculate on the triumph that must at such a moment have fired the bright eyes that redeemed his homely face and galvanised the sickly frame into a very Paladin of old, as sword in hand he led his charging troops. Such inevitable reflections belong rather to his own story than to that of the long war which he so signally influenced, and it was now, in the very moment of victory, as all the world well knows, that he fell. He was hit twice in rapid succession—a ball in the groin which did not stop him, and a second through the lungs, against which his high courage fought in vain. He was seen to stagger by Lieutenant Browne of the Grenadiers and 2nd regiment, who rushed forward to his assistance. "Support me," exclaimed Wolfe, "lest my gallant fellows should see me fall." But the lieutenant was just too late, and the wounded hero sank to the ground; not, however, before he was also seen by Mr. Henderson, a volunteer, and almost immediately afterwards by an officer of artillery, Col. Williamson, and a private soldier whose name has not been preserved. The accurate Knox himself was not far off, and this is the account given him by Browne that same evening, and seems worthy to hold the field against the innumerable claims that have been set up in the erratic interests of "family tradition":—

These four men carried the dying general to the rear, and by his own request, being in great pain, laid him upon the ground. He refused to see a surgeon, declared it was all over with him, and sank into a state of torpor. "They run! see how they run!" cried out one of the officers. "Who run?" asked Wolfe, suddenly rousing himself. "The enemy, sir; egad, they give way everywhere." "Go, one of you, my lads," said the dying general, "with all speed to Colonel Burton, and tell him to march down to the St. Charles River and cut off the retreat of the fugitives to the bridge." He then turned on his side, and exclaiming, "God be praised, I now die in peace," sank into insensibility, and in a short time, on the ground of his victory which for all time was to influence the destinies of mankind, gave up his life contentedly at the very moment, to quote Pitt's stirring eulogy, "when his fame began."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE PIECE OF STRING

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT

IT was market-day, and over all the roads round Goderville the peasants and their wives were coming towards the town. The men walked easily, lurching the whole body forward at every step. Their long legs were twisted and deformed by the slow, painful labours of the country—by bending over to plough, which is what also makes their left shoulders too high and their figures crooked; and by reaping corn, which obliges them for steadiness' sake to spread their knees too wide. Their starched blue blouses, shining as though varnished, ornamented at collar and cuffs with little patterns of white stitchwork, and blown up big around their bony bodies, seemed exactly like balloons about to soar, but putting forth a head, two arms and two feet.

Some of these fellows dragged a cow or a calf at the end of a rope. And just behind the animal, beating it over the back with a leaf-covered branch to hasten its pace, went their wives, carrying large baskets, from which came forth the heads of chickens or the heads of ducks. These women walked with steps far shorter and quicker than the men; their figures, withered and upright, were adorned with scanty little shawls pinned over their flat bosoms; and they enveloped their heads each in a white cloth, close fastened round their hair, and surmounted by a cap.

Now a *char-à-banc* passed by, drawn by a jerky-paced nag. It shook up strangely the two men on the seat. And the woman at the bottom of the cart held fast to its sides to lessen the hard joltings.

In the market-place at Goderville was a great crowd, a mingled multitude of men and beasts. The horns of cattle, the high and long-napped hats of wealthy peasants, the headdresses of women, came to the surface of that sea. And voices clamorous, sharp, shrill, made a continuous and savage din. Above it a huge burst of laughter from the sturdy lungs of a merry yokel would sometimes sound, and sometimes a long bellow from a cow tied fast to the wall of a house.

It all smelled of the stable, of milk, of hay, and of perspiration, giving off that half-human, half-animal odour which is peculiar to the men of the fields.

Maitre Hauchecorne, of Breaute, had just arrived at Goderville, and was taking his way towards the square, when he perceived on the ground a little piece of string. Maitre Hauchecorne, economical, like all true Normans, reflected that everything was worth picking up which could be of any use; and he stooped down—but painfully, because he suffered from rheumatism. He took the bit of thin cord from the ground, and was carefully preparing to roll it up when he saw Maitre Malandain, the harness-maker, on his doorstep looking at him. They had once had a quarrel about a halter, and they had remained angry, bearing malice on both sides. Maitre Hauchecorne was overcome with a sort of shame at being seen by his enemy looking in the dirt so for a bit of string. He quickly hid his find beneath his blouse, then in the pocket of his breeches, then pretended to be still looking for something on the ground which he did not discover, and at last went off towards the market-place, with his head bent forward, and a body almost doubled in two by rheumatic pains.

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* Coprighted in the United States by Harper and Brothers. Maupassant, like Zola, is of the naturalist school of French writers He is one of those who attempted to study man and life as they are, to paint people exactly as they appear, selecting of course such phases of life as have dramatic interest. They desired to put Romanticism and Idealism behind them and to show where society stands and whither it tends. Maupassant was a nephew of Flaubert, one of the first of this school. He was born in 1850 and died in 1893. In early life he was apparently strong and robust, but later he fought with insanity and death. This fight made his work somewhat gruesomely pessimistic and realistic. Nevertheless as a maker of compact phrases, as a master of concise diction, as a finished stylist he is one of the greatest of nineteenth century novelists. His short stories were originally published in sixteen volumes, while his novels are eight in number.

He lost himself immediately in the crowd, which was clamorous, slow, and agitated by interminable bargains. The peasants examined the cows, went off, came back, always in great perplexity and fear of being cheated, never quite daring to decide, spying at the eye of the seller, trying ceaselessly to discover the tricks of the man and the defect in the beast.

The women, having placed their great baskets at their feet, had pulled out the poultry, which lay upon the ground, tied by the legs, with eyes scared, with combs scarlet.

They listened to propositions, maintaining their prices, with a dry manner, with an impassible face; or, suddenly, perhaps, deciding to take the lower price which was offered, they cried out to the customer, who was departing slowly:

"All right, I'll let you have them, Mait' Anthime."

Then, little by little, the square became empty, and when the Angelus struck midday those who lived at a distance poured into the inns.

At Jourdain's the great room was filled with eaters, just as the vast court was filled with vehicles of every sort—waggons, gigs, *char-à-bancs*, tilburys, tilt-carts which have no name, yellow with mud, misshapen, pieced together, raising their shafts to heaven like two arms, or it may be with their nose in the dirt and their rear in the air.

Just opposite to where the diners were at table the huge fireplace, full of clear flame, threw a lively heat on the backs of those who sat along the right. Three spits were turning, loaded with chickens, with pigeons, and with joints of mutton; and a delectable odour of roast meat, and of gravy gushing over crisp brown skin, took wing from the hearth, kindled merriment, caused mouths to water.

All the aristocracy of the plough were eating there, at Mait' Jourdain's the innkeeper's, a dealer in horses also, and a sharp fellow who had made a pretty penny in his day.

The dishes were passed round, were emptied, with jugs of yellow cider. Everyone told of his affairs, of his purchases and his sales. They asked news about the crops. The weather was good for green stuffs, but a little wet for wheat.

All of a sudden the drum rolled in the court before the house. Everyone, except some of the most indifferent, was on his feet at once, and ran to the door, to the windows, with his mouth still full and his napkin in his hand.

When the public crier had finished his tattoo he called forth in a jerky voice, making his pauses out of time:

"Be it known to the inhabitants of Goderville, and in general to all—persons present at the market, that there has been lost this morning, on the Beuzeville road, between—nine and ten o'clock, a pocket-book of black leather, containing five hundred francs and business papers. You are requested to return it—to the mayor's office, at once, or to Maitre Fortune Houlbreque, at Manneville. There will be twenty francs reward."

Then the man departed. They heard once more at a distance the dull bleatings on the drum and the faint voice of the crier.

Then they began to talk of this event, reckoning up the chances which Maitre Houlbreque had of finding or of not finding his pocket-book again.

And the meal went on.

They were finishing their coffee when the corporal of gendarmes appeared on the threshold.

He asked:

"Is Maitre Hauchecorne, of Breaute, here?"

Maitre Hauchecorne, seated at the other end of the table, answered:

"Here I am."

And the corporal resumed:

"Maitre Hauchecorne, will you have the kindness to come with me to the mayor's office? M. Le Maire would like to speak to you."

The peasant, surprised and uneasy, gulped down his little glass of cognac, got up, and, even worse bent over than in the morning, since his first steps after a rest were always particularly difficult, started off, repeating:

"Here I am, here I am."

And he followed the corporal.

The mayor was waiting for him, seated in an arm-chair. He was the notary of the place, a tall, grave man of pompous speech.

"Maitre Hauchecorne," said he, "this morning, on the Beuzeville road, you were seen to pick up the pocket-book lost by Maitre Houlbreque, of Manneville."

The countryman, speechless, regarded the mayor, frightened already by this suspicion which rested on him he knew not why.

"I, I picked up that pocket-book?"

"Yes, you."

"I swear I didn't know nothing about it at all."

"You were seen."

"They saw me, me? Who is that who saw me?"

"M. Malandain, the harness-maker."

Then the old man remembered, understood, and, reddening with anger:

"Ah! he saw me, did he, the rascal? He saw me picking up this string here, M'sieu' le Maire."

And, fumbling at the bottom of his pocket, he pulled out of it the little end of string.

But the mayor incredulously shook his head:

"You will not make me believe, Maitre Hauchecorne, that M. Malandain, who is a man worthy of credit, has mistaken this string for a pocket-book."

The peasant, furious, raised his hand and spit, as if to attest his good faith, repeating:

"For all that, it is the truth of the good God, the blessed truth, M'sieu' le Maire. There! on my soul and my salvation, I repeat it."

The mayor continued:

"After having picked up the thing in question, you even looked for some time in the mud to see if a piece of money had not dropped out of it."

The good man was suffocated with indignation and with fear.

"If they can say!—if they can say . . . . such lies as that to slander an honest man! If they can say!—"

He might protest, he was not believed.

He was confronted with M. Malandain, who repeated and sustained his testimony. They abused one another for an hour. At his own request, Maitre Hauchecorne was searched. Nothing was found upon him.

At last, the mayor, much perplexed, sent him away, warning him that he would inform the public prosecutor, and ask for orders.

The news had spread. When he left the mayor's office the old man was surrounded, interrogated with a curiosity which was serious or mocking, as the case might be, but into which no indignation entered. And he began to tell the story of the string. They did not believe him. They laughed.

He passed on, button-holed by everyone, himself button-holing his acquaintances, beginning over and over again his tale and his protestations, showing his pockets turned inside out to prove that he had nothing.

They said to him:

"You old rogue, va!"

And he grew angry, exasperated, feverish, in despair at not being believed, and always telling his story.

The night came. It was time to go home. He set out with three of his neighbours, to whom he pointed out the place where he had picked up the end of string; and all the way he talked of his adventure.

That evening he made the round in the village of Breaute, so as to tell everyone. He met only unbelievers.

He was ill of it all night long.

The next day, about one in the afternoon, Marius Paumelle, a farm hand of Maitre Breton, the market-gardener at Ymauville, returned the pocket-book and its contents to Maitre Houlbreque, of Manneville.

This man said, indeed, that he had found it on the road; but not knowing how to read, he had carried it home and given it to his master.

The news spread to the environs. Maitre Hauchecorne was informed. He put himself at once upon the go, and began to relate his story, as completed by the denouement. He triumphed.

"What grieved me," said he, "was not the thing itself, do you understand; but it was the lies. There's nothing does you so much harm as being in disgrace for lying."

All day he talked of his adventure; he told it on the roads to the people who passed; at the cabaret to the people who drank; and the next Sunday, when they came out of church. He even stopped strangers to tell them about it. He was easy, now, and yet something worried him without his knowing exactly what it was. People had a joking manner while they listened. They did not seem convinced. He seemed to feel their tittle-tattle behind his back.

On Tuesday of the next week he went to the market at Goderville, prompted entirely by the need of telling his story.

Malandain, standing on his doorstep, began to laugh as he saw him pass. Why?

He accosted a farmer at Criquetot, who did not let him finish, and, giving him a punch in the pit of his stomach, cried in his face:

"Oh you great rogue, va!" Then turned his heel upon him.

Maitre Hauchecorne remained speechless, and grew more and more uneasy. Why had they called him "great rogue?"

When seated at table in Jourdain's tavern he began to explain the whole affair.

A horse-dealer of Montivilliers shouted at him:

"Get out, get out, you old scamp; I know all about your string!"

Hauchecorne stammered:

"But since they found it again, the pocket-book!"

But the other continued:

"Hold your tongue, daddy; there's one who finds it, and there's another who returns it. And no one the wiser."

The peasant was choked. He understood at last. They accused him of having had the pocket-book brought back by an accomplice, by a confederate.

He tried to protest. The whole table began to laugh.

He could not finish his dinner, and went away amid a chorus of jeers.

He went home, ashamed and indignant, choked with rage, with confusion, the more cast down since, from his Norman cunning, he was, perhaps, capable of having done what they accused him of, and even of boasting of it as a good trick. His innocence dimly seemed to him impossible to prove, his craftiness being so well known. And he felt himself struck to the heart by the injustice of the suspicion.

Then he began again to tell of his adventure, lengthening his recital every day, each time adding new proofs, more energetic protestations, and more solemn oaths which he thought of, which he prepared in his hours of solitude, his mind being entirely occupied by the story of the string. The more complicated his defence, the more artful his arguments, the less he was believed.

"Those are liars' proofs," they said behind his back.

He felt this; it preyed upon his heart. He exhausted himself in useless efforts.

He was visibly wasting away.

The jokers now made him tell the story of "The Piece Of String" to amuse them, just as you make a soldier who has been on a campaign tell his story of the battle.

His mind, struck at the root, grew weak.

About the end of December he took to his bed.

He died early in January, and, in the delirium of the death agony he protested his innocence, repeating:

"A little bit of string—a little bit of string—see, here it is, M'sieu' le Maire.

A WOMAN-HATER'S STRATAGEM

By WILLIAM HOLLOWAY

"FRANCOIS, you may bring me the crimson velvet doublet," said Imbert, the old soldier of fortune, frowning savagely at his lackey; "and the crimson hose from the chest yonder." He settled himself in his high-backed chair with a gesture of impatience: "And the hat with the long plumes, Francois."

"Yes, sir," answered the lackey quietly. "And will monsieur have jack boots?"

Monsieur shook his shaggy black head, while a curious shiver ran through his massive frame. "Not jack boots, Francois, but the low shoes of Spanish leather."

Francois looked up, a protest written on his pale face. He had been in his master's service a scant month—to be exact, since arriving from Paris four weeks before—but his experience had already won him a certain license. "The low shoes of Spanish leather?" he repeated questioningly.

Imbert nodded, and the man brought them with a flourish. "Monsieur said they were to be kept for great occasions," he ventured, fitting one deftly to his master's foot.

The latter watched him carefully as he bent over the shoe. After all, it was possible he had not heard. "I am going to a wedding, Francois," said he slowly, letting the words fall with emphasis, one by one.

The lackey lifted his eyebrows in uneasy surprise, and a tiny scar upon his left temple shone in the morning sun. He had a pair of shifting eyes of greenish grey, set in a colourless face; his chin and lips were ineffectual and weak; but the fingers that held the shoes were long and prehensile and vibrant with energy. "Whose wedding, if your honour please?" he asked with eager curiosity. For weddings were rare in Port Royal—except, indeed, weddings of the rough-handed colonists with the hard-featured peasant women, whom the king sent each year to Acadie.

Francois' master hesitated, looking slowly about the room at the litter of doublets, dice-boxes and weapons that lay upon the table, at the half-dozen brown leather books upon the wall, and at the pipes ranged carelessly along the mantel—at all the friendly tokens of his bachelor's life. "Whose wedding, Francois?" he at length repeated helplessly; "whose wedding but my own."

The remaining shoe dropped from Francois' hand and clattered noisily upon the stained wooden floor. Next instant he had picked it up and was polishing it on the sleeve of his doublet, sedate and observant as before. "Monsieur will pardon the surprise," he said submissively. "I had not thought he planned it so."

"Dame," cried his master, gritting his teeth at the very suggestion. "I plan it, indeed. Not I, Francois. It was a trick they played me last night in the guardroom—a foolish wager." He checked his anger, and added more quietly, "It is a test of courage, Francois; and though it be a trick I have given my word."

"Oh, 'A test of courage,'" repeated Francois, now busied with the doublet. "And how are you to test that?"

His master leaned back in his chair. "Very easily," he said grimly; "by proposing marriage to the first woman who comes ashore from the supply-ship to-day."

Francois stared open-mouthed at the tidings. He knew the supply-ships by report and the peasant women who came on them to New France. "The women are a poor lot this time," he remarked. "I heard it from one of the crew last night."

Imbert rose to his feet and grudgingly surveyed his finery. "I promised to look my best," he said with a grimace, smoothing out his tangled black hair. "A poor lot, you say, Francois? Yet His Majesty Henry the Fourth knows a pretty woman when he sees one. Why then does he ship ugly jades to his trusty subjects in Port Royal?"

Francois brought the hat with the long plumes. "It will be very different after this," he ventured.

His master winced. "Very different, Francois," he said gloomily, "very, very different. At least, unless she should decline," he went on, catching at a sudden hope. Then the futility of the thought struck home to him. "They never do decline," he said more gloomily still. "They come on purpose to get married." Then like a man resolved to face a danger bravely, he gave a last look about the room, caught his sword up in his right hand, and, opening the door, strode into the bright November sunshine.

Port Royal, first colony of France in the New World, was perched on rising ground beside Annapolis Basin, a few miles from the swirling brown tide of the Bay of Fundy. At one end of the fortress square was a stone gateway, and at one side four black cannon stood on a rough-hewn bastion worn smooth by the fevered tread of homesick Frenchmen, who from that slender vantage-ground had yearned seaward.

But now, as Imbert issued from his quarters, the square of the fortress, generally full of bustle, lay silent and deserted, all Port Royal having betaken itself outside the walls, to the wooden landing by the shore. There in the frosty morning air, the odd mixture of courtiers and peasants, of scholastic dreamers and reckless adventurers, which formed the population of Port Royal, impatiently awaited his arrival to display its wit. Indeed, he had no sooner come within earshot than the jesting began.

A young gallant, lately come from France, who shivered in the folds of a bearskin coat, affirmed that the cold had frozen women on the voyage over, and that the delay was necessary to thaw them out, pointing as he spoke to the battered supply-ship from Rochelle, lying sluggishly at anchor. Presently they would come ashore in litters, the cripples foremost. Another, sipping from a wine-bottle as a protection from the raw air, asserted that in Port Royal wives became shrewish from contact with the Indian women. Even the best had been known to grow sullen and fitful in their moods. A third, stamping to and fro, declared marriage to be fashioned on lines similar to a place the curé had spoken of on Sunday, where there was weeping, wailing and the gnashing of teeth. If he was wrong he hoped his happy friend, the bridegroom, would lay it to his inexperience. At this the man with the wine-bottle took another draught; the rest clapped their chilly hands together and looked at Imbert.

He stood silent and heedless in the background, in an inward agony of terror. After his long freedom it had come at last, he thought bitterly after the skilful evasions of thirty years. Though outwardly unconcerned, he was inwardly counting the minutes. The boats from the supply-ship might be half an hour in landing, or they might be an hour. He began to wish they would be an hour at least, even to long senselessly for some mishap to occur. All of which time the idle jesting passed him unnoticed.

"I give you the bride's health, messieurs," said the man with the wine bottle ceremoniously, drinking deeper as he spoke. "May she make our good Imbert happy."

"And preach him no sermons," added the man in the bearskin seriously.

There was a general laugh at this which died away as the vessel's boats began to be lowered. Wagers were given and taken on the colour of the bride's hair, her eyes, her height and a dozen other trifles. The gallant in the bearskin so far forgot the weather as to leave his coat unfastened after having restored his purse. The wine drinker, his bottle at last exhausted, ran hither and thither offering ten pistoles to five that her eyes were dark.

Indeed, a general wave of excitement swept over all save the prospective bridegroom, who remained with one hand upon his sword, gazing listlessly at the white-capped water.

Minute by minute the boats drew nearer the landing, and the crowd there became denser. Soldiers hurried from the recesses of the fort, men from work in the woods, to see the new arrivals; and, from the bastion above, the four cannon roared a riotous welcome.

Presently while he waited the foremost boat landed, and a shout that was almost a shriek arose. His name sounded hoarsely from a dozen throats; as if by magic a lane widened through the crowd; and, looking down it, he espied a diminutive young girl clad in black. Great laughter stirred among the idle gentlemen at sight of her homely clothes, her large feet, her roughened hands. The man with the empty wine bottle raised it grotesquely in air and drank her health in dumb show. "Morbleau, it is magnificent!" he cried, screaming with laughter. "She has already consented."

Imbert strode down the line, which widened at his approach, and paused before the newcomer. "Is it true you will marry me?" he asked gravely, eyeing her with apprehension. The girl hung her head as she whispered an assent, and her blue eyes blinked painfully. The two made such an odd contrast that the crowd was quite convulsed with laughter till Imbert, stamping on the landing, bade them be silent. For he fancied, oddly enough, that there were tears upon her lashes.

In the hush that followed he ventured to demand her name, speaking the while in a voice of unaccustomed mildness. The girl answered without removing her eyes from the rough boards at her feet, accompanying her speech with quaint movements of her coarse red hands. She came from the neighbourhood of Rouen, and her name was Cosette.

"A good enough name," said Imbert lightly, determined to hide his chagrin from the onlookers. "Have they told you the curé marries us to-night?"

She nodded, and, raising her head, flashed a glance from her half-lit blue eyes on his face—an odd look of troubled appeal and sorrow that, while it lasted, stirred him strangely despite his cynicism. But it lasted only a moment. Then her gaze fell on his crimson doublet. For the first time she comprehended the disparity of their dress; she seemed to grow even smaller and shrink within herself; and, looking once more down, she whispered hopelessly, "I am not half grand enough."

A roar of laughter rose from the listeners. The bye-play was really very amusing. But the girl did not seem to find it so for her lips quivered; nor did Imbert, whose huge hands began to tremble ominously about his sword-hilt. "Make room," he called angrily a moment later, drawing the blade from the scabbard. The discomfited spectators shrank back; and, offering his arm to Cosette, he led her away, only pausing on the outskirts of the crowd to say with an angry flourish of his sword, "Till to-night in the chapel, messieurs all."

After a few steps the girl began to shiver in the raw air. "Sapristi, you are cold," observed Imbert, with an uneasy glance at her thin dress. The girl made no reply and they went on a few steps farther. "You are very cold," cried Imbert, more uneasily still. And, removing his doublet, he threw it, with a bachelor's awkwardness, across her shoulders.

Five minutes later they were in his rooms, standing before a blazing fire. Here Imbert resumed his doublet with a gloomy frown. Francois was strangely absent, and he had counted on him to explain to the girl her household duties. The new situation, as developed by Francois' absence, was irksome in the extreme, and to hide his confusion he flung himself on a bearskin before the fire, motioning her to a chair not far away. Then he lapsed into apparent forgetfulness; in reality, watching her closely through his half-shut eyes.

She sat with her red hands clasped idly on her lap, silent and still. For aught her attitude disclosed she might have sat there patiently for years. Indeed, patience seemed to be her prevailing characteristic. It showed in a multitude of ways; in her partially averted face; in her downcast blue eyes; in the unconscious sloping of her shoulders. Shadowed by her dingy dress, her face appeared paler and more thoughtful than it perhaps had a right to, but it was, in most respects, a pleasant face, with curves about the chin fine ladies might have envied. But what most set Imbert wondering was the air of hopeless submission emanating from her. He had never seen aught so strange. Finally, with a jerk he propped himself on one elbow. "What made you say yes?" he demanded.

Cosette looked at him as he lay in his finery on the rug. "I don't know," she said slowly, rising to her feet. "They asked and I answered, and then you came and I answered again." She ended with a long-drawn sigh, and, turning away, began arranging the dismantled room.

Imbert eyed her as she moved to and fro amid the litter of weapons and books; hanging up some, placing others on their shelf, dusting all with care. In a moment she had brought into the place a new element of order that affected her grizzled host oddly. He rubbed his black eyes with astonishment. "Sacre, but you are neat."

"I was well brought up," cried the girl proudly. "I had a fortune left me by my father."

"Oh, oh!" said Imbert, more astonished still. "A fortune!" He moved to a new position on the rug, as if to adjust himself to this novel turn of affairs.

The girl nodded and covered her face with her red hands. While he looked a tear stole through her fingers, and fell noiselessly upon the furstrewn floor.

Here was a dilemna for a man untaught in woman's ways. For a time he moved uncertainly upon the rug, then, to check her sorrow, began roaring a wild sea-song; and this not proving efficacious, took to explaining her duties as housewife. There would be this apartment to attend and the one adjoining; meals to cook, and clothes to brush; and that was all, except that she must never grow shrewish or quarrelsome. On this last point he particularly insisted.

Presently the girl dried her eyes and finished her self-appointed task. Then, throwing more wood upon the fire, she sat before the blaze in silence on the opposite side of the hearth. The firelight, dancing athwart her, threw her coarse feet and roughened hands into bold relief, beating upon her faded black dress with a grim persistence that accentuated its age and dinginess.

"So, you had a fortune," Imbert carelessly observed, wondering what might constitute a fortune in her mind.

"Yes, monsieur, a fortune."

"How many francs?"

"Two hundred," said the girl, drawing a deep breath. "You are rich," said Imbert politely, though he often ventured greater sums on a single dice-cast.

The answer to this remark was a sudden storm of tears that shook her slender frame so strongly that Imbert became alarmed. Kneeling beside her he drew her brown head awkwardly on his shoulder and tried, more awkwardly still, to stroke her roughened hands. But Cosette, curiously enough, shuddered at these clumsy endearments. A flush came to her pale cheeks; she pushed aside his hand, saying sadly: "It comes back to me now, and with it the sorrow." She paused a moment—then wrung her hands. "And such beauty, monsieur, as my Francois had, such grace."

But Imbert had now begun to weary of this petty storm. The pleasant solitude he had lost struck forcibly upon him, the quiet hours with his pipe and books. "Oh, oh," he said with indifference. "This fine Francois lost your fortune for you, I wager."

"But his eyes," the girl to his great amazement burst out furiously. "Such eyes!"

"Pouf! eyes, indeed!" retorted Imbert with contempt.

"Great grey eyes like the saints must have," cried the girl in rapt accents.

All his old detestation of the sex awoke, all his ingrained horror of their changeful moods. With the feeling of a nightmare upon him he sat and waited.

"Oh, monsieur," went on Cosette, carried away by her recollections, "if you had only seen him that misty morning. The sun was hidden in vapour, so that, as I milked the cow beside the door, a dull grey cloudland shut me in. A muffled stillness lay upon the whole world, when suddenly his step surprised me, and the gloom opened as though a flash of lightning had pierced it. I looked up and there he stood, hat in hand, bowing as if I were a princess. 'Mademoiselle Cosette, I offer you my most respectful homage,' was what he said, and to this day I recall each word. 'I am your distant cousin, Francois Bellefontaine, come hither on a visit from Paris.'"

At mention of the name a curious gleam of interest flashed from Imbert's black eyes. "And was he?" was his lazy question.

Cosette nodded. "But I had never seen him before," she explained. "He had gone to Paris as servant to some great gentleman, when I was but a child. And now he was so gallant and kind, carrying in the milk-pail and bearing down even my mother with his grand airs. Nor would he allow her to scold me again, sitting with his arm about my waist and calling me his cousin."

"She scolded?" interjected the man.

"Always," answered the girl wearily. "She was angry about the money my father had left me, and she led me a hard life. Everyone knew; even Francois had heard of her jealousy about my fortune, and he was sorry. I could see it in his eyes, those beautiful grey eyes. Oh, he was truly sorry, monsieur."

Imbert became impatient. "I know the rest," he interrupted quickly. "He swore he loved you and you were fool enough to think so."

Cosette demurred. "I still think so," she said with decision. "It could have been no other way with those wonderful eyes, so true and tender. But all men can be tempted, and temptation came to him; and then he ceased to love me. For if he still loved me would he have yielded?"

A wave of the hand was Imbert's sole answer, and the girl went on with deepening voice.

"Everything was ready. We were to be married by the curé on the morrow. That night he took charge of my fortune—it was in a little bag of green—lest in the bustle of the marriage it should be forgotten. Then kissing me many times, he said goodnight, and went singing on his way, swinging the green bag in time to the music."

Imbert's anger rose at the bare possibility of the wrong she hinted at. "You don't mean the scoundrel never came back?" he asked hotly.

The girl's face flushed; she drew back as though the epithet had stung her. "You forget the temptation," she retorted quickly. "The best men yield to temptations."

"Oh," said her hearer curiously, "the best men yield." He pulled thoughtfully at the shaggy black hair, streaked with white, that fell in masses over his shoulders. "You must love him still."

Cosette made no reply. In silence she sat, shielding the glare of the fire from her face with her work-roughened hands, while Imbert went on half to himself. "Then your mother turned you out; you were sick at heart, and took the chances of free passage hither to hide your sorrow in a new land. It matters not whom you marry, so you will marry me. But you love him still, this handsome Francois Bellefontaine, who," he went on slowly, his eyes fixed on her face, "is short and dark with a round scar on the left temple."

The girl sprang to her feet; her colour went and came; her shoulders trembled. "It is exactly like him," she gasped brokenly.

But Imbert said nothing further; instead he fell into a meditative silence, occupied solely with his own misfortunes. The novelty of their position had now worn off and he had begun to feel the full irksomeness of her presence. To look up and find his gaze blocked by feminine garments, to meet the bright glance of a woman's eyes instead of the solemn stare of his empty chairs, was after all very trying. The excitement of the wager, which at first had borne him up, had now subsided, and he could look calmly into the future. There he saw nothing but a dreary sameness from which he drew shudderingly back. She was piquant for a moment and her sorrows interested—but he certainly would weary of her. And nevermore would he be alone with his pipe, his weapons, and his books. Surely a heavy price to pay for a certain added neatness in the room. Then he bethought himself of his new Parisian lackey, Francois Bellefontaine, and of the scar upon his left temple. The rascal came from the outskirts of Rouen, so no doubt it was the same who had broken the girl's heart. What a droll stratagem to make him marry her at last and turn the tables on these idle lads who had badgered him! And how quiet the room would look in her absence.

With Imbert to think was to act. He rose quickly to his feet, and, disregarding Cosette, strode into the hall without, closing the heavy door behind him. There, walking uneasily to and fro—for he, too, had been at the landing—was Francois. His grandiose swagger was such a palpable imitation of the masters he had served that Imbert found himself smiling at the girl's admiration. The next instant he had caught the rascal by the shoulder and was belabouring him with the flat of his sword.

"Ugh," gasped the man in an agony of fear. "What have I done, Monsieur Imbert?"

But Monsieur Imbert's sole reply was to lay on the harder, his mighty chest heaving at each stroke. When at last his anger was spent he sheathed his sword and stood looking fixedly at the cowering wretch beside him. Then in an instant the humour of the situation struck hard upon him, and he went into a fit of laughter, while with upraised hand he called the saints to witness the man's folly. "Morbleau, had he hid till to-morrow I should have married her." This thought was so terrifying that his laughter ended as abruptly as it had commenced "You should have run away from Port Royal," he said reprovingly. But the man shook his head. There were dangers in the forests, he stammered, wild beasts and the red savages; he had not dared. And he was afraid Monsieur Imbert might put him to the torture if he caught him again.

There was a momentary silence in the hall, then Imbert said reflectively, "Ay, I know the strange tortures they use upon the Spanish Main, Francois; but they are not for thee. This dragging of the tongue out by the roots is not for thee, or any of the other tortures, rascal—unless thou shouldst ever be unkind. Then north or south, east or west, I would track thee to thy doom." He paused a moment while he drew from his purse two hundred francs and handed them without explanation to the lackey. Then, looking soberly at its reduced size, he said more reflectively still, "They are truly strange tortures, Francois." And the man, green with terror, stammered out, "I will make her so happy, monsieur."

When Imbert entered the room five minutes later they were standing hand in hand before the fire. "See," the girl cried, quite transfigured by her happiness, "my Francois has come back to me, so I cannot marry thee after all. He has always loved me and he has kept my fortune safe, though after losing the green bag he changed the money to keep it better.

Only his shoulders are sore from overwork, my poor Francois." She lingered long upon the name as if it had been the sweetest music, her face glowing with pride. Then the two went out to seek the curé.

Imbert meantime remained by the fire, sunk in a pleasant reverie. A cloud had lifted from his mind. He looked about him. There stood the oaken chairs, encumbered with no feminine garments as he had feared; his books faced him from the corner with a joyous brownness; his weapons glittered in dumb companionship against the walls. The old feeling of contentment surged over him, resistless as the sea. He felt his slender purse—then tossed it carelessly into the corner, throwing his crimson doublet after it. There were no woman's moods to be considered now.

HER BURGLAR

By ELOISE DAY

MILDRED could not sleep, though the soft mellow warmth and balmy breezes of Indian Summer made this Hallowe'en night soothing as a lullaby. Insomnia had for the time being taken possession of her—perhaps because she had been doing, or trying to do, altogether too much for her slender strength.

She turned with contempt from the counting of sheep going over a wall. She wonders wearily how people can be so foolish. Surely, the people who sleep like tops invent silly futile games for the poor unfortunates who do not.

She got up, went over to the open window and sat down to admire the deserted street now bathed in silvery moonlight. Afar she hears the singing and calling of the students who are parading the streets in hundreds in their usual annual celebration of Hallowe'en.

After a while she feels oppressed by the loneliness and quiet of the night, the absence of sleep and the smallness of her room. Anything for a change. She will go downstairs for a little while into the big drawing-room below. So she wraps herself in a dressing gown and slips her feet into her warm noiseless bedroom slippers and glides cautiously down the stairs with much care, not to awaken the sleeping household.

With the same precaution, she pushes up the blinds of all the drawing-room windows and lets a flood of moonlight into the long room. How ghostly the chairs and sofas look, every object stands out clearly in the weird pale light. She even sees plainly the pictures on the walls.

The students must be coming nearer for she can hear the words of the song they are singing.

They must be very near now, on the next street perhaps, and there seems to be some sudden commotion for the song breaks off abruptly in the middle of a verse, and the voices that only just now sounded so musical give way to the most unmusical calls and yells. While straining her ears to hear the song go on again her attention is attracted to hurried footsteps flying along the quiet street, and the tall figure of a man appears running at full speed.

For a second he pauses in front of the very window from which Mildred is looking and gives a hurried, haunted look about him before he jumps nimbly over the fence into the garden at the side of the house.

Mildred's heart is in her mouth. The newspapers lately have been filled with accounts of burglaries and highway assaults and robberies of all kinds.

What availeth it now that for long months past she has seen to the secure fastening of all the doors and windows in the house each night herself, even to those in the cellar, when at this very minute there is a dreadful man, a most desperate character, loose and at large in their own garden.

She almost wails aloud (only she is too terrified) as she remembers she had forgotten to push up the little bolt at the top of the French window that opens into the lawn. Probably it has blown a trifle open, an aggravating little way it has that she had often thought might prove in some evil hour inviting to a lurking burglar.

With a decided feeling of relief she sees the substantial (to her just then the delightful) form of a policeman walking quickly up and down across the street looking carefully around him, peering into dark doorways and peeping over fences.

And then all at once a great wave of pity sweeps over Mildred. Mildred has a very tender heart. Pity born all in a moment for that poor hunted wretch in the garden.

Perhaps it is his first offence. This dreadful band of burglars that are such a terror to the town may have got him ensnared and entangled in their toils quite against his will.

If he is caught he will be sent without fail to jail.

Mildred shudders. She has heard it is such a dreadful place, and often makes weak men bad and bad men worse. Of course crime should be punished, but yet that awful jail. If the stern officer of the law crosses the street and looks over their fence he will be certain to see the thief in the bright moonlight, and then he will be caught and sent to that enforced habitation of criminals. At the thought Mildred forgets herself and her fright, forgets everything but the outcast in the garden, and hurries over to the long French window. She finds it, as she had been afraid, slightly open. As she opens it wide she trembles, but remembers having read of little children not afraid of burglars, and why should she, a big woman? Mildred's friends would have laughed at the "big woman." She looks out into the night and bravely in her sweet soft voice speaks to the astonished man outside.

"You may come in here and hide for a little while. A policeman is looking for you now at this very moment across the street."

Vague and uncomfortable thoughts of compounding a felony and of being an accessory to a crime flit through her mind.

As for him, he advances reverently, cap in hand, fearing that it is a vision that will vanish if he speaks.

He wonders was there ever a Juliet as lovely as this girl in a blue dressing gown with a long plait of fair hair hanging over her shoulder, standing in the moonlight, sweet concern for his fate in her face. As he still hesitates, she goes on a little impatiently :

"You had really better come at once if you don't want to be caught. You may hide here this time, but I hope you will turn over a new leaf and never steal or do anything wrong again."

The missionary spirit that lies latent in all women warming up into life within her. Oh! she thinks, if she could only pluck this brand from the burning.

She sees it is a very handsome "brand" as he steps quietly into the room. At her words a gleam of something else besides admiration shines in his deep grey eyes.

"You are very good; I don't know how to thank you." He evidently has seen better days, she thinks. His voice and manner, as well as his appearance, are unmistakably those of a gentleman. Ah! the pity of it, for he looks quite young. He must be tired after his run, and sitting down herself she thoughtfully requests him to do the same. They have both lowered their voices to almost a whisper. "Is this the first time you have been guilty?" Mildred asks. As he sadly confesses it is not he lowers his head to hide the absurd gleam that comes again into his eyes. Absurd, indeed, for what is there to be amused at?

Mildred feels rather horrified, evidently a hardened criminal of the worst type and quite used to prison. "Have you never thought of reforming? Has no one ever tried to turn you from your evil ways or read to you in the penitentiary?" she whispered.

"Only once; a bounder with long hair and glasses," he whispered back, a turn for invention he hadn't suspected coming to the surface. Mildred feels quite stern at the levity of the tone.

"You shouldn't criticise anyone that meant kindly. I dare say he was a very good man. What started you on your downward path?"

"I was in love and the girl most cruelly jilted me," lies now coming quite glibly to his lips.

"Poor man!" Mildred sighs.

"She was a beautiful girl," he goes on enthusiastically, "and seemed as good as she was beautiful. She had large brown eyes and chestnut hair."

"Well, if I were you I would just try and forget her," Mildred breaks in, a strong feeling of resentment rising up against the unknown brunette. "I wouldn't let any woman ruin my life—but should just make up my mind to begin over again—working for an honest living and looking forward to that better, brighter life to come." Her voice has grown very sweet and earnest, and he really feels ashamed and thinks what a darling she is.

"Oh! if I could only persuade you—could only help you," she goes on. "What do you do—when you, when you?" She hesitates. Gallantly he comes to her assistance.

"When out of a job, oh! nothing. I just sleep anywhere, and help myself to food and clothes—being used to it you see it comes natural and is quite easy." She notices that his clothes, although old, are of a good style and cut quite the same kind as her brother and his friends wear. She wishes she dare steal up to her brother's room now to get a suit of his clothes to give this man—but what if it should awaken him—better not risk it. Instead she pulls off a ring she is wearing and gives it to him—he is most reluctant to take it, but she presses it on him, saying it is one she doesn't care for at all and that she has many others. She says if he accepts it she will take it as a sign and promise that he will try to do better in the future.

It will give him some meals and a place to lodge for a little while. She urges him to find some honest employment—and then looking out and seeing no sign of the policeman now—she opens the French window again and bids him good night.

. . . .

On the Varsity Lawn Saturday afternoon Mildred is one of a large crowd of spectators watching a most exciting match of football between the Hamilton Tigers and the home team. In a scrimmage near where she stands one of the Varsity men with the ball in his arms rolls almost to her feet. In an awful flash of recognition she knows at once her burglar, and he the face of his dreams, the owner of the ring he must send back. The game continues, but one of the team is not playing in his usual splendid form, but makes several stupid muffs.

Mildred in hot resentment sees it all. Hallowe'en students, old clothes, pranks, policeman, flight. Well, if she ever meets him he will see! She does meet him and receives in cold disdain her ring.

Months later, thoroughly repentant, he gets it back again, and in its place Mildred wears a half hoop of diamonds, bright stones that pave the short and pleasant way to a plain little gold one.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

A WOMAN

I

YOU say that you are but a woman—you
Who are so very wonderful to me;
You tell me there is little you can do,
Little indeed that all the world can see.
There are no battles on the open plain that you can fight, as I, a man, can fight;
But who shall say your life is lived in vain
If all my darkened days you have kept light?

Oh little woman-heart be glad, be glad
That you are what God made you! Well I know
How you have nerved me when the day was sad,
And made me better—yea, and kept me so!
Be very glad that you, in your white place,
Your little home, with folded hands can be
A silent influence to whose source I trace
The little good there ever was in me.

To be a woman! Is there any more
That you have need to be from day to day?
How wonderful to have your heart, your store
Of purity and goodness, and to say
"One that I love is nobler since I came;
One that loves me is better for my sake."
A woman! Oh, there is no greater name
That ever on the mortal tongue shall wake!

—*Charles Hanson Towne.*

Mr. Towne expresses herein a most exalted opinion of woman. It rings with true chivalry—the chivalry of a man who generously overlooks all the petty meanness, the frailty and—alas! that it should be necessary—the badness that is in us; and sees only the good. This, surely, is the ideal woman—the woman as she ought to be. It makes one ashamed, and yet better, even to read the verses.

And here is another man's belief, in prose this time. It is from "When Knighthood was in Flower," written by Charles Major:

> A woman—God bless her!—if she really loves a man, has no thought of any other—one at a time is all sufficient; but a man may love one woman with the warmth of a simoom and at the same time feel like a good, healthy south wind toward a dozen others. That is the difference between a man and a woman—the difference between the good and the bad. One average woman has enough goodness in her to supply an army of men.

This, too, voices the soul of chivalry; but in justice to truth it must be said that the author has taken the highest type of woman, but not, I fear, the best of man. *A. M.*

●

DOMESTIC ROCKS

PAPER II

ONE of the greatest sources of worry to the woman in the home is the accumulation of things—things ancient and modern; and this process dates from the very day of the wedding, and often before, when the bride's mother and the groom's mother vie with each other to see which can heap highest musty heirlooms upon the domestic caravan in which the courageous young couple start out across Life's country.

If wise, the two occupants will "travel light"; and it is not always their own fault, for foolish friends follow their departing waggon flinging things after them which are just as useless as the proverbial old boots, making of that which should be free and happy, a weary and tiresome journey.

To begin with, many of the wedding

presents are tawdry or unprofitable possessions, and it would be a good thing if the custom would go out of fashion, excepting for the pretty sentiment which surrounds the gifts. For how can a woman hope for an artistic home when its interior belongings are selected by a hundred different people?

The first and the great mistake is the big, showy ceremony proclaiming the union of hearts, or rather the supposed union of hearts; for the real is seldom accompanied by the noise of drums, the flash of fireworks, or the record in the society columns of "numerous and costly" presents. In fact, quite the prettiest wedding I ever attended, was a quiet little event where only seven people were present, including the official person who tied the knot. Two near friends who felt themselves honoured indeed, helped the bride into her simple gown of white. She was sweet and serious, and the ceremony was very real to her. She loved and revered the man, and hoped to be a good wife to him. She has been, with the reward that to-day he worships her.

In contrast to this, I recall a great affair in St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, several years ago, when that fine old building was crowded to its doors with curious women—hardly a man present; and when some girls in the rear, not content with the view ordinarily obtained, climbed upon the back of the pews which cracked beneath their weight; and others in the front elbowed their way to a place upon the very steps of the altar and crawled over the sacred font, in order to peer into the faces of the wedding party.

Think, too, of the money squandered on the big wedding, a sum which would go far towards paying for a comfortable home, or defraying the current expenses of the first year.

There is no doubt that the fear of not being able to support a wife, up to the present-day demands of the ordinary woman, keeps many a young man from taking the step. Instead of being willing to start where her mother did, many girls seem to think they should start at a point reached by their parents after years of struggle and deprivation. They insist upon having things too easy, seemingly unwilling to deny themselves any luxury.

But fortunately this does not apply to all womankind. There are girls brave enough and loving-hearted enough to enter the married state on $800 a year, and even less, much depending, of course, upon whether the life is begun in the country or in a large town. The disadvantage of the city is that it is so difficult to find a small house in a nice locality. This has led to the huddling together of families in flats—called by courtesy "apartment houses." Three of such buildings are already in operation in Toronto, and it remains to be seen whether it will be destructive to home life or not.

But I have wandered away from the first point, and that was: the accumulation of things going on daily in the home, and which should be fought against with all the force of character the young housewife can muster; for after the habit of hoarding up things is once formed the only cure for it is to move from house to house. By this means, she learns by experience to discard everything that is not absolutely necessary.

Old friends, old wine, and *some* old books may be good, but don't, I beseech you, treasure old clothes, dilapidated furniture, or old broken china. Go through your wardrobe once a month and throw out every article of wearing apparel that you are not perfectly sure of needing again. Let the ragman in your lane or the heathen outside the pale, have the benefit of the doubt; but above all, don't leave them hanging around for the undeserving moths to devour.

Quaint furniture doubtless pleases the eye when viewed in another person's house or in the antique-shop window, but it gets on your nerves when you yourself are responsible for the care of it. The same with china. Of course, if it is the only proof you can bring to convince fashionable callers that your great-grandmother was a lady, by all means keep the old china in a glass case in the drawing-room. But if your own conduct is unassailable, and your manners good, bring forth the pretty wares and use them on the daily table where they will give constant pleasure; otherwise they may but serve as a bone of contention in the hands of ungrateful children when you are dead and gone. *A. M.*

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If you put a thing carefully, safely away,
You're sure not to find it when wanted next
day.

—*Housekeeper.*

THE BADGE OF COURAGE

If you have received some hard blows in the arena of Life, deserved or undeserved, don't run into the public streets, hugging your bruises and crying out for redress. Either receive the blows without flinching, or—keep out of the arena.

Women, *look* happy! Even if you do not feel so. Some people—they of diseased consciences—may tell you it is living a lie. These grim, sour-visaged people are themselves an answer to their own accusation. But, again I say, wear a smile! It is the badge of courage which will cheer your disheartened comrades in the endless struggle. *A. M.*

JAPANESE WOMEN

In an article published in *Harper's Weekly*, Mrs. Sadazuchi Ucleida, wife of the Japanese Consul-General in New York, says: "The women of Japan do not go out and fight to-day as they have done on rare occasions in the past. We had an Empress once who led an army into Corea and fought at the head of her soldiers. And even in the last century, when the Shogun made his last stand against the Mikado, nearly a thousand women and girls belong to families attached to the Shogun fought behind and upon the castle walls, and many were killed.

It is different now. Only the men go out. But there is much left for the women to do, and there is not a woman in Japan who will shirk her duty. Not only must she take care of the family while the men are away, but she must work for the soldiers. Our Empress herself is the patron of the Japanese Red Cross Society, whose President is always a prince of the royal house. The women who act as nurses must lay aside their kimonas and wear the regular dress of a hospital nurse. Both before and since the war with China, the women of Japan have attended the hospital training schools where instruction is given by American and European nurses, and there are now no better nurses in the world than those of Japan."

THE IMPOSSIBLE

I would sing of My Lady's eyebrows
As poets did of old,
But I brushed them with my handkerchief
And found that they were *coaled.*

I would chant of My Lady's tresses
With hue so wondrous fair,
Had I met her not, in a down-town shop,
Where she went to *buy* that hair.

Of her pearly teeth would I poetise
As lovers did long ago,
But I treated My Own to caramels—
Her pearls *came out* in a row! —*Selected.*

CITY AND COUNTRY

A man and a maid met in a country lane as they had daily done for many weeks. The man of affairs had wandered into the country quietness from a big, noisy city, to hunt and fish. This pretty farm lass, about whom all the neighbourhood lads were wild with love, charmed him from rod and gun.

He would show these other fellows a thing or two. He would tame this saucy little lady. It did not take long. Any man can do a feat like that.

The city beckoned to him. It was September. The mart needed his presence. But it bothered him—the thought of breaking this tie. The inevitable scene would be rather a bore.

"*Au revoir*, little lady," said he, taking her trembling hand. "I must be off to the city. I hate awfully to leave you, but—"

She put her other hand over his in an impulse.

"No," she cried; "you can't go!" and her heart lay bare in her words. She had not realised that he would have to go sometime. She had been dreaming and drifting.

But now she was awake. She released his hand and smiled bravely up into his face. He was so tall and handsome.

"Of course, you must go. . . . But I couldn't help feeling bad. . . . You have been so very kind to me. . . . I have had such a good time this summer."

And with a firm hand over her heart, hiding the fatal wound, she smiled again, and lightly said "Good-bye." *A. M.*

MRS. R. L. BORDEN

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MRS R. L. BORDEN

LADY MACDONALD and Lady Laurier each proved herself equal to the task imposed upon her by the official position of her husband at Ottawa. Every person knows how much Sir John owed to the strength of character possessed by his wife, and most people know that Lady Laurier has been equally helpful, though not in quite the same way, to Sir Wilfrid. Both ladies have a prominent place in the temple of Canadian affection.

Mrs. R. L. Borden, whose portrait is presented this month, may some day be the successor of these two well-known ladies. Her husband, now Leader of the Opposition in the Dominion Parliament, may some day be Premier of Canada, how soon only the electors and the fates may decide. Those who know Mrs. Borden say that she will not be found wanting if her opportunity arrives.

Laura Bond married Robert Laird Borden in 1889, seven years before Mr. Borden entered the Dominion Parliament. She has always been foremost in women's work, and for some years was President of the Halifax Council of Women. She is president of the Aberdeen Association, vice-president of the Women's Work Exchange, and a corresponding secretary of the Associated Charities of the United States. At Pinehurst, her Halifax home, she has had the honour of entertaining many prominent people, including the Governor-General and the Countess of Minto.

While this page is being prepared, she is accompanying her husband on his electioneering tour through the Province of Ontario, and will continue to accompany him through the approaching campaign.

Current Events Abroad.

NEXT month our Southern neighbours will decide who shall be their ruler for the next four years. The frequency with which the event takes place deprives it of much of its significance, but the least reflection restores it to its meaning and magnitude among the events of the globe. The prestige and scope of the office increases with the vastness of the community over which the President reigns and the multiplication of the persons over whose fate he gains control. We undoubtedly magnify his powers in this direction. His power is an autocracy tempered by the party bosses, and when we hear of a new President chopping off official heads by the scores of thousands the theory that the working of the guillotine is his personal act is as great a political fiction as can be found in the usages of constitutional monarchies. The aim of the framers of the United States constitution was that the powers of the President should be checked by Congress, and that the powers of the Congress should be checked by the President. In practice the best designed provisions of this kind are upset. The power to declare war is reserved wholly to Congress. Yet, as we saw the other day, the President took action on his own responsibility, which might have involved the country in war or subjected it to almost intolerable humiliation. Had Colombia the inclination or the power to resist the President's action by force there would have been war or a pusillanimous back-down. It need

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Republican Candidate for Re-election to the office of President of the United States of America
PHOTO BY FAWCETT, WASHINGTON

hardly be said which the United States people would have chosen.

* * *

No restrictions, therefore, can be certain to work, so that as the nation grows and becomes involved, as it is becoming more and more involved, in international politics the opportunities of the President for doing good or evil are being enormously enlarged. The world can scarcely look with indifference, therefore, on the event that throws the people of the Republic every four years into the fever of a great election. It must be said that the fever this time is of the milder type. What does this portend? For a time Judge Parker's candidature suddenly flared up with great brightness. His telegram to his friends in the Convention refusing to accept any paltering with the sound currency question had the effect of blowing the moral enthusiasm of the country into flame. To the outside observer, however, this generous blaze seems to have died out, and a certain apathy has settled down on the Democratic forces. If there is a corresponding apathy in the ranks of their opponents it is the apathy of certainty, and if it is, a cool and unemotional estimate of the situation would seem to justify it. There is no disguising the fact that the modicum of swagger with which the President leavens his foreign policy commends itself to the vast majority of Americans, and that this will be seen when the votes are counted.

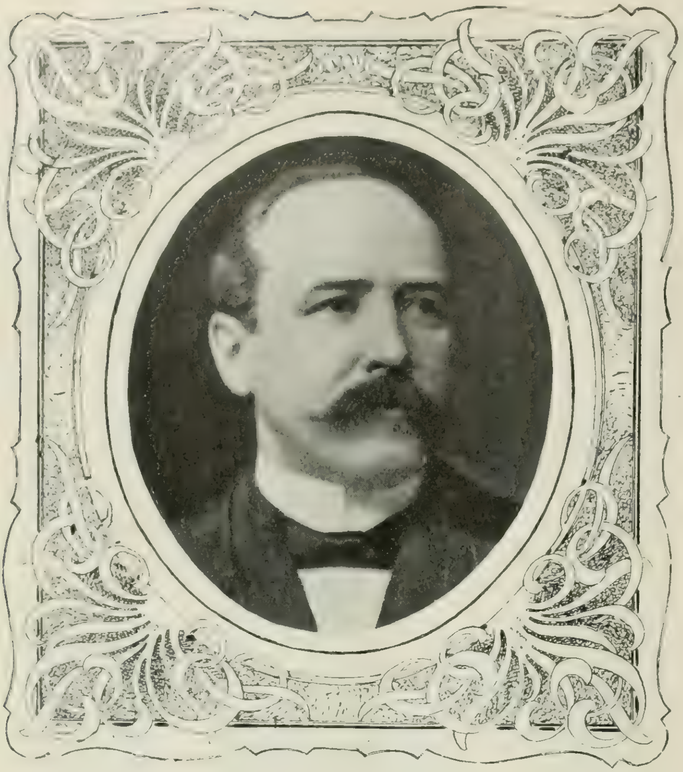
MRS. ROOSEVELT AND HER DAUGHTER
PHOTO BY FAWCETT, WASHINGTON

* * *

The untamed spirit of a young people is still the predominant note among our neighbours. Lessons learned by one generation are very imperfectly transmitted to another. The Americans of to-day see even so recent a thing as the Civil War through a mist of romance. They cannot realise how the words of the old war-song appealed to the men and women of that day:

> "Many are the hearts that are weary to-night
> Waiting for the dawn of peace."

The weight of a straw, the mere promptings of national lustiness, or the faintest suggestion of wounded *amour propre* would enable the "war hawks," who are never quite asleep, to hurrah that great nation into battle as easily



ALTON B. PARKER
Democratic Candidate for U. S. President
PHOTO BY FAWCETT, WASHINGTON

as if they were a band of Pawnee Indians. I believe that to be the fact, and it is one that is worth pondering deeply. Theodore Roosevelt is the incarnation of that spirit, and I think his election by an overwhelming majority will show how well he represents his countrymen.

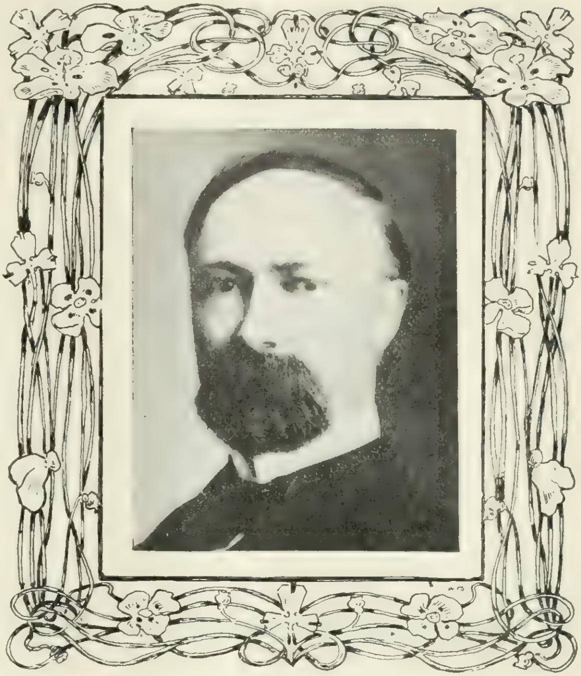
* * *

Judge Parker and his friends have been dwelling on the sacredness of the law and the constitution, and President Roosevelt's tendency to ignore both of them. It is doubtful, however, if a more unreceptive audience to such appeals could be found in the world than the people of the United States. In all parts of that country carelessness as to the letter or even the spirit of the law is a distinguishing characteristic. With the manner in which law is defied in the South we are all familiar. With the maimings and shootings and inherited and transmitted vendettas in the mountains of Tennessee and Kentucky the United States press is occasionally full. A blazing instance of the general disregard of law has recently been furnished in Colorado. The miners in that State have had trouble with their employers, and as a consequence carried on for many months a system of terrorism enforced by brutal beatings of non-union men, and wholesale murders. Mines and mine buildings were dynamited and great destruction of property caused. The feeling of the community was at length brought beyond the point of endurance by a crime of peculiar magnitude and diabolical cruelty. While a number of non-union miners were congregated on a railway platform, waiting for a train to convey them from their work, dynamite was exploded underneath, by which thirteen were killed outright and others horribly mutilated and maimed. Public indignation reached the point of boiling over, and in the Judge Lynch manner 180 union miners who were suspected of being the chief of the agitators and conspirators were rounded up by the Citizens' Committee and told to get out of the State on pain of being shot or hanged.

* * *

The case is referred to as being a

symptom of a state of social ill-health. Mark the remedy which the citizens prescribe for the trouble. Lawlessness on the part of the offenders is met by lawlessness on the part of the citizens, who doubtless flatter themselves that they are the repository of law and order. The fact is that the old remedy of hunting out the perpetrators of crimes and treating them to the regular regimen of judge and jury is becoming played out in the United States. To a people in this condition Judge Parker's appeals against President Roosevelt's irregular acts will be simply a bore. Some of the Democratic papers see this, and are telling the candidate that he must make a campaign on some living issues. The New York *Times* suggests reform of the tariff and reciprocity with Canada.



SENATOR FAIRBANKS
Republican Candidate for Vice-President

* * *

The President seems ready to meet him on these issues. He takes no hesitating position on the tariff. In his letter of acceptance he regrets "that the protective tariff policy which during the last forty odd years has become part of the very fibre of the country, is not now accepted as definitely established." And he twits his opponents with the jibe that if they think the system is "robbery" they ought to be more explicit in their platforms in regard to it. This is good criticism. The fact is that the Democrats just say enough about the tariff to incur the hostility of the protected interests, but not enough to win the support and confidence of those who are not benefited by it. It is the only real question before the American people, but the Democrats have not the courage to take it up boldly. If Bryan had devoted his talents to that subject instead of 16 to 1, it would be by this time the great national question. There can be no doubt that the majority of Americans agree with Roosevelt that to uproot and destroy the protective system would be "to insure the prostration of business, the closing of factories, the impoverishment of the farmer, the ruin of the capitalist and the starvation of the wage-worker." Thousands of Democrats believe it also. Protection can only be attacked by a party formed upon that issue.

* * *

The birth of an heir to the throne has not changed Russia's luck. After a tremendous battle at Liao-yang Kuropatkin has had to retire still further north. He deserves credit for having been able to withdraw his troops and their stores in comparative order. At the time of writing he is, of course, not out of danger, but every day makes

HENRY G. DAVIS
Democratic Candidate for Vice-President

him safer. He is meeting his supplies while the Japanese are daily getting further away from theirs. He has full use of the railway, while the scarcity of locomotives is much curtailing the usefulness of the railroad to the Japanese. Those who have studied Napoleon's invasion of Russia in 1812 will find some points of resemblance between that campaign and this. There as here the Russians kept retiring, giving battle at Borodino. The French were credited with a victory there, but it was a victory almost as costly as a defeat. The Russians were not cast down by it, but resumed their tactics of constantly falling back. Even the supreme genius of Napoleon could not keep his army supplied. The country was too poor to support them, with the consequence that his army melted away from sickness and famine, and without being able to bring the enemy to a second engagement, it was compelled to retreat with a remorseless enemy hanging on its flanks and persecuting it day and night. The Japanese will have the same problems to solve, but there are conditions which will make it easier for them to do so. In the first place, Oyama has a force much more easily fed than Napoleon had; secondly, he has a railway line to aid in the work of carrying supplies and of relieving him of his sick and wounded. The advantages of a winter campaign are so obvious that we may be sure the Japanese commanders will attempt to prosecute it. If they allow Russia six months' rest, they will have to begin all over again.

The resolve to send the Baltic fleet to the East is a counsel of despair. When all the facts are considered, but particularly the fact that when it arrives there it may have no port to which to repair, it must be thought that this is truly Russia's forlorn hope. It is a splendid exhibition of dogged resolution, and is perhaps the only thing that could be done.

John A. Ewan

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

CANADA'S RAILWAYS

THE Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company has been organised, with Charles M. Hays, General Manager of the Grand Trunk System, as President. The new directors have been taking a trip across the continent to spy out the land, to interview the various provincial governments, and to learn something more definite about Port Simpson as a Pacific coast harbour. The map, which accompanies this issue, shows approximately the general course which the railway will take. It also shows that this undertaking is one of the largest works ever projected by any nation. This railway will cost almost as much as the Panama canal or the Trans-Siberian railway constructed by order of the Emperor of Russia. The western section will be built by the company itself, and the eastern by the Dominion Government. The whole road will be operated by the Company.

While this enormous expenditure has been decided upon by a progressive and optimistic nation, there are other railways showing great activity. The Canadian Northern is pushing two lines from Winnipeg to Edmonton, and other extensions. The Canadian Pacific has asked its stockholders to sanction the issue of twenty-five million dollars of new stock to continue improvements which have during recent years made up an expenditure of thirty-two millions.

In ten years Canada will have three transcontinental roads, if no merger occurs. These three lines will mean that there will be three strong companies interested in opening up and developing her unsettled lands, and in extending her internal and external trade. That this influence will be stimulating only a pessimist could doubt.

There is hardly a country in the world where the moral, social and material progress equals that of this country in its present stage. Much has been written of Japanese progressiveness, but it can hardly exceed that now being exhibited by the Canadian people. Any one who reads Mr. Wicher's article on Japan in this issue will see there a description of a blemish in Japanese life which has no counterpart in this country. Indeed, without being ultra-patriotic, one might assert that Japan has been overpraised and Canada underpraised. Nor is there any reasonable doubt that in twenty-five years from now there will be less disparity between the populations of the two countries than there is to-day. In railway building, which is the text of this paragraph, Canada is even now in a position which is vastly superior to that of Japan.

The progress of Japan means the progress of Canada, to some extent. A considerable portion of the trade between Japan and Europe must pass over the Canadian railways. We already have steamers connecting Yokohama and Vancouver — Canadian steamers, not Japanese, mark you. We have several lines of steamers connecting Montreal, Quebec and St. John with British ports. Canada is in a position to compete with the United States for this trade, and the three Canadian transcontinental railways will be an element in that competition.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY

SOMETHING should be done to infuse new life into the Royal Society of Canada. Since Sir John Bourinot died it seems to have even less life than it had formerly. Its meetings this year at St. John, N.B., were lamentable failures, few of the sections being strong enough to hold meetings. Dr. Dawson is a man of culture and experience, but he is not likely to prove of much value as a secretary. He has too much other work, and he is out of touch with the world. A younger and more energetic man is necessary for this responsible position.

An incident which shows the state into which Dr. Dawson has fallen occurred in St. John at the unveiling of the tablet to Champlain and De Monts. A few prominent men and about threescore ladies had assembled to witness the ceremony, all of whom had to stand as there were no seats. The addresses were brief and to the point. Then Dr. Dawson was called on to read a poem in honour of the Discoverers. He read in a low voice and at the end of five minutes people began to exchange significant glances. At the end of ten minutes they were angry and began to leave. At the end of fifteen minutes even Dr. Dawson's friends and admirers were wondering whether he had lost his senses. The poem was finished in something less than half an hour. Such an incident might be permissible in the days of Homer, but poor Homer would find few listeners did he live in these days. They would advise him to send his poem to a printer and have some copies struck off for distribution.

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The other day the British Association met in Cambridge, and the occasion was a notable one. Mr. Balfour's address on "Reflections on the New Theory of Matter" was one of the leading features, and seats were at a premium. On the platform were such men as Lord Kelvin, Lord Rayleigh, Sir William Huggins, Sir Norman Lockyear, Sir William Ramsay, Lord Alverstone, Sir Robert Ball, Sir Arthur Rucker, and a score of professors and prominent educationists. His paper was ponderous, but still such as one might expect to find in a leading review or magazine. It was printed next morning in all the leading London papers and commented on by the editorial writers. It was not written down to the public, but it was not beyond them. Above all, it showed Mr. Balfour's profound interest in scientific and philosophic problems.

England's Premiers have, most of them, been men of learning. Lord Salisbury's ability was recognised when he was elected President of this very Association which Mr. Balfour was addressing. Lord Rosebery is another literary premier whose historical knowledge is beyond that of even prominent professors of history. Mr. Gladstone's many volumes are permanent evidence of what was patent to all while he lived. Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, was a novelist of high rank. Lord Derby was a classical scholar of repute. With such men does Great Britain fill her highest offices.

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In Canada we cannot expect so much of our premiers and public men. Most of them commenced life at the plough, the school teacher's desk, or in some other humble employment. Few of them have even a university education; few have any taste for literature or science. Usually they are practical politicians, famous because they know how to manipulate a busy public.

Yet these men have been fairly generous to the Royal Society, and if they could not read it scholarly papers, they gave it the money necessary to carry on its work. They probably hoped that some day their sons would be members of that Royal Society—though up to the present time those hopes have had no high fruition. The Royal Society has also had plenty of outside encouragement of a similar kind, and yet its progress has been lamentably slow. It has failed in most of the work which it set out to do—mainly because there have been no successors to rank with Sir William Dawson, Sir Daniel Wilson, Principal Grant and William Kingsford.

CHARLES MELVILLE HAYS

Newly-elected President of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Co.

It is a task beyond my powers to say what is wrong with the Society. and what should be done to regenerate it. I have a faint impression that its members might popularise their programme and bring it more into touch with the people's interest. At present its meetings are held without creating a ripple on the surface of Canadian life, while ninety-five per cent. of the people are blissfully ignorant of its existence. Its effect upon the national life is nugatory. Its influence for good or ill is little felt. It but affords occasion for giving a little notoriety to men who cannot stand the real test.

Let us hope that someone will soon infuse new life into it and that it will become what it should be—the parliament of all interested in the promotion of learning and culture among the Canadian people. Mr. Benjamin Sulte, its president for 1904-05, might do a great deal if he were encouraged and supported. He knows both races well, his historical lore is broad and deep, his knowledge of men and affairs is based on long and ample opportunity. Will Mr. Sulte please do something to make the next meeting truly representative, so that Canada may re-learn that it has a Royal Society with a short but interesting history?

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A WESTERN TYPE

THERE are many types of citizens in the Canadian West. The Galician type has received some praise and some disparagement. It is quite certain, however, that there are some very fine men among them. The accompanying portrait shows the features of Eugene Androchowictz, a resident of Calgary, and an educated Galician. He is a large man, standing two inches over six feet and tipping the beam at 230 pounds. He has travelled widely in Europe and Asia, and knows the world just as an educated Anglo-Saxon knows it; and why should not the Galicians be as well educated and as progressive as, say, the Japanese?

EUGENE ANDROCHOWICTZ

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EXHIBITIONS

THE Dominion Exhibition at Winnipeg this year cannot be termed a great success. The mere holding of it at that point was an indication of the growing importance of that part of the country. From a mere trading-post to the holding of a Dominion Fair is wonderful progress in thirty-four years; the story of the changes in that period seems like a fairy tale. That the Fair was not what it should have been is due to the newness of the country and the presence of too much optimism in a country where optimism seems to permeate the whole atmosphere. Winnipeg has still something to learn, and perhaps the lesson will teach her that vigilance is the price of victory.

On the other hand, the Toronto Fair was as great a success as last year, when it had the honour of being termed the Dominion Exhibition. Over half a million persons passed through the gates, and thirty-five thousand dollars was paid in prize money. The display of live stock was the best ever seen in this country, while the collection of articles "Made in Canada" was even larger than last year. The exhibition of loaned pictures was the feature of the inside exhibits, and attracted large crowds. These included the "Death of General Wolfe," by Benjamin West; "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter," by Garner Max; "A Moorish Conqueror," by Benjamin Constant, and "The Last Moments of The Girondists," by Karl von Piloty. The last three were loaned by Sir George A. Drummond, and the first by His Majesty. The interest taken in these four pictures indicates that Canadian artists have still much to learn, and is clear proof that, however crude our civilisation may be in some respects, we have a well-defined taste in matters pertaining to art. The management promise a larger art gallery and a greater loan collection for next year.

John A Cooper

About New Books.

LIFE OF G. M. GRANT

BIOGRAPHY is usually interesting, but Canadian biographies have too often been devoid of life and importance. Pope's "Sir John Macdonald" is sadly marred by partisanship and inadequacy, but yet is a notable work. Alexander Mackenzie's "Life and Speeches of Hon. George Brown" is both dull and slovenly. Ross and Buckingham's "Life of Mackenzie" is admittedly diffuse and unsatisfactory. McCurdy's "Life and Work of D. J. Macdonnell" is long and tedious. And so one might go through the lengthy list, of which the volumes mentioned are the best.

Mr. Willison's "Laurier" marked a new epoch, even though it had the limitations imposed upon it by the fact that the subject of it was still living. It undoubtedly raised the standard of Canadian biography. Its maturity is in strong contrast with the current immaturity. Henceforth our biographies must be more in keeping with the best models in the language, or be so seriously outclassed as to be useless.

"Principal Grant,"* by William Lawson Grant and Frederick Hamilton, is another work which must be highly commended. It is just a question whether it is not entitled to first place in the list of Canadian biographies. Its style is clear, elevated and yet delightfully simple. The matter is of first importance besides being entertaining. Both writers, though young men, have considerable mental gifts, a fair training in literary work, and an intimate knowledge of the life and work of their subject. Had they produced a work of less importance and less interest, they might still have done all that the public might reasonably expect of untried writers.

Principal Grant was a man of noble character, splendid parts and high ability, with exceptional opportunities for exercising these qualities. He was foremost in this country as preacher, lecturer, litterateur, university president and publicist. That he had the opportunity of becoming Minister of Education for Ontario and of being president of the University of Toronto, indicates the golden opportunities which come to leaders who are at once broad-minded, forcible and honest. That he declined both honours is to his credit. He refused to join Sir Oliver Mowat's cabinet because he believed that the education department should be kept clear of politics. He refused to become president of the University of Toronto because that might necessitate the sacrifice of the ideals which he had fought for in the upbuilding of Queen's. He also refused the pastorate of St. Stephen's Church, Edinburgh, and another excellent offer from the United States with ten thousand a year attached, declaring as he wrote to the Hon. Edward Blake: "I am a Canadian first and last, and mean to share my country's fate, whatever it is." In thus sacrificing material prosperity for those interests which he considered to be in a measure in his keeping, he set an example to Canadians which this people sorely needed.

There were people who thought that Principal Grant was shifty and wily, that he favoured the side which was likely to win, that he had a habit of "standing in" with governments and movements. If any of these doubters still live, they may have their doubts removed by the evi-

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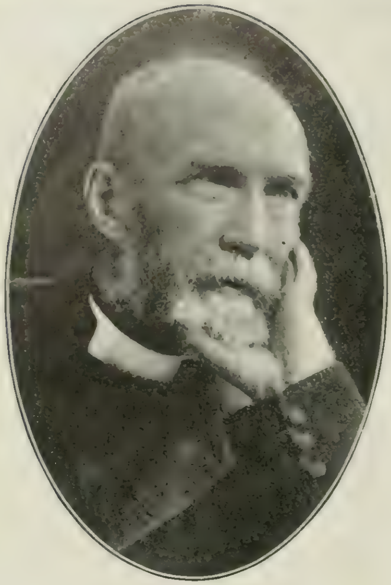
*Toronto: Morang & Co.



THE LATE G. M. GRANT

dence offered in this book. He refused to take part in the Jesuits' Estates agitation and the Equal Rights movement. He would not aid an anti-Catholic agitation, though some of his Protestant friends tried to urge him into it. Principal Caven was a prominent leader with D'Alton McCarthy; it is easy to imagine how he would expect support and sympathy from his fellow-worker. In this connection his biographers have paid Grant a splendid compliment, and have admirably met the doubters. One terse and comprehensive paragraph may be quoted:

> "When once the agitation had burned itself out, Grant's reputation for wariness stood higher on account of his refusal to ally himself with the movement. It was not wariness in reality, but his power of looking through the clamour of the moment to first principles. The demand that the Quebec legislature be over-ruled ran counter to the principles of provincial autonomy and mutual forbearance, which are numbered among the basic principles of Canadianism. Grant saw this in the midst of a very bitter and exciting agitation."

Some people may still doubt and may challenge "the basic principles of Canadianism" as laid down in this volume. Nevertheless, the shrewdness and ability of the biographers must be noted. They had to explain why Principal Grant was usually on the right side of public questions, when that other great philosopher and publicist, Professor Goldwin Smith, was just as persistently on the wrong side. They had to explain why he was a friend of Sir John Macdonald, a sympathiser with Edward Blake, and a might-have-been-colleague of Sir Oliver Mowat. The explanation is apparently clear. He was the disinterested spectator, with a cool prescience and calm judgment. When a political party went wrong, he swung to the other side and used his facile pen to point the error and the remedy. He was a student of politics and public affairs, but was not a party man in any sense. "Our party spirit, our selfishness, our localism, our inaction in public life, are at bottom the causes" of trickery and corruption in high places. This was his sentiment as expressed in the Toronto *Globe* in 1891. In 1882 he had expressed a somewhat similar sentiment in a letter to Mr. Cameron: "What a beautiful illustration of my sermon of last April on the way in which party spirit destroys, not only the sense of justice, but even the intellectual acuteness of its slaves!"

Again, Principal Grant was more nearly right in his political judgments because he was an Imperialist. Here is where he parted company with Goldwin Smith, and became more of an active force in the influencing of political thought in Canada.

Those who did not know Principal Grant thoroughly should learn to know him by a study of his life as portrayed here. Living, he was an inspiration; dead, he is a pillar of fire which is leading many Canadians along the higher path—those who knew him as a pastor, those who met in the academy of learning, and those who knew him only through his public utterances.

* * *

MERRIMAN'S LAST

STORIES of love and death, revenge and war, with the atmosphere of Spain for the most part, for the rest the open sea, the heat of the Indian day, the glamour of the Indian night, the oppressiveness of the veldt, are to be found in "Tomaso's Fortune" by Mr. Merriman. But in each of the nineteen that compose the volume is the characteristic note of the thoughtful artist, the philosophy of life that makes all that Merriman wrote effective, the reticence that keeps the reader's attention alert, and that conveys the sense of power held in reserve. The merit varies, but Merriman's worst is never wholly bad; and there are some stories in this posthumous collection which even Mérimée might have been proud to have written. "Sister," the story of the Army nurse who feigns to be the little girl of whom the dying gunner is speaking with "brainless voice"; "A Small World," with its wonderful vista from the heights of Montserrat Monastery, its dramatic duel on the Puente del Diabolo, and its inimitably living innkeeper Antonio; "The Mule," a study of dumb devotion; "Tomaso's Fortune," which would have been far more telling perhaps had the lover lost as Juan Quereno lost; "Stranded," with its contrast between the two ships' officers and its deep note of self-renunciation—these are the best, but the others are by no means negligible. Here are a few of the thoughts one finds scattered through these pages:—

> So far as her vanity is concerned a woman does not grow older by the passage of years, but younger. . . . She will often, for the sake of a little admiration, accept the careless patronage of a man, knowing well that his one good quality is the skill with which he flatters her
>
> There is a certain rough purity of thought which vanishes at the advance of civilisation. And cheap journalism, cheap fiction, cheap prudery, have not yet reached Spain.
>
> Uneducated people have a way of arriving at once at those matters that interest rich and poor alike which is rather refreshing, even to the highly educated.
>
> Whatever our words may be, a human life must ever command respect. Any may (as some have done) die laughing, but his last sight must necessarily be of grave faces.
>
> "They [Englishmen] throw their dead about the world like cigar-ends."
>
> The Scotch do not keep their skeletons at home in a cupboard. They ship them abroad and give them facilities.
>
> That, in fact, is life—to live on without something or other, and work. Than which there is one thing worse, namely, to live on and be idle.
>
> The sea would never give them up now

AGNES C. LAUT

On her recently acquired estate, "Wildwood" near Wassaic, N.Y. In the upper right hand corner is a statue placed there by the Oliphant Colony fifty years ago.

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* Tomaso's Fortune and Other Stories, by Henry Seton Merriman. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

until that day when she shall relinquish her hostages—mostly Spaniards and English—to come from the deep at the trumpet call.

When the captain thinks of his own boots it is time for others to try to remember the few good deeds they may have done.

BRITISH COLUMBIA INCIDENTS

WHEN it was announced that there would shortly be published in Toronto a book entitled "The Mystic Spring, and Other Tales of Western Life,"* some people expected to welcome a new writer of fiction. The tales, however, have proved to be incidents, and historical instead of fictitious. Yet, to class the book as historical would be unfair, as it is not historical in the ordinary sense.

The author, the Hon. D. W. Higgins, ex-Speaker of the Legislature, went to British Columbia while it was still in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Co. years before it became a Canadian Province. He has lived in it through all the social, political and commercial changes of the last fifty years. Being a journalist, he had the habit of chronicling and studying the tragic events in the life of the colony. He has now collected these chronicles together, and the result is a volume of incidents which illustrates the life of the people in that section of the world. Some of these incidents are stranger than fiction; all are interesting. Mr. Higgins has done for Victoria and British Columbia what Bret Harte did for the Western United States mining districts.

Interspersed throughout these stories of mining speculations, faro-bank robberies, steamship adventures, and social happenings, told in racy style, are little bits of history and description which will enable the reader to know British Columbia better—its progress, geography, topography, landscape and climate; while being entertained he will be informed.

The author makes little pretension of literary style. With him, "the story is the thing."

A LADDER OF SWORDS

MANY a pair of lovers in the good old days came to happiness only by "a ladder of swords." To-day there is often a similar struggle, though the sword is displaced as a weapon of offence or defence. There was a dramatic quality in the life of the middle ages that is not equalled in these days; hence Sir Gilbert Parker, like many another novelist, goes back to them for the colouring of his latest novel, "A Ladder of Swords."* The sixteenth century, the Island of Jersey, a Huguenot maiden, a soldier lover in France detained by unjust rulers—these are the elements in the drama. The scenes change later to England, and Queen Elizabeth plays a leading part in deciding the fate of the lovers. It is not a long story, nor very bright; but there runs through it a vein of calm self-reliance and implicit goodness which makes the tone delightfully soothing and refreshing.

NOTES

"Tales of the St. John River and other Stories,"† by Ernest L. Kirkpatrick, is published opportunely in the year which has been memorable as the tercentenary of the discovery of that noble stream by Champlain and De Monts. The stories are well told, and in every way creditable to this new aspirant for literary honours. Every lover of Canadian tales will find this a worthy addition to his collection of native fiction. The author has a pleasing and simple style and a mastery of plot-making which should carry him far in his art if he will pursue it faithfully and diligently.

MacMillans have announced that they will shortly publish paraphrases and translations from a Greek anthology by Lord Cromer, who apparently has been occupying any leisure that he may have happened to have in Egypt in this distinguished occupation.

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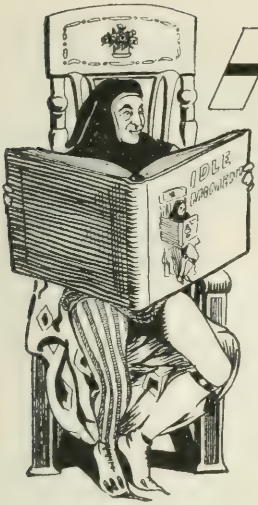
*Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.50. Illustrated.

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

†Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, 132 pp.



IDLE MOMENTS

OBSERVING

MR. PETT RIDGE told an excellent baby story at the ladies' summer dinner of the New Vagabonds' Club. A lady and her little daughter were walking through Grosvenor Square when they came to a portion of the road strewn with straw.

"What's that for, ma?" said the child, to which the mother replied, "The lady who lives in that house, my dear, has had a little baby girl sent her." The child walked along for a few yards, and then, turning back and nodding at the straw, said: "Awfully well packed, ma!"—*St. James's Gazette.*

◆

RICH

One bright morning Jean and Jeannette find a richly dressed baby in a basket on their doorstep.

They weep and laugh by turns; laugh over their good luck, and weep to think of the wretched mother who has had to give up her child in order to keep her rooms in the apartment.

"Ah, the unhappy rich!" exclaim Jean and Jeannette, with cordial pity. —*Life.*

◆

CROSS BREEDS

A late story of Irish wit is located in New Orleans. An Irishman boarded a train in which every seat except one was occupied by two people. This seat had as occupants a young sport and a large, shaggy dog. The Irishman stood by the seat expecting that room would be made for him. The young man did not take the hint, but regarded the other, who was poorly dressed, with ill-disguised scorn. At last the Irishman remarked: "That's a foine-looking dog ye have with ye. What breed is it?"

"It's a cross between a skunk and an Irishman," was the sneering answer.

"Sure, then, it's a relative of both of us," was the instant retort.—*Argonaut.*

◆

EDUCATION

You can no more take the need of hard work out of education than you can take it out of life.—*Chancellor Whitelaw Reid.*

Education is a peculiar thing.

It is not for everybody; only for those who work for it.

It is not to be given; only to be got.

It is not a matter of public bounty; but a matter of private effort.

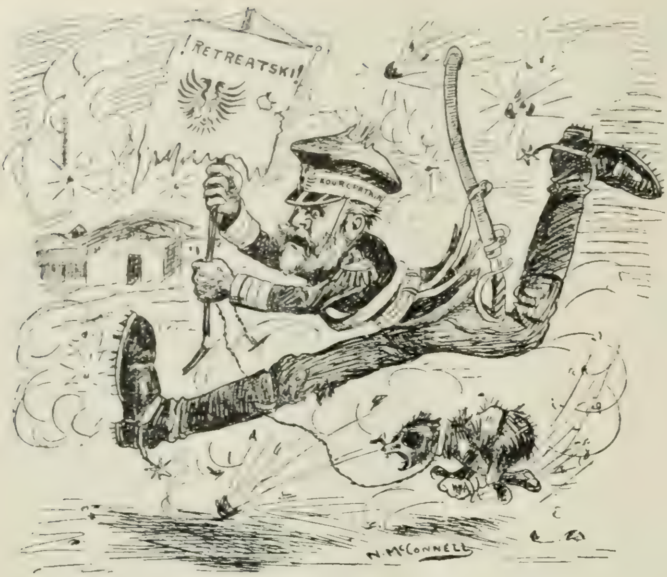
The easier it is to get, the less it is worth having.

But some of us are a long time learning that a man is to be finally reclaimed only in virtue of force which he himself supplies.—*Life.*

◆

"But," remarked a member of the young billionaire's Bible class, "the good book says it will be easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."

"Never mind that, my friend. Stick right to business. None of us will have a cent when we get to the gate." —*Chicago Record-Herald.*



The Japanese shells were falling fast
When through a Manchurian village past
A General with a strange device—"Retreatski."
Toronto *News*.

THE OBSERVANT BOY

A little friend of mine was spending his vacation in the country with his grandparents. One day not long ago he was walking in the fields with his grandfather, and was surprised to see all the cows chewing their cuds. Not understanding what it meant, he exclaimed:

"Do you have to buy chewing gum for all them cows, grandpa?"—Albany *Journal*.

■

MODERN METHODS

Medical Examiner—Suppose you should have a patient with some disease which you knew nothing about. What would you do?

Student—Charge him $5 for the examination, and then send him to you.—*New York Weekly*.

■

THE PHILOSOPHER

"Do you see any humour in this life?"

"Well, comparatively—yes. That is, there is more humour in it than there is in getting out of it, so I conclude it must be a joke. Though sometimes, I must confess, I laugh when I do not see the point."—Detroit *Free Press*.

■

CHECKMATE

The late Dr. Ritchie, of Edinburgh, was examining a student who claimed to be a mathematician. Ritchie doubted his claim, and, to test him, said: "How many sides has a circle?"

"Two," was the reply.

"What are they?" asked the doctor.

"The inside and the outside," was the answer.—*Argonaut*.

■

NOT SATISFACTORY

Mrs. Jawworker—So you are going to leave me, Bridget; haven't I treated you like one of the family?

Bridget—Indade, ye have, mum, an' Oi've shtood it as long as Oi'm goin' to!—*Smart Set*.

■

KNOWLEDGE

Squire (*to rural lad*)—"Now, my boy, tell me how do you know an old partridge from a young one."

Boy—"By teeth, sir."

"Nonsense, boy. You ought to know better. A partridge hasn't got any teeth."

"No, sir, but I have."—*Selected*.

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

CARRYING MAIL IN LABRADOR

I WONDER if any readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE receive their letters in the unique way the inhabitants of Labrador do—carried for hundreds of miles by dog team like the accompanying picture shows. The letters and parcels often reach their owners rather the worse for wear after their long journey. What a joyful day in the village when the welcome bark of the dog team is heard, bringing news, sometimes good and bad, to each one of their absent ones! Letters are all the more looked for as they only come once in six weeks. Two mail carriers had a thrilling experience recently. While travelling through a long portage of about thirty miles they came to a deserted hunters' camp about eight o'clock one cold January night, and decided to sleep there instead of going on ten miles further to their own camp. While one man was busy unharnessing and feeding the dogs outside, his companion set to work to build a fire. Striking a match, and looking around, he observed a large bundle of birch bark, evidently left by some hunter, lying in the corner. Tearing off some strips, he started a fire and tore some more strips of the bark to make a larger blaze. Suddenly he found the bark wouldn't tear, and, lighting a piece for a torch, he turned to untie the string which was around the parcel, when, to his horror, he found a dead squaw wrapped up in birch bark, and the last piece of bark he had tried to pull was the dead squaw's hair. Some Indians had come out of the interior and left the body there while they went back a distance for their loads and families.

Elise Racey Viel.

HIS MAJESTY'S MAIL BEING DELIVERED ALONG THE LABRADOR COAST

THE GREAT HORNED OWL, LOOKING BACKWARD

A FAMILY OF OWLS

THE first of these pictures represents a family of screech owls. The screech owl is the best known and at the same time the most maligned of all the owls. The best known—for who has not heard his quavering "screech" from a distant grove on a moonlight summer evening? The most maligned—for among certain classes of people he suffers for the misdeeds of his big brother, *Bubo Virginianus*, whose depredations among the farmers' poultry are only too well known. But to those who know him best the little screech owl has a much more attractive side. Have you ever listened to his song—yes song, for song he has—the sweet and quavering melody that is borne across the shadowy woods on a lazy midsummer day; or that breaks the hush of the deepening twilight on an evening in May, "When all the wood stands in a mist of green?" If not, you have missed one of the rarer delights of Nature's entertainments.

And besides, the screech owl is, after all, the farmers' best friend, for he lives almost entirely upon meadow-mice, which are so destructive to the fruit trees and the grain fields alike. As the owls are active only at night, it was difficult in securing the above photo to get them to open their eyes, until their attention was attracted for a moment by the striking of a match.

Bubo Virginianus, the Great Horned Owl, is a great rascal, but he is, at the same time, perhaps, the most interesting of all the owls. His great, hoarse owl horn may be heard at twilight in the deep woods, and is a signal of death to the cottontails, squirrels, and sometimes even to the muskrats and skunks. The start of terror in the underbrush betrays the presence of his victim, and the big, black, noiseless shadow falls like a thunderbolt upon his prey. He tears it to pieces and eats it entire, flesh, blood, fur, feathers, bones and all, and a few hours later the fur, feathers, etc., are disgorged in a little round pellet.

One of the most interesting things about *Bubo* is the way in which he can turn his head the full circle, to look directly over his back, as shown in the picture. Another peculiar thing is the way he will feign death if he finds it to be of advantage. He is the arch-enemy of the crows and jays, who take the greatest delight in tormenting him.

A FAMILY OF SCREECH OWLS

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For Business Men.

WHY NOT A DUTY ON FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS?

THE Dominion Government promised that as soon as steel rails were being produced in Canada it would impose a duty of seven dollars a ton on imported rails. Rails are being produced at the Sault, and the Government's pledge has been fulfilled.

Foreign magazines which contain on an average seventy-five per cent. of advertisements now come into Canada free of duty. Will the Government agree that as soon as magazines are produced in Canada they will impose a similar duty on foreign periodicals?

Seven dollars a ton on rails worth $28 a ton is equal to 25%. This would mean a duty of two cents on every ten-cent magazine and five cents on every twenty-five cent magazine, assuming eight cents and twenty cents to be the wholesale prices.

Since it is thought right to impose $7 a ton duty on steel rails, it is equally right to impose a duty of two cents on a ten-cent and five cents on a twenty-five-cent magazine.

But there are greater reasons. Foreign magazines displace Canadian paper, Canadian printing, Canadian engraving and Canadian labour and cost the Canadian Post-office Department hundreds of thousands of dollars annually for mail transmission and delivery, thus enabling foreign manufacturers to reach the fireside of many Canadian buyers and users of first importance and all at the expense of Canada and of Canadians.

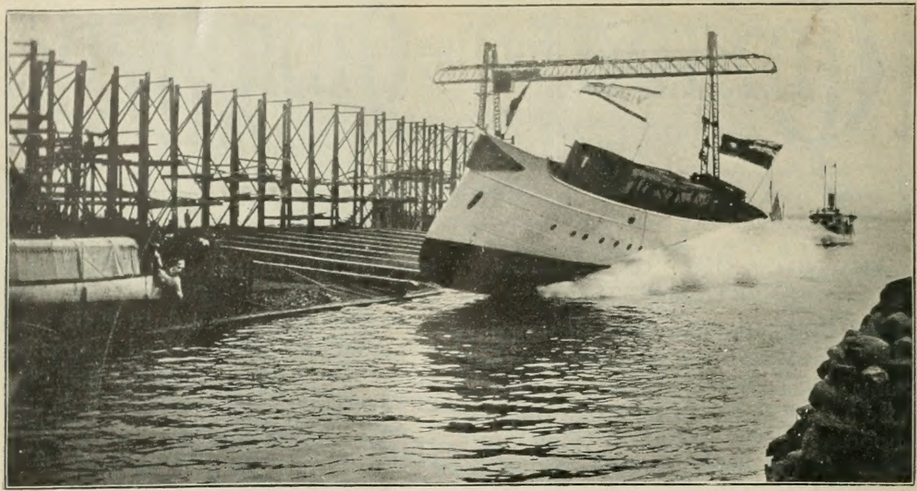
Furthermore the presence in Canadian homes of these foreign products tends to injure Canadian patriotism and confidence, by fixing the minds of impressionable Canadians on the activities of the United States and other foreign fields.

Australia collects a duty of six cents a pound on all imported magazines containing more than fifteen per cent. of advertising. If Australia finds such a duty necessary, then the proximity of the United States to Canada makes it a greater necessity here.

MANUFACTURES AND THE CENSUS

IT is a question whether the manufacturers have not some ground of complaint against the recent census, because some people might be misled. Perhaps the complaint should be made against the census of 1891 on the ground that it went too far in its definition of "factories."

The census of manufactures in 1901 was taken only for factories employing five hands and over, while in 1891 it was taken for works employing one hand and over. To make any proper comparison of the returns of the two censuses, it is necessary to reduce one to the terms of the other. An analysis of the 1891 returns shows that the value of products for works employing less than five hands was $101,211,163 and for works employing more than five $368,696,723, the values being in the ratio of 27.45 to 72.55. Computed on the same ratio the value of products of works in 1901, having less than five hands, would be $132,050,000, and the value of products of all factories and works would be $613,103,375. In the same census year the value of capital invested in the great natural industries of the Dominion (agriculture, dairying, forest production, minerals and fisheries) was $1,909,116,550, and the aggregate value of their products was $511,666,306.



LAUNCHING THE NEW CRUISER "VIGILANT" AT THE POLSON SHIPYARDS, TORONTO
PHOTO BY A. G. SMITH

From this array of statistics, which, by the way, is furnished by Mr. Archibald Blue, the Census Commissioner,* it would seem that in reality the manufactured products of Canada exceed in value the agricultural products. Judged by this standard, the manufacturers are making wonderful progress.

There is another point of view which is interesting if not final enough to be instructive. The number of persons employed in these factories has grown considerably, probably 100,000, and now amounts to 400,000. Let us suppose that fifty per cent. of these are heads of families. Then the total population dependent for a living upon manufacturing would be about a million and a quarter. Add to this number those indirectly dependent on the manufacturing industries of the country, and you have a total of perhaps two million people directly or indirectly dependent upon manufacturing.

There are many people who, if told that the manufacturing portion of the population, was already two-sixths of the whole, would be rather incredulous. Yet here is the evidence that such a statement would not be far astray. The fact that the manufactured products are more than equal to the agricultural products, as shown above, is confirmatory evidence.

⁂

A NEW CRUISER

A FEW days ago there was launched in Toronto a new Government protection cruiser which is to be used on Lakes Erie and Huron. The accompanying photograph shows the boat taking the water for the first time.

Ontario is outstripping the Maritime Provinces in modern boat building. The people of Halifax have desired a shipyard for some time and have been offering a bonus. They forget that bonused concerns are usually short-lived. Their plan is neither feasible nor desirable. In the meanwhile the Ontario builders are laughing up their sleeves at the simplicity of the Halifax Board of Trade. Even Mr. Fielding was forced to declare recently that they were decidedly slow.

This new cruiser is to have a waterline length of 176 feet, a breadth of 22 feet and a draft of eight feet. She will have a speed of 16 knots according to contract, and will carry four rapid-fire guns. The cost, complete with armament, will be $150,000. The total complement, including officers and men, will be about forty.

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* See also p. 523 in this issue.